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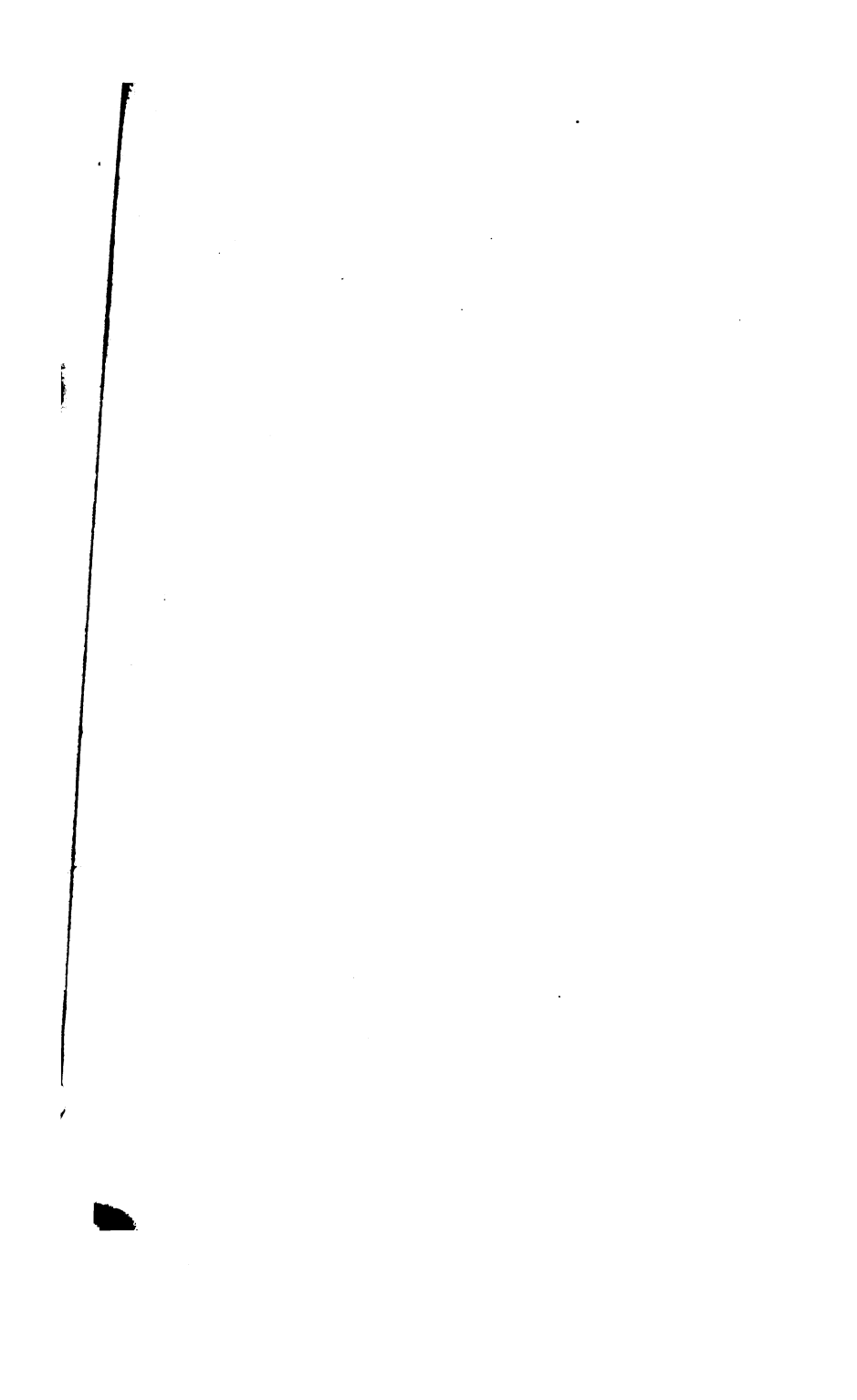
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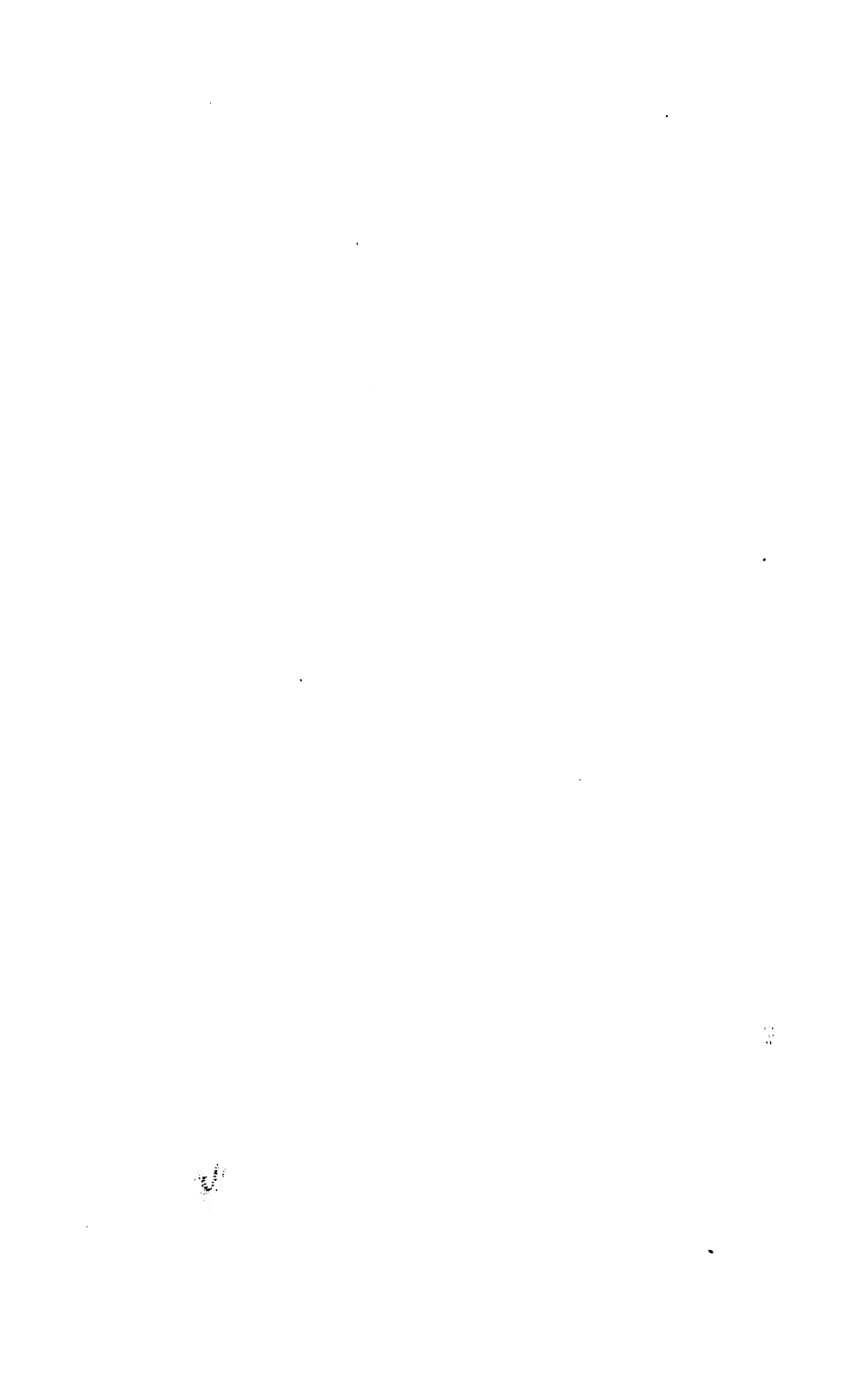
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THE  
PEOPLE'S REVIEW

Of Literature and Politics.

EDITED BY FRIENDS OF 'ORDER AND PROGRESS.'

EXCELSIOR !



'If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture on the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law ; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless. and this is the course I take myself.'—*DeFOE*.

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## PREFACE.

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THE plan upon which we have conducted this work has exposed us to some misapprehension. This Review has differed from the Quarterlies inasmuch as it has given expositions of the principles of Communist, Republican, Religious, and Dietetic reformers, and even of despotic Monarchists. We intended to carry the rule out, and embrace every order of thinkers, of whatever side, who from time to time should attract public attention and influence opinion. The Quarterlies bestow expositions on their own party only, and traduce or silence all others. In this Review writers, who might be considered 'Representative Men,' have had the opportunity of developing their own views, with no other restriction than that of speaking in the third person—not as partisans, but as expositors. Poles have treated Polish books, Germans German questions, Religious thinkers religious topics—and when in the course of time we came to Irreligious subjects, irreligious men would have been the expounders. We would never alloy the integrity of truth nor outrage the sacred right of conscience by serving up a man's soul second-hand. This impartiality has been misconceived. It has quite turned the heads of some critics. The *Northern Star* denounced articles, written by men not yet recovered from the wounds and fatigue of Revolution, as reactionary papers; and, on the other hand, the *Literary Gazette* saw Infidelity in that which men religious to a fault (if the phrase may be allowed us) had penned.\* This gave disquietude to our Publisher; and partly on this account, and partly that the sale is incommensurate with the expense, we suspend the issue for the present. To write, not asking what will Truth (as we conceive it) say

\* Our experience has been that of Defoe, whose expression of it we have therefore placed on our title-page. We shall include in the volume (which will be shortly ready, Price One and Sixpence) an 'Abstract of the Opinions of the Press,' out of gratitude to those who encouraged us by discriminating reflections, and also to present a Critical History of our undertaking.

but will what our Publisher say, confuses us ; and, besides, we have no right, also we have an unconquerable dislike, to make another responsible for any course we choose to pursue. Unknown to Mr. Mitchell, and having been indebted to his urbanity during our issues, we are anxious not to impose upon him the appearance of an identification, incompatible with his opinions and his interests.

We believe it is true (and as there is none to say it for us we must say it for ourselves) that no organ has been set up by Members of the Working Classes, to which the writers of this Review personally belong, in which political, social, and other revolutions were sought in the same temper—i. e., so anxiously regarding the interests of opponents and invariably conceding their good intentions. We have not dispensed our confidence among our friends merely, we have believed in *the integrity of tyrants*, and have acted up to that belief. After travelling, with such means as fall to Children of the People, over the extent of history and human action, we had returned with the conviction that men are governed more by *ideas* than by *interests* ; and that beneficial changes are at the command of those who can reach the understanding of rulers. The rise of the Press was the decadence of the Sword, and the ascendancy of the People is contingent on their attaining to the government of Opinion. Men who comprehend the necessary nature of knowledge are not discouraged—nor are we. The open eye must see, and the open ear must hear, whatever of sight or sound is present ; and the understanding is subject to the same law. The Truth is a despotic power with whomsoever can utter it, and sooner or later it will subject all men to its dominion.

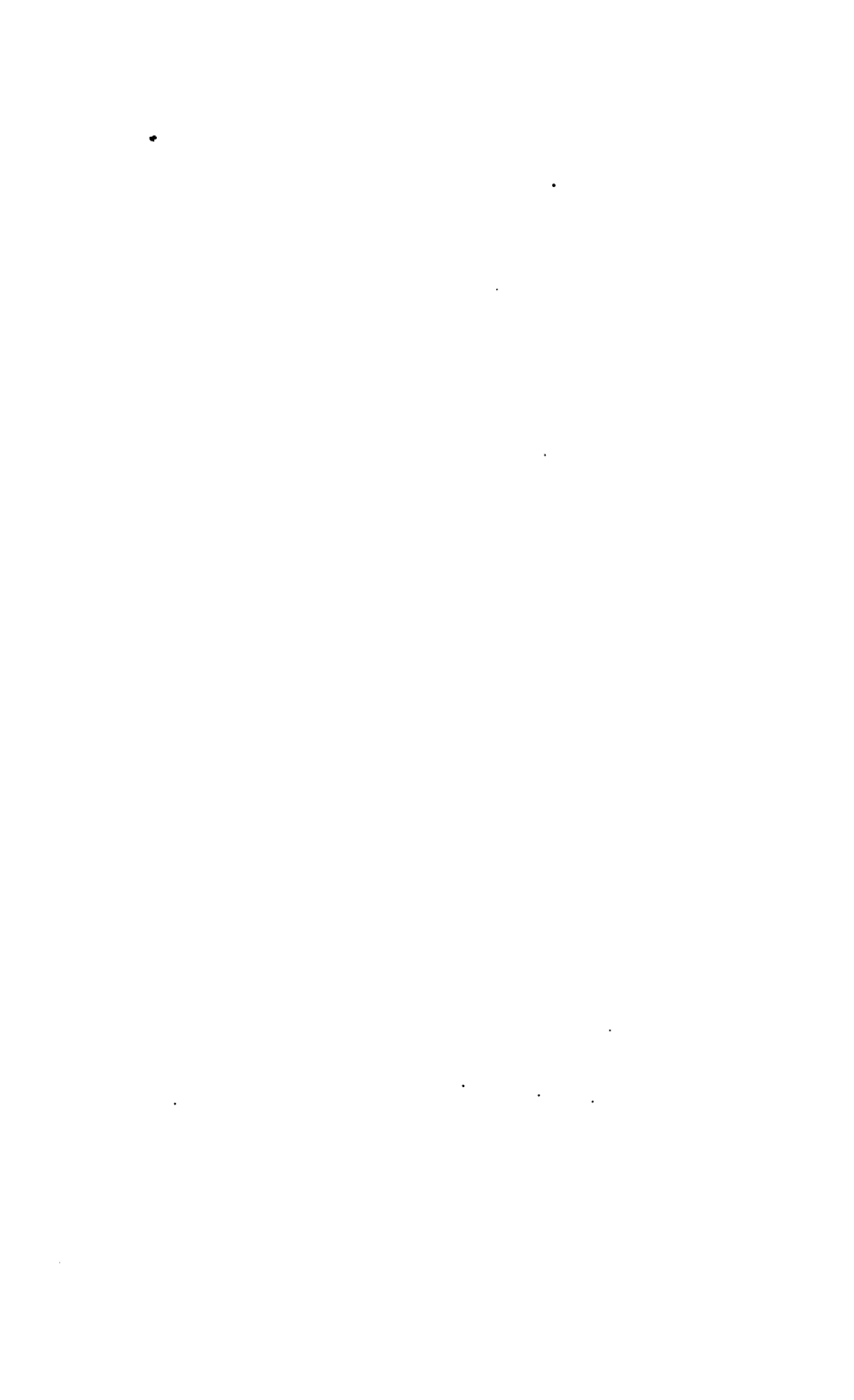
We wrote neither for fame nor pastime, but to create another power on the side of the People. Twenty years ago the present writer was constantly one of the concourse at the Newhall Hill gatherings of Birmingham, and one who had trusted that out of that enthusiasm would arise a political chivalry which would permeate and elevate the nation. But instead, he has seen patriotism rise no higher than calculations of Trade—he has seen the People abandoned by the wise and subjugated by ardent imbeciles. Those who have had knowledge have been treacherously supine, and demagogues only have displayed energy. Whatever the Irish may have to complain of Saxon rule, they have amply revenged themselves by imposing on English Democracy the yoke of Celtic mendacity and blatant incoherence. Help, however, will not come of complaint, but by counter action, and that had better originate among the Working Classes themselves. We were of that Class, and we have sought to initiate that action. The effort has been brief, but it may serve as a protest—and perhaps as an example.

At a more favourable hour we may renew this form of exertion. Its cessation now brings with it one satisfaction. It illustrates the singleness of our aim. Those who have strewed our path with the suspicions that our advocacy was instigated and hired by the party of mere 'Order,' will see the groundlessness of their conjectures, now that we have to cease just as we had began to develop our views. The cost of our experiment was within our calculation—the cost of *continuance* exceeds it. One-third of the necessary monthly outlay will be taken by the Government in paper and advertisement duties and consequent expenses—and we may say as some others have recently said, 'Were there no Taxes upon Knowledge we could continue to write.'

But without the facilities of *growing* efficiency, it were worse than vain to prosecute *our* objects, as we can neither be advocates of the People, nor suggestive to Rulers. Inefficiency with our purposes in view would only further illustrate the weakness of the many—a truth that does not need our help to make plainer: therefore if we can emulate Roman manners in nought else, we at least have the courage of Virginius to slay our child rather than it shall be dishonoured.

The Index which we give makes the volume complete. Such as are not likely to be sold we shall present chiefly to Members of Parliament, to whom a copy may be an evidence that more among the People than they suppose associate 'Order' with 'Progress.'

THE EDITORS.



# THE PEOPLE'S REVIEW.

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No. I.—FEBRUARY, 1850.

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## ART. I.—POPULAR DOCTRINES REPRESSIVE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY TENDENCY.

1. *North British Review*, No. XXIII.
2. *History of the French Revolution of 1848*. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, late Minister of Foreign Affairs of the French Republic. Translated from the French. London: H. G. Bohn.

It is not our taste, it will not be our practice, to wage polemics with contemporary periodicals; but whenever those organs of public argument, which seek to influence those who influence affairs, distort the character of the efforts of the people, we shall, without scruple, make a digression, and review the reviews. For this reason we have placed above the name of the *North British Review*, whose twenty-third number contains an article which, with the licence sometimes taken by those who deem themselves above correction, is offered as a political economical estimate of the Labour Agitation in Britain. The manner in which it is written is a fair instance of the indifferent knowledge and the bad taste with which popular struggles are treated by those who assume to be of higher grades. There is a 'Chartism' about the rich as well as about the poor—but the acerbity of the poor may be forgiven them, on account of their sufferings and their limited information, while the antagonism of those whose 'lines are fallen in pleasant places, and who have (in every sense) a goodly heritage,' is utterly inexcusable. We do not profess to have any knowledge of this phase of the 'Condition of England Question' other than that which has been before the public for years; but that is sufficient to satisfy any who have conscientiously observed it, that the writer of the article alluded to puts a part, and a deficient part, for the whole, and pronounces judgment on that. Indeed, kind words seem to be used, and sometimes exculpatory facts are stated, but no use is made of them other than to impart an air of candour to the studied depreciation—the long and tortuous sneer—of that which was perhaps entitled to credit, at least, for its intentions and peculiar political influence. We believe no estimate has been made of the doctrines of the Labour Agitation as repressive of the revolutionary tendency. We shall take the liberty of developing this fact of which our statesmen have not been ignorant, and which should not be overlooked by those who alarm themselves, or seek to alarm others, upon this question. We shall take the liberty of reviewing this influence, as a guarantee of order; for we look with some curiosity on tenets which have laid hold of the most intelligent of our agitating populace with the tenacity of a faith, awakening progressive aspirations even among

A



English artisans, usually so impervious to aspirations not connected with weekly wages.

One of the few sayings of Lord Melbourne worth remembering, was to the effect that 'of all excitements he dreaded that as the most dangerous in which everybody said "*something* must be done."' And this is indeed the crisis which a statesman dreads, as one in which passion or suffering impels action before the judgment has shaped it into a definite and serviceable form. The cry, deepening and spreading daily, that 'something must be done,' is one which cannot be evaded, because of its universality—nor easily combated because of its vagueness. This is precisely the state of the industrial mind among us; and instead of the men whose souls ought to be calm and clear, because free from the pressure of suffering and the film of ignorance, coming forward and interrogating the industrial disquiet, enabling it to frame some practical propositions, we have *North British Reviewers* who think it sufficient to sneer at it—the effect of which must be to exasperate a serious feeling, and add to the danger (if danger it has) by keeping it blind. We only recite this fact as an indication of the apparent hopeless incapacity of men of wealth and refinement to understand men of toil. Those who affect to govern and to teach the poor, and who do not scruple to remonstrate with them, even with bloody weapons and penal laws, will not recognise, seem incapable of recognising an element of conviction among them. Hence this ridiculous misplacement of rhetorical display which the reader will painfully peruse in the *North British Review*. If the party referred to have no penny-weight of good sense, honest hope, or practical endeavour in them, morality at least should teach the reviewer that derision is not exactly the thing to elevate them, and it is to this end that a review is written, or ought to be written. Derision may be an effective weapon to wield against dainty, kid-gloved reformers who never stood in a 'felon's' dock, nor ever conceived of such a thing as risking their liberty for their conscience. Derision, applied to the conviction which has been burnt into men by suffering, deepens it with rage—causing it to indurate, rendering it impregnable to argument when the day of argument comes. The school of poverty has stalwart pupils, and lessons are learned there which are learned nowhere else. The teachers, like those of our lost Elliott,

——— are the torn heart's wail,  
The tyrant and the slave,  
The street, the factory, the jail,  
The palace, and the grave.

Professors, too, have the toiling, who have graduated, not in universities, but in dungeons, and who are trusted by the poor because they have been tried, and who speak with authority because they speak from kindred experience. They who will understand or influence this school, must be content to study it. Its logic is not scholastic, but it is inflexible; and its conclusions are not to be disturbed by any who cannot confute its premises.

The article in the *Review* alluded to, opens by suggesting that the originator of the English Labour Agitation is a 'charlatan;' that his system is that of a man working in his closet, and 'who has combated' with no difficulties but

these suggested by himself.' We are not putting upon this language the construction which it *may* bear: we are stating that which it *must* bear, as sustained by the context. A writer who addresses the ordinary public is responsible for any construction which may be put on his words—but in addressing the educated reader—as is the assumption of reviews—a writer expects only the logical interpretation to be put upon his language. We respect this expectation in these remarks. Borrowing a simile from the surgery, our reviewer, by implication, compares the Industrial Discontent to 'a hard, obstinate, indolent sore, which neither caustery nor knife will eradicate.' When the rich man's opinions are in question, they are described with respect and combated with intelligence; but when the poor man's views are concerned, they are spoken of as 'sores,' and passed over with rude haste, it being more than hinted that he keeps them inflamed by his *obstinacy*. Passing to a milder, though not a clearer region for his figures of speech, the reviewer in question describes this Agitation as having about it 'a certain dull, muddy homeliness.' We might present a catalogue of similar expressions from this article, but as it can edify nobody we desist. We find, in its more ambitious elaborations, jokes as old as buffoonery itself, wit very remarkable for its specific gravity, and misrepresentations, both of English and French writers on Labour, so gross that it would be an offence to truth to repeat them.

We have laboured under the delusion that writers of our quarterlies were men of solid, pains-taking, impartial, and courageous cast of thought—who reviewed those events which party and passion had confused and distorted, with the view of correcting the public taste, elevating the truth, and doing justice to those whom the ignorant had misunderstood, and the venal and powerful had persecuted. But we are growing wiser. Before we read this article we had no notion how meagre an amount of research, of knowledge, and candour was necessary to qualify a writer to perpetrate the dicta of a *Quarterly Review*.

Some time ago a literary hack, not quite fagged to death in the usual way, resolved to do a little on his own account; and, with this view, inserted an advertisement in the *Times* newspaper, which was repeated for months, stating that X. Y. Z., of 6, Eversholt Street, St. Pancras, was open, on a moderate consideration, to write a political diatribe, or a sermon; to furnish up an old literary reputation, or make a new one; to execute, to order, a poem of any degree of pathos; to indite an essay, a dedication, a satire, a lecture, a romance, or a speech, and, in case of necessity—a review. Now, we can come to no other conclusion than that the conductors of the *North British*, of a nation famous for the genius economical, have engaged X. Y. Z., of versatile gifts, to do the Labour Agitation in Britain into a *North British Review* article, just as the old poets used, on a bookseller's mandate, to be 'done' into English.

Upon this hypothesis, and no other, is the article intelligible. Indeed, so exact is our theory of its origination, that we are not only enabled to trace the writer of it, but we also could, if we pleased, tell how he proceeded to manufacture it, and whence he procured his materials. He puts at the head of his

article Mr. Barmby's *Promethean*. Had the writer known much of the subject on which he treats, he would not have confounded Mr. Barmby under the title he has chosen. Mr. Barmby, to use an American simile more expressive than exact, always 'stood on his own hook,' and it was a hook on which nobody but Mr. Barmby could have stood. The *Promethean* is eight years old—was written when Mr. Barmby was a very young man—when, indeed, he had lighted but a very small match at the sacred fire indicated by the name of his journal. One admission, however, the *Review* makes, which we are not disposed to pass by without acknowledgment—it is that Mr. Barmby is 'a man of genius.' As it happens that no author, known to Industrial literature, ever wrote such eccentric things or did such extravagant ones as Mr. Barmby, and as the reviewer forgives him all on account of his genius (which he undoubtedly has), it is an instance of literary liberality which we esteem because so rare in these quarters. Next after the *Promethean* the reviewer places the *Spirit of the Times*, not then a little month old (a complete set of which there is good reason to believe he never saw), followed by a very old work indeed, and a casual pamphlet by the author of the work. Upon these meagre and disjointed materials the reviewer proceeds to preach, and his effusion bears evidence that these works are all he knows of, and all he has read. Of the *Spirit of the Age*, a stamped newspaper, the reviewer has never heard: though the costliest and most diversified exponent of the Labour Question which this country ever possessed, and conducted by representative writers, at a time of revived interest, and after matured experience—of this organ, by which this party had some right to be judged, the reviewer is utterly ignorant, or not fairly silent. In enumerating the leading names he gives inaccurately those he cites, and ignores, as writers, Morgan, Thompson, Bray, Hawkes Smith, and others.

Our reason for fixing on and analysing the character of this article, is grounded on the fact that it illustrates to the people the nature of that estimate of popular efforts prevalent in high quarters, and teaches them to suspect those hard words with which conventional literature so often stones the hopes of the poor. As this Agitation is here treated, so are other efforts for industrial betterance. We have selected this question, because it has become a test from its position. As you never ascertain a man's courage till the hour of danger, so you never know the public liberality till you watch its treatment of an unpopular subject. There is a cowardice in some literature as well as in some men, which strikes whatever is down.

When the Duke of Wellington lately presented to the Wenlock Agricultural Reading Society, a donation of books on agricultural subjects, each volume containing his autograph, the Rev. W. D. Wayne, vicar of Much Wenlock, in moving an address of thanks to the donor, expressed 'his feeling that the chief value of the books was derived from the fact that the illustrious duke had inscribed his name in them.' This was a delicious compliment both to the author and to the readers, to tell them that the signature of a soldier was of more value than the ideas of the agriculturist who had written for their instruction. But we suppose it was true—however that may be, we are certain of this, that the chief value of the

article we are considering is derived from the fact that it appears in the *North British Review*.

We know that the people of this country, high and low, are at the mercy of a name. 'No Popery' used to be the charmed word with which knaves conjured and at which fools were appalled—when that went out of fashion other words were called in, as the cabalistic terms with which vested interests guarded their narrow selfishness and stifled the voice of uneasy industry. Assuming to write *for* the people, we hasten to demonstrate to them that we shall not be deterred in this way. We trust to be the means of rendering justice to many parties whose true intentions never receive public and adequate credit.

Let the people take courage; our great *Reviews* are anything but infallible. The oldest, darkest, narrowest, most antiquated and prejudiced, crutched and spectacled beldame that could be discovered in remotest village, where newspaper never yet penetrated, was not more in the dark respecting the truth as it was in railways, than was the *Quarterly Review*, which, shortly before the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool line, in 1826, wrote 'As to those persons who speculate on making railways generally throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the canals, all the waggons, mails, and stage-coaches, post-chaises, and, in short, every mode of conveyance by land and by water, we deem them and their *visionary schemes unworthy of notice*. What, for instance, can be more *palpably absurd and ridiculous* than the scheme in which a prospect is held out of locomotives travelling *twice* as fast as stage coaches. We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back Old Father Thames against the Woolwich railway for any sum.' After thus backing—after the fashion of Tom Spring or Jem Ward—Old Father Thames against the Woolwich railway, it not long after discovered that railways had come from Heaven, making one short stride from presumptuous ignorance to presumptuous audacity—'Waggons of coal and heavy luggage now a-days (it writes in 1848) ply across Leicestershire faster and farther than Mr. Osbaldiston could go, notwithstanding his condition and that of his horses. (Alluding to his feat of riding 200 miles in ten hours on thorough-bred horses, and choosing his own turf.) Now a traveller,' says this *Quarterly*, 'may go 500 instead of 200 miles in ten hours, and knit and read all the way, performing the journey either in darkness or in daylight, in sunshine or in storm, in thunder, lightning, or in rain. We trust that the wonderful discovery which it has pleased the Almighty to impart to us, may not become among us a subject of angry dispute.' Some of the opinions we shall have to advance may be of a different currency from those in circulation, but we think the public who accept the change of the *Quarterly Reviews* may, if it bears a moderate amount of ringing, let ours pass.

The other day we heard a little girl put to her tutor a question which he was not prepared to answer. Upon being put off, the little querist declared her intention of asking it her uncle, who was a very tall man—evi-

dently concluding that wisdom went by height. Her uncle proving no wiser than the tutor, this juvenile inquisitor went out to ask the policeman who did voluntary duty at the area gate, not doubting that all knowledge dwelt with that imposing gentleman in blue. Society very much resembles this little child. It is imposed upon by conventional stature and official importance, and bows down to it as an oracle. Hence a 'Quarterly,' in a six shilling cover, becomes to it the emblem of wisdom. We admonish it not to be led entirely by appearance, but to put a little reliance on its own discrimination.

We should have thought that the attempt on the part of the people to solve the great problem propounded by Morely, that of finding a situation in which it would be impossible for men to be deprived or poor, would have been hailed with public applause. Speculators, who only make the dull elements work together—who compound gases, or adjust iron rails, or subordinate hot water into an impelling force, are credited and praised; though innumerable failures attend their efforts, and hundreds of lives are sacrificed in the progress of their inventions. Yet when communism, attempting a more intricate, more profound, and more humane experiment, one in which human nature with all its wondrous and diversified powers shall be brought into a wide and permanent harmony, and selfishness and discord banished from humanity, no pulpit has one word of sympathy, no journal one word of encouragement. Though it is known that hundreds of thrifty artisans have embarked their little all in the laudable attempt to improve their own condition, and the generous attempt to elevate their fellows, all is regarded with cold indifference or hooted with hasty asperity; and men who never lifted a hand or raised a voice for the public, who never made a sacrifice for humanity in their whole lives, are listened to with greedy credence as they initiate condemnation; and they make a reputation for public virtue by their unseemly triumph at the failure of those on whom comfort never smiled, and whose only political fault was their poverty, and whose only crime was their hope. Instead of this cry we ought rather to have heard the wiser and generous words—"honour to those who, under such circumstances, have tried to solve such problem, and success to those who next attempt it."

Lately the first literary journal of the day imported into this country this choice bit of the Thiers school invention, calculated to mislead whom it should teach. 'The other day,' says the *Constitutionnel*, 'a workman was declaiming in the midst of a group against communism. One of the group says, "you talk against communism, and you do not even know what it is." The workman said nothing in reply at first; but taking off his blouse he tore it into fragments, and, after giving a portion to each of the persons present, he said:—"Communism, my friends, has for its object to make of what may be very useful to one person a collection of morsels which are useful to nobody."'

We do not see that an opponent might not draw upon his fancy for an equally pertinent reply. Another journal might relate how it had heard a workman declaiming, in the midst of a group, against competition, when one

of the group replied, 'You talk against competition, and you do not even know what it is.' The workman said nothing in reply at first; but, putting on his own coat, he said to the first, 'Give me your coat,' to the second, 'Give me yours,' and to the third and the fourth, 'Give me yours;' and when he had laid the coats of all the group over his arm, he exclaimed, 'I represent capital, and these coats are mine. This is competition. Competition is a contrivance whereby capital uses up the labourer; and, while the mechanic shivers in the wind, gives to the manufacturer a dozen coats more than he can wear. Competition is an immense lottery, in which there are a thousand blanks and only one prize, and that prize the Capitalist carries away.'

One fabrication is as good as the other, and about as true. But we can put the politician in possession of more serious data than antagonism has yet presented, on which to judge this question—viz., its extraordinary, though unadmitted, claims as a guarantee of order. The *North British Review* complains that the British Labour Question wants the daring lustre of the French, and the earnest dreaminess of the German. But it has that in which all things English have ever excelled—not, indeed, in the brilliant or the dreamy—but in that more substantial form of rhetoric which penetrates to the practical understanding.

The *North British Review* hesitates, refrains, indeed confesses its inability, to render any statement of the system which it assails. Having more temerity, if not more wisdom, we shall attempt it with such knowledge as a little attention has enabled us to glean, though having none of the advantages of our northern quarterlies, or of our quiet and ingenious friend, the literary reputation man, of 6, Eversholt Street, St. Pancras. The precursive doctrines of Labour Reformists may be thus stated:—

As it is with opinion, so it is with acts. Opinions do not admit of moral distinction. They admit only of logical distinction. Morally, all convictions—whether of belief, disbelief, or doubt—are equally honourable; but logically they are not equally correct—they may be right, they may be wrong. So of human actions. Viewed in relation to their origin, the acts of the virtuous man and the acts of the vicious man are equally independent of moral judgment, because both men are equally the passive product of circumstances. Cæsar and Brutus stand on the same level. Both owed to nature and condition, the disposition which made one a lover of tyranny and the other the friend of freedom. In the same manner it is inferred that Oudinot owes his baseness, and Haynau his thirst for blood, to bad organisation and vicious training; and that happier faculties and purer education have given us the lofty heroism of Mazzini, and the enduring patriotism of Kossuth. Viewed thus, in relation to their origin, 'merit' and 'demerit' have no meaning as applied to the actions of these pairs of men. It was not the primary fault of Oudinot and Haynau that they inherited the faculties of tyrants, and were thrown into the circumstances which have made them the execration of Europe. Nor had Mazzini and Kossuth any voice in the election of their nobler natures, or any choice in the developing circumstances which have called forth their glorious powers. Viewed in this light, it is held that Oudinot and Haynau have been *unfortunate*, and that Mazzini and Kossuth

have (to use the language of these doctrinaires) fared better at the hands of that destiny which stamps its imperious seal on us all. And there judgment at this point ends. Nor can the language of 'praise' and 'blame' be applied to them. Praise says to the good man '*What a fine fellow you are for being what you are*'—which is to awaken conceit. Blame, on the other hand, says '*I'll punish you for being what you have been made to be. Nature has been unkind to you, and your fellow man shall therefore be unkind to you also, and add to your misfortunes,*' and thus the bad are inspired with despair.

But (say these theorists) when we pass from considering the *origin* of actions to their operation on society and ourselves, we use distinctive language. When we behold an action which is good, we express our approval in gratification. When we behold an action which is hurtful, we express our disapproval in self-protection. We should indeed remove Oudinot from command and disarm Haynau. This might be punishment to them, but punishment would not be *intended*. This is the difference between blame and disapprobation. Blame *means* to punish you, disapprobation seeks to *instruct* you. Blame regards you as the *author* of evil, disapprobation as the unfortunate *instrument* of it. Praise, on the other hand, is adulation—is incense to vanity. Approbation signifies the pleasure given by talent or benevolence, and where the pleasure is deep approbation assumes the form of gratitude. The bad and the good being thus reminded of their relations to nature, fortune is not puffed up, nor misfortune cast down hopelessly, and the mild spirit of sobriety, of improvement, and of kindness, is breathed over the face of human manners.

The full operation of these principles, so we are told, is not seen in the reformed judgments they dictate, so much as in the *preventive* measures which the 'system' is designed to supply. Be this as it may, we have, we believe, set forth above the singular foundations of the British Labour Reformation. Its operation on the people has been as singular as itself. It first created 'Moral force men'—a species of the genus political, not heard of before the advent of this question. Men fierce of nature, fiery of tongue, restless as Cassius, impatient as Hotspur, have been converted by it into agents of peaceful progress—never hurrying, never pausing, never despairing, and whom years of disappointment and suffering have not robbed of their humble yet sublime repose on reason. The doctrine described above went through the ranks of Chartism and decimated them. It convinced all its thoughtful men. All who had the head to plan insurrection, and who might have made it respectable by their intelligence, and formidable by their courage, withdrew, and Chartism was left bare, hoisterous, and impotent. At the time of the late trials in this country for reputed conspiracy, patriots implored, spies tempted, enemies provoked, but none succeeded in inducing a single man, grounded in this philosophy, to declare himself on the side of violence. The constant answer was 'It is a safe rule of action that a few shall do what all ought to do. Our resolution therefore is taken, to enlighten and benefit all around us, so far as knowledge and means are given to us; we shall thus effect some practical good—which is all that

theories can promise; and if others do likewise, a more permanent improvement will result than violence hath conceived or can realise.'

We have no wish to be confounded with the persons we merely describe, or set down as partisans, but we cheerfully run the risk which always attends doing justice to an unpopular party. But justice to the public, no less than impartiality to others, demands of us to analyse these doctrines, the political influence of which should no longer be permitted to remain obscure. What we do in this case, we shall also do in other cases. We trust to be found no less candid with the Political Economist, the Conservative, or the Chartist.

We have nothing to do as to whether these tenets, metaphysically, are right or wrong—that we leave to others to settle: we do not question, we do not discuss these points, we only deal with their political influence, and that has been as we have described. As a 'guarantee of order,' as repressive of the revolutionary tendency of our population, these doctrines have been far more effectual than all the newspaper articles which the 'friends of order' have so long inflicted on this country; aye, than all the special constables' batons flourished on that famous day—of the shop-till demonstration—the 10th of April, 1848.

What Pope said of Bacon when he styled him the 'wisest, meanest, greatest of mankind,' may, with variation and amplification, be said of Lamartine, in reference to his anti-Socialist compeers. He is the wisest, weakest, vainest, greatest of them all. The fulness of his knowledge, the presence of genius, the power of his characterisation, the facility of his eloquence, hold admiration in suspense on every page which he writes. But he is intoxicated, drunk with his gifts; and thus he descends to the level of common men—realising Hamlet's idea of

A god kissing carrion.

Lamartine, the politician of literature rather than action—who, whatever he may be elsewhere, is a statesman on paper—has given an account of the French schools of Socialism, drawn with no favourable pencil, indeed with that Salvator Rosa bias in which political partisans usually paint each other; yet it is easy to see that Cabet—described as 'a species of humanised Babeuf'—was the most innoxious of all revolutionists, if revolutionist he could be called, who took no part, nor wished to take any part, in it. Cabet's system is chiefly remarkable for its resemblance to Mr. Owen's. Some have called it a French 'copy.' Certainly its political history has been perfectly analogous to its paternal model of England. Republicans of France, long before February, 1848, decried Cabetism, as the Chartists of England decried Owenism—and with good reason—as a species of philosophical marplot of revolution. But when History, sitting on her unimpassioned throne, shall give judgment on the modern struggles of France, she will tell how Louis Philippe was kept a king long after he had forfeited his right to the diadem—how republican zeal was fettered by Socialist Theory—how the Destructive was paralysed by the influence of the Constructive—and how soldiers of anarchy were converted into citizens of progress by the dissemination of communistic



philosophy; for what has been true of the doctrines of Cabet has been true, in some degree, of all schools of industrial reformation.

Could we look upon society, as many people do, as a great machine for grinding luxuries for the drawing room and contentment for the fireless hearth, we should very likely reason as they do, and frown with alacrity on all who questioned this excellent 'order.' Those who have put up 'Family, order, and property,' to supersede 'Liberty, equality, and fraternity,' have forgotten that the republicans at least proposed that their liberty, equality, and fraternity should *go together*. Whereas we find 'family, order, and property' keep no company, and no intention is avowed that they should keep company. We often find 'family' in one place, and 'order and property' in another. Seeing this, and in candour obliged to admit it, we are disposed to look with patience on any conscientious proposals for social rectification.

We cannot hide from ourselves that the progress of knowledge merely has not checked the increase of crime. Indeed, it has had little influence upon it. It has had no influence upon it for its abatement. It has operated the other way. The friends of knowledge have been confounded. Ignorance was a parent of crime by blinding men to consequences: knowledge was a parent of crime by multiplying opportunity. The dilemma still holds good, and the hope of progress has been arrested in high quarters. Statistics have not calmed the fears of statesmen, and the enemies of knowledge have proclaimed a justification of their opposition to it. Knowledge, the truth is, is a power for good: knowledge, the truth is, is also a power for evil. Knowledge has been the source of more tyranny than ignorance. The people feel this. Rulers, by knowing more than the populace, have outwitted them. Witness our Holy Alliance for trampling down the young spirit of Europe—witness the ingenious net-work of political laws by which knowledge is arrested in its spread among the people—witness the omnipresent machinery of taxation by which industry is everywhere filched of its earnings—witness the selfish monopoly of land—witness the artfulness of laws of primogeniture, and the thousand and one contrivances by which a long-headed legislature fetter a short-sighted people.

When knowledge is universal rights will be equal, but not till then. At present offence and oppression come by knowledge. It is in vain that men say crime is the result of limited knowledge. In the present state of things boundless knowledge is boundless opportunity. The philosophy of which we have given a synopsis offers a solution of these difficulties. It affirms that men are criminal through *necessity*. As we understand it, it does not ignore human nature as political economy pretends. It teaches that man's nature governs the world. Ethics are but a net work which catches the weak, and which the strong break through. Precepts will bind man somewhat, laws will control or punish man somewhat, but not *alter* him. Nature is real—law is artificial. Nature *will* rule, and the progress of civilisation is but the breaking of the shell of humanity to give nature birth; every new phase is but a violent forcing off of the incrustation of old restrictions grown obsolete.

Knowledge acts thus. It gives man new wants. It develops his nature, and thus creates new desires. These new wants *will* be gratified, and their gratification being new, is not provided for by existent law or current custom, and is, consequently, pronounced crime. Political crime is the name we give to the act which society has not yet recognised. Half of our *now* virtuous acts were the crimes of a former age. Our patriots of to-day were the traitors of the last generation.

When poor Thom, the Inverury poet, sat at midnight in the desolate barn in which he had sought shelter for his family, with his dead child on his lap, and in his despair was about to raise the red arm of murder against society, he said—I never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which I am persuaded there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain with one end fixed in nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.'

The philosophy which, with circumstantial care, we have passed in review, assumes to have detected this 'unseen chain.' We are told by partisan commentators, that it was designed to provide in time for these new wants, that their development might be in peace and progress, instead of in despair and crime: and men call this system licentious or philosophical, just as they understand it. Those who look upon it as providing for wants not understood by surface observers, those who never see nature but in its dress of custom and regard these doctrines as providing for wants not recognised by society; inevitably denounce these wants as illegitimate, and the system which provides for them licentious. But he who, forsaking prescribed habits of thought, thinks that he penetrates more to the nature of things, recognises, or thinks he recognises, in this system, the statesmanship of philosophy which comprehends progress, and provides for that development which the statesmen of the day crush in blood. And while existent society finds its ultimate exponent in Haynau, who shoots patriots and flogs women, and revives the bloody laws of Draco—while that system puts a knife in every man's hand, and initiates a war of extermination as it babbles of 'order,' we do not feel called upon to join in a cry which drowns the voice of earnest (if mistaken) men who, as their quota to the solution of the Condition of England Question—which demands effort from every man—propose a system of Organised Industry which shall be the guarantee of society by providing for its development and progress, and which in the placid spirit of its English development, has hitherto, criticism is bound to confess, pursued its way in patience, in endurance, and in good will.

## ART II HISTORY OF THE PRESS IN ENGLAND.

*Address and Instructions of the Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee.\**

"THE Liberty of the press is as the air we breathe: all of us have it, not we die if it ceases; we do not know any limit will put on the Westminster business and elsewhere—and yet we have never had the liberty of the press. Under Charles II. *Boyle* was shut of his ears, and after the Revolution, *Defoe* was pilloried for presuming on such liberty. In foreign countries similar proceedings take place to this day. In Vienna *Dr. Feiler* was executed in 1792 for an article in the *Rudolfs*. In Paris newspapers are frequently stopped at the post office, and the editors fined and imprisoned by a court of law—and elsewhere, the suppressors of the press restrain the expression of opinion, occasionally leaving blank pages more eloquent than the most elaborate articles.

But in England the subordination of the press is secured on scientific principles, and is effected with such skill and dexterity that few persons are aware that it is kept under subjection at all.

There is only one thing which an Englishman feels to be more than aught else deplorable: it is poverty. Some years ago, coming out of the shilling gallery at Covent Garden Theatre—when it was an English theatre, and had a shilling gallery—parched with thirst, we applied to the pump which was then in Bow Street, but has since been removed. "What," exclaimed a ragged wretch, "can't you afford a penny for a draught of beer?" The government have acted on the principle shadowed forth by our respectable critics. They have put a tax on the press, and have appealed to the respectability of publishers in order to pay it. This scheme has been hitherto crowned with a very fair amount of success: the public have been made to feel that cheap literature must be a low sort of thing; and the freedom of the press has been sacrificed to the pride of respectability.

The first half-penny stamp was imposed in the reign of Queen Anne, in the year 1712, at the same time with the paper duty, and with many other indirect taxes, less obnoxious, but still highly objectionable. The reason assigned for this increased taxation was the necessity of an increased revenue in order to carry on the war, and, as usual, the worst of these taxes were continued at the peace.

The immediate effect of the stamp was to diminish the number of journals, and to raise the price of those which remained. Among others, the *Spectator*, which had been published at one penny, doubled its price, in order to meet the diminution in its sale. Steele, the proprietor and editor, writes as follows, on the eve of the 1st of August, 1712 (*Spectator*, No. 445):—

\* This Committee—whose offices are 15, Essex Street, Strand, and 4, Beaufort Buildings, Strand; Secretary, Mr. J. D. Collet; and Treasurer, Francis Place—have distinguished themselves, not only by the vigorous and promising agitation they have initiated for the removal of the pernicious imposts on knowledge, but also by the able and judicious addresses they have issued, to which it is due that the public attention should be drawn.

‘ This is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last words. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians (who are men that, above all others, delight in war) will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp, and an approaching peace. A sheet of blank paper, that must have this *imprimatur* clapt upon it, before it is qualified to communicate anything to the public, will make its way in the world but very heavily. In short, the necessity of carrying a stamp and the improbability of notifying a bloody battle will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin folios which have every other day retailed to us the history of Europe for several years last past. A facetious friend of mine, who loves a pun, calls the present mortality among authors *the fall of the leaf*.

‘ I remember, upon *Mr. Baxter’s* death, there was published a sheet of very good sayings, inscribed *The Last Words of Mr. Baxter*. The title sold so great a number of these papers, that about a week after there came out a second sheet, inscribed *More Last Words of Mr. Baxter*. In the same manner, I have reason to think that several ingenious writers, who have taken their leave of the public, in farewell papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, though, perhaps, under another form, and with a different title. Be that as it will, it is my business, in this place, to give an account of my own intentions, and to acquaint my readers with the motives by which I act, in this great crisis of the Republic of Letters.

‘ I have been long debating in my own heart whether I should throw up my pen, as an author that is cashiered by the act of parliament, which is to operate within these four-and-twenty hours, or whether I should still persist in laying my speculations, from day to day, before the public. The argument which prevails with me most on the first side of the question is, that I am informed by my bookseller he must raise the price of every single paper to twopence, or that he shall not be able to pay the duty of it. Now as I am very desirous my readers should have their learning as cheap as possible, it is with great difficulty that I comply with him in this particular.

‘ However, upon laying my reasons together in the balance, I find that those which plead for the continuance of this work, have much the greater weight. For, in the first place, in recompense for the expense to which this will put my readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every paper so much instruction as will be a very good equivalent. And in order to do this, I would not advise any one to take it in who, after the perusal of it, does not find himself twopence the wiser, or the better man for it; or who, upon examination, does not believe that he has had twopenny worth of mirth or instruction for his money.

‘ But I must confess there is another motive which prevails with me more than the former. I consider that the tax on paper was given for the support of the government, and as I have enemies who are apt to pervert everything I do or say, I fear they would ascribe the laying down my paper, on such an occasion, to a spirit of malcontentedness, which I am resolved none shall ever justly upbraid me with. No, I shall glory in contributing my utmost to the weal public; and if my country receives five or six pounds a day by my labours, I shall be very well pleased to find myself so useful a member.

It is a received maxim, that no honest man should enrich himself by methods that are prejudicial to the community in which he lives: and by the same rule, I think we may pronounce the person to deserve very well of his countrymen whose labours bring more into the public coffers than into his own pocket.' This was at the end of July. On the 6th of December following, in taking leave of his readers, Steele writes:—

'The tax on each half sheet has brought into the stamp office, one week with another, above £20 a week, arising from this single paper, notwithstanding it at first reduced it to less than half the number that was usually printed before this tax was laid.'

It would be assuming too much to say that the taxes on knowledge were originally imposed for the sake of keeping the people in ignorance; none but the upper classes of society indulged in literary pursuits, the working people meddled but little with politics, and still less with newspapers; but, in after times, the tax was increased and maintained to carry on a war, not merely against the French, but against all liberty of thought: the revenue question became a subsidiary one, and it was openly avowed that the fetters of the press were necessary to curb its licentious tendencies, and to protect the government from demagogues and agitators.

The abstract idea of the freedom of the press is, like most other abstract subjects, a theme for poetry and for enthusiasm; but our present business is not with abstractions, but with facts: we have to apply the principle in detail: we have to ferret out the origin and the mode of action of fetters which, like the diminutive chains of habit, 'seem too small to be felt till they become too strong to be broken.' These imposts, regarded by too many as trifling and unimportant, form in reality a permanent clog on the exertions of reformers, on the spread of knowledge, and on the progress of truth.

We have seen how the idea of respectability reconciled Steele to the halfpenny stamp; the government did not lose sight of the power thus put into their hands, and from time to time, as newspapers became more common and more powerful, they added an additional halfpenny to the stamp, till it reached fourpence, twenty per cent. discount being remitted for prompt payment.

During the war it was not difficult to enforce the payment of this tax; the lower orders (a contemptuous and insulting phrase, justified by the physical and moral debasement of the working classes of that day) were mostly friends of government, were easily brought to join in church and king mobs, and if they violated the law, did so in behalf of the ruling powers; while the few who asserted either their own independence, or that of others, were kept in check, not more by the severities of authority than by those of public opinion.

Nor was the tax felt very acutely; those who opposed the government were for the most part men of some standing in society, and possessed of decent means: the tax was to them merely a tax; it was not felt as a prohibition to the press of the poor, for the poor scarcely desired a press, and could not have used it, as they were generally unable to read and write. As

to their conducting even their own business by means of societies, it was not dreamt of till the beginning of the present century. The public which now exercises so great an indirect influence on the politics, not only of England, but of the world, had yet to be created.

Peace came, everything began to change, and increased liberty and increased education were among the blessings now introduced. However necessary it may be for a country when attacked from without to take up arms in defence of its independence, even this cannot be done without some sacrifice of internal liberty: the security of the state requires a concentration of power, which is unfavourable to freedom. The war with France had begun as a war in favour of despotism, and accordingly it was accompanied with very tyrannical measures, both against individuals and against the press. But now, the working classes being delivered from all fear of invasion, Buonaparte, popery, and wooden shoes, began to ask the reasons why their wages were low; and when they found government eager to put down their meetings for complaint, they were not slow in laying all their misery to the charge of their rulers. Lancaster and the dissenters began to teach the children of the poor to read, and the church (determined to control the education they could not prevent) established the schools called National, so that in every town, village, and hamlet in England, a reading public arose among the labouring classes. Now for the first time the taxes on knowledge, which had been but a slight restriction on the literature of the comfortable classes, began to act as a heavy drag on that of the poor, lessening its amount, deteriorating its quality, and, in many cases, acting as a virtual prohibition against that diffusion of knowledge which can alone make social order compatible with liberty, and render convulsion not only unnecessary, but impossible.

The agitation for the Reform Bill, and the hopes to which it gave rise, caused a great impulse to the desire for political information; everybody desired to know what the legislature were doing for the good of the country; every one desired to influence that legislature by organising public opinion; a medium of cheap communication among the people was wanted, and the unstamped newspaper press arose to supply it. The government, standing on the sanctity of the law, were obliged to do one of two things—either to take off the stamp duty, or to put down those who evaded it. They could not expect that the regular press would pay a tax of about cent. per cent., if any stray publisher were allowed to bring out his paper stamp free. They took the course which the wisdom of their ancestors pointed out, forgetting that the wisdom of their ancestors had confined reading to the rich, and forgetting that to teach the people to read, and then to continue taxes which deprived them of literature, was not only unjust and insulting, but absurd and impossible.

At this time not only was there a fourpenny stamp on newspapers, but a tax of a shilling and fourpence on almanacs; to sell either without a stamp was equally illegal, and those who persisted in doing so in defiance of the law, were alike punished with fine and imprisonment.

In this inconsistent and unprincipled course the Whig government was

not unopposed. The force of argument was tried by Mr. Roebuck and Sir Edward, then Mr., Bulwer; but the time was not come for the triumph of argument either in or out of the House of Commons; the unstamped press found a more practical champion in Henry Hetherington, who established '*The Poor Man's Guardian* in defiance of law, to try,' as he said, 'the power of right against might.' For selling this and other papers no less than five hundred persons were imprisoned, including Henry Hetherington himself. But no amount of loss, no weight of persecution, could turn him from his purpose: the sufferers in the cause were supported in prison partly by public subscription, partly out of the profits of the paper, till it was pronounced legal by the verdict of a jury. In this decision there can be no doubt the jury were legally wrong, but who shall blame them or the law-made criminals who now received their sanction? Their offence was the old crime of the world's benefactors, the crime of teaching the people to the best of their ability in the only way in which they could be taught at all. Henry Hetherington's offence was the same as that of Wickliffe, and Huss, and Luther, and Defoe, and Thomas Paine, but the persecution against him was more scientifically conducted than of yore: by giving a nominal permission to publish, and then imposing a tax which the reader could not pay, his freedom of speech was made to resemble a fraud on the revenue, and his opposition to the law was painted in colours which made him appear in the eyes of the vulgar and thoughtless as a sort of literary smuggler.

In 1836 Lord Monteagle (then Mr. Spring Rice), Chancellor of the Exchequer, brought in a bill to reduce the stamp duties on newspapers to one penny. The effect of the change has been to lessen the price of newspapers, and, to a certain extent, to widen their sphere of usefulness; but the remaining penny is a prohibition against newspapers for the poor: none really poor can afford to buy a newspaper at all, none but those in comfortable circumstances can take in a daily paper.

That the change, incomplete as it was, was due rather to the obstinacy of the unstamped press than to the arguments and exertions of the Liberal party in the House of Commons is not to be doubted.

Mr. Bulwer procured from Lord Althorp, in 1832, an admission of the principle; but the law remained unaltered till 1836, when his successor, Mr. Spring Rice, carried the measure already mentioned, which he prefaced by the following speech, which we quote from the *Annual Register*:—

'The condition and the consequences of the newspaper stamp duty, on the other hand, called loudly for an alteration, unless disregard of the law was to be encouraged, and those who obeyed it were to be left without protection. The produce of these duties had been diminishing. In 1831 it amounted to £483,000, in 1832 to £473,000, in 1833 to £445,000, in 1834 to £441,000, and in 1835 it had been slightly augmented to £445,000. This diminution did not arise from any falling off in the education of the people, or their anxiety for political information. On the contrary, the changes of the last few years had greatly added to the desire for political information and discussion, and every man would have expected that the revenue yielded by newspapers would have increased. It was this tax that prevented the

increase. The appetite of the people did not remain without food, but it was supplied contrary to law by unstamped newspapers. Here, as in every other case, a duty raised above the legitimate amount led to successful smuggling, in order to supply the public demands without contributing to the public revenue. He was very far from thinking that all the knowledge which it was desirable to circulate among the people was to be found in newspapers, but neither did he think that they contained none; and in regard to political matters, they were the means of diffusing knowledge of a most important character. He entertained no apprehensions of the consequences of facilitating the spread of this knowledge; but even if it were desirable to confine the circulation of this information to the present high-priced newspapers, for which the rich alone could pay, it was impossible. Not only in London, but throughout all England, an active agency was employed for the purpose of violating the law by circulating newspapers printed without a stamp. The total number of stamps taken in the United Kingdom was 36,000,000. On one occasion the officers of the stamp department seized, on the Thursday, an incomplete publication of newspapers, to be given to the public on the Saturday, amounting to 40,000 sheets. This gave, for a weekly paper, 2,000,000 of sheets per annum, being equal to one-eighteenth of the stamped press; and this was only a single instance. Government had done all that was possible to enforce the law, but the law was unable to put down the evil. It was true that every sheet bore the printer's name, but this furnished no assistance, for the name appended to the publication was often a false one. In the course of a few weeks 300 persons had been imprisoned for selling unstamped papers in the streets, without, in the slightest degree, repressing the sale. After government had exhausted every means in their power, the law officers of the crown had given their opinion that the existing law was wholly ineffectual to put down the evil. But, nevertheless, he was not disposed to seek a cure by increasing the severity of the law, because he believed that such a remedy would still be ineffectual, and that the malady could be removed only by more lenient measures, viz., by reducing the duty. He would not repeal it entirely, although there was a party in the House who professed that they would not be satisfied with anything short of total repeal. He would bring it back from its present amount of fourpence to its original amount of one penny. Such a duty they were entitled to retain, were it on no other ground than the free circulation of newspapers by the post. Besides, he proposed to reduce the duty on paper, which likewise would be removing a tax upon knowledge, since books undoubtedly were elements of knowledge, at least as much as newspapers; but this reduction he would not be able to afford unless he were allowed to retain the penny on newspapers. This was no more than might be fairly charged for the advantage of a free circulation. It would equalise the whole of the press, it would raise its character, and it would enable those parties who were ready and anxious to give religious instruction to the people, to combine it with knowledge of a political nature. There had been many pressing applications made to him on the subject of giving religious and moral instruction to the people, and in favour of his pro-



position. Persons who were desirous of diffusing knowledge of that description had hitherto been deterred by the enormous amount of stamp duty. It was his fate to read much of the unstamped press; indeed some persons were kind enough frequently to send him packages of unstamped papers, with a view to prove to him the extent at which it had arrived; and this he could say, that according as it had augmented in circulation it had improved in quality. Since the first appearance of unstamped publications to the present moment their character had gradually altered, the reason of which was to be found in the fact of a wide circulation. A publication of limited circulation would be found to be supported by a particular class, for which it was prepared by exciting their passions and flattering their prejudices; but if they came to a largely circulated paper, they found it must suit itself to the taste of the people. He would not abolish the duty entirely, because he wished to have the means of conferring a benefit on other sources of knowledge; and he reduced it so low, because he believed the doing so to be just and necessary to the public interest. From the change which had taken place in the political condition of the country, it was clear that the House ought to aid the more general communication of political knowledge. The security of parliament and of the monarchy depended on the diffusion of sound political knowledge. They had already given the people a ten-pound franchise; they had conferred new municipal rights on inhabitant householders, and having done so, they neither *ought* to withhold, nor *could* they successfully withhold, from the people the means of judging of the passing events of the day. Admitting, then, this principle to be just, it was much better to communicate knowledge to the people through the medium of the stamped press, which was responsible to the country and the king, than to trust to the construction that might be put on all public proceedings by those men who were not recognised by the law, and whose illegal publications were largely circulated, because easily obtained.'—Baldwin and Cradock's *Annual Register* for 1836, p. 239.

It is difficult to understand the last sentence of this memorable speech, in which a minister of the crown candidly admits the law breakers to be right, and the law makers wrong. In what way the stamp press is made answerable to the sovereign and the country, except for the due payment of its penny per copy, or why the unstamped press, if legalised, could not be made equally responsible to the country, it would perhaps have puzzled Mr. Spring Rice to explain.

The law then passed is that which is now in operation. It reduced the stamp to one penny in England, and three farthings in Ireland, and the advertisement duty to one shilling and sixpence in England, and one shilling in Ireland—while the paper duty was reduced 50 per cent. These remaining restrictions were, however, hedged in by tremendous penalties. The effect of the change has been, as far as the people are concerned, one of unmingled good. The number of stamps issued annually has risen from 36,000,000 to 86,000,000, while the gross revenue has sunk from £455,000 to £360,000; the number of advertisements has risen from 900,000 to 2,100,000, the duty having fallen only from £172,000 to £153,000, while

the number of almanacs (which had previously been set free) is incalculable, some selling 250,000 copies, and many being given away.

The following is an analysis of parliamentary returns, showing the effect of political agitation on the number of newspapers :—

Year.	Number of Stamps issued to Newspa- pers in Great Britain.	Remarkable Events.
1814	26,308,003	Peace of Paris
1815	24,385,508	Battle of Waterloo
1816	22,050,354	Treaty of Vienna
1819	23,048,449	
	Including Ireland	
1819	25,831,352	
1820	29,387,843	Trial of Queen Caroline
1821	27,793,223	
1824	26,938,908	
1825	30,451,176	Catholic Question
1826	30,453,566	
1827	31,205,116	Commercial Distress
		Ministry of Mr. Canning
1828	32,585,481	Election of Mr. O'Connell for Clare
1829	32,989,884	Catholic Emancipation
1830	34,540,496	Charles X. dethroned in Paris
1831	37,713,068	Reform Bill agitation
1833	35,056,793	Unstamped Newspapers circu- lated abundantly
1834	34,748,922	
1835	35,823,859	Return of the Melbourne Min- istry
1836	39,423,200	Newspaper Stamp reduced to 1d. September 15th
1837	53,897,926	Cessation of Unstamped News- papers
1838	53,680,880	
1839	58,981,078	Chartist Agitation
1840	60,618,308	
1841	60,759,392	The Whig and Tory parties equally balanced in the House of Commons
1842	62,651,342	Anti-Corn Law League and Chartist Agitations
1843	65,074,219	
1844	69,054,067	
1845	78,586,650	Anti-Corn Law Bazaar
1846	83,074,638	Repeal of the Corn Laws
1847	82,380,875	Irish Famine
1848	86,465,684	European Revolution

From the foregoing analysis it appears that the circulation of newspapers fell at the peace, but was raised to an amount exceeding by three millions that of the most exciting year of the war by the trial of Queen Caroline.

It then fell, but was still farther increased by the agitation of the Catholic Question. A leap of three millions took place owing to the excitement of the Reform Bill; after which, the prevalence of unstamped publications

reduced it nearly to its former level. The reduction of the stamp duty caused a start in one year of fourteen millions; the Chartist agitation of 1839 added five millions, while the great League year, 1845, witnessed an increase of nine millions and a half, to which the following year added nearly five millions more. In the year 1847 there was a diminution of nearly a million, while the excitement caused by the state of affairs on the continent, in 1848, added three millions to the number reached in 1846.

Every agitation, therefore, causes a permanent increase in the number of newspaper readers. On the cessation of each movement the number decreases slightly, but does not fall to its previous amount, while the next movement raises it still higher than ever.

Of these papers by far the greater number are more inclined to order without liberty, than to liberty without order.

The man who does not see from these facts that the newspaper press is our best safeguard against convulsion, and that to unfetter and to purify it is the true way to reconcile law and liberty, and to raise the lowly without crushing the proud, is unworthy to take the smallest share in guiding the councils of the British nation.

#### ART. III. STRAFFORD, THE DESPOT FROM PRINCIPLE.

1. *History of the English Revolution of 1640.* By F. GUIZOT. London: D. Bogue, Fleet Street. 1848.
2. *The History of England under the House of Stuart.* By DR. VAUGHAN. London: 1840.
3. *Life of Strafford*, Vol. I. of FORSTER'S *Lives of the Statesmen of the English Commonwealth.*

Two principles divide the world, and form the basis of all political conflict—the principle of despotism on the one hand, which leads straight to war and barbarism; and the principle of freedom on the other, which guides the nations to peace and civilisation. This is not a matter of opinion—it is simple matter of history. In the face of this manifest truth, it is astounding how men seek to cajole, and somehow do contrive to cajole, themselves into the belief that such is not the fact. And this class of persons make the common mistake of arresting, trying, and passing a sentence of death against the innocent effect, while they suffer the guilty cause to go at large, unarraigned and unmolested. The acts, condemned as cruel and despotic, are referred to the despot as offences committed by him *personally* against humanity, where they should be charged upon the system of which he is the executive power, and of which they are the inevitable results. Men condemn the fruits, but they cherish the tree; and thus the controversy becomes interminable, to the profit of despotism.

The amount of honesty and sincerity in each is the source of vitality in all political systems. A republican from fashion or custom is as easily extinguished as a despot from caprice. When despotism loses the salt of principle,

### *Strafford, the Despot from Principle.*

it soon becomes mere carrion. Because principles are the eternal framework of all things—the rock of ages; and no-principles the shifting sand upon which nothing lasting can be builded.

The theory of our government is liberty, the practice despotism. The fundamental principle is the sovereignty of the people—the actual practice is the sovereignty of the aristocracy, modified by the influence of the middle class. It is that principle which sustains its vitality—it is this practice which constitutes its danger. But it has always been assumed that the Parliament represented the nation; and that assumption alone has preserved us from pure unlimited despotism.

Nevertheless there have been many men who have earnestly believed in the divine right of kings, valorously endeavoured to destroy our fundamental principle of government, and to substitute for it one supreme and absolute authority—the king. These statesmen have fortunately been defeated; but they have a niche in history, and stand there for our benefit, as examples of the despot from principle. Such a despot was Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. With his name is linked the temporary triumph, and the everlasting downfall, of despotism in England; which, in his lifetime, reached its culminating point, and at his death lost its ablest, noblest, and most sincere apostle. That great era—bright with the radiance of genius, as night with the glory of the stars—has furnished us with so many splendid exemplars of patriotism, and devoted advocates of freedom, that we could well afford for that reason, if not from principle, to do justice to the greatest of the two sincere men who, elected to serve ‘at the peril of their heads’ the interests of the monarch, upon whose uncontrolled supremacy they believed—alas! how vainly—that the national prosperity solely depended. Charles the First had many obsequious slaves, but only two intelligent servants. He found, as every monarch may find, many who were ready to minister to his caprices, flatter his solemn vanity, pander to his false and hollow heart; but only two who worked, with method, vigour, and foresight, to erect, one in the state the other in the church, a strong and regular system of absolute government. Viscount Wentworth devoted himself to effect this object in politics; Archbishop Laud gave up his whole life to achieve it in religion. At the royal council table, we are told, sat ‘the pompous and empty-headed Arundel, the contemptible *horse-whipped* Earl of Montgomery, his brother the Earl of Pembroke, and the Earl of Dorset; who, one and all, thought more of pleasure than of business, and who were content that the king should ruin himself or the nation provided they could have their enjoyments.’ But there were only one Laud and one Strafford to leaven this lump of selfishness and folly with the saving elements of genius and principle. When Charles surrendered Strafford to the Commons of England, he surrendered the soul of his system. The element of honesty was cast out, and, wanting that, the hollow fabric, though not without much strife and bloodshed, was shattered to atoms.

The character of Strafford has been variously estimated by historians. Hume, with his customary scepticism, seems to doubt the private honour of the man, and it does not even occur to him that the politician could have

been actuated by principles. He, too, testifies to the error that Strafford apostatised, and 'employed all his counsels to support the prerogative, which he had formerly bent all his endeavours to diminish.' Godwin reiterates the opinion of Hume, only he states it from a different point of view. According to the historian of the commonwealth, Strafford 'was bought off by the king' with titles and places; and was a man who, in consequence of his desertion of 'his first principles,' became 'the most dangerous foe to the public liberty.'

Mr. Keightley, who appears to write history upon the laudable principle of 'serving everybody out' all round, which he calls impartiality, who criticises the great leaders of the English revolution, not by a reference to the circumstances and necessities of the time, but by his own notions of justice and propriety, nevertheless admits that Strafford 'in his soul regarded absolute monarchy as the best form of government.' Dr. Vaughan still more strongly takes this view, and, describing his so-called apostasy, speaks of him as a man whose 'temper was such as to make it more natural in him to court the favour of the sovereign than that of the people;' and declares that his 'doubtful' and 'short-lived patriotism was the effect of circumstances, and not the result of his real principles or inclinations.' Yet Dr. Vaughan, in treating of Strafford's impeachment, does not so clearly maintain the above opinion, which, though occurring many pages before the history of that event, looks like an afterthought. There are, however, historians who have formed decided opinions respecting this wonderful man, eminent among whom are M. Guizot and Mr. John Forster. The sketch of Strafford which M. Guizot introduces in his 'History of the English Revolution,' is at once brilliant, profound, and just; and what is there drawn in bold outline with the hand of a master, by the ex-Minister of February (a man marvellously like the Minister of Charles I.), is worked out and filled up with light, and shadow, and colour, by Mr. John Forster, with the skill of an artist. What M. Guizot asserts, namely, that in 'forsaking his party to attach himself to the king, Strafford had not been called upon to sacrifice any very fixed principles, or basely to betray his conscience,' in our opinion, Mr. John Forster proves by an accumulation of indisputable evidence. This estimate of Strafford, though it has greatly prevailed in the learned world, has not made much way among the people. It remains to be popularised; and to popularise just views of great men of all parties, will be one of the objects of the *People's Review*.

When Thomas Wentworth comes upon the scene, we find the reigning royal incapacity James I., sitting on the throne much in the same fashion as Roger Coke tells us he sat upon his horse when hunting, namely, 'trussed,' and, 'as he was set, so he would ride, without otherwise poising himself.'

The king was vulgar; an insupportable pedant; something more and something less than a fool. The court was a scandal to the nation, the scene of abandoned licentiousness, drunkenness, and profligacy; with only one ill-rewarded poet, who in any way threw a gleam of refinement over its grossness and vulgarity. The church was a sink of simony. 'There were books of rates on all offices, bishoprics, and deaneries in England, that could

tell you what fines, what pensions were to pay,\* by these who were 'put in possession of the good things of the church.' An aristocracy was created out of the basest materials; and titles were commonly purchased with gold, though often granted on terms of the vilest favouritism. The infamous Star Chamber reigned supreme over Westminster Hall. The thick darkness which hung around the seat of justice, was only lighted up like the leaden-laned rack at sunset by the questionable brilliancy which the learning of Coke, and the splendid infamy of Bacon, flung upon its sable fringe.

Commerce was obstructed; our merchants were harassed by illegal and capricious exactions; and the consumer was sacrificed to the monopolist. Cecil, the last Elizabethan statesman, was dead, and every vestige of financial economy and management dying out with him, debt, the scourge of extravagance, reduced the king to the last extremities. Somerset was on the eve of well-merited disgrace, and Villiers in the morning of his 'fire new fortune.' Capacity had departed, and puffed-up presumption assumed the reins of power. In the midst of this state of administrative and social disorganisation, we behold patriotism, and devotion to liberty, in politics; Puritanism and devotion to the rights of conscience in religion, struggling fearlessly up from the depths of obscurity into a dangerous visibility; and the fact becoming daily more evident to all men that the House of Commons was the last hope of England, the last sanctuary of British freedom.

It is at this period, 1614, when James summoned his second parliament, and Wentworth returned from his travels, that we propose to take up his public career, and indicate, as briefly as may be, our reasons for believing that he was a despot from principle. We may, however, premise that he was an aristocrat by birth, education, and tradition; that his family was of ancient origin, and that one of his ancestors was of royal blood.\*

The parliament assembled on the 5th of April, 1614, of which Wentworth had been elected a member. Notwithstanding the intrigues of Bacon, Somerset, and others, who undertook to influence the elections so as to secure a majority for the king, and who were thence called 'undertakers,' a strong party of staunch and patriotic members were chosen. James opened the session with a conciliatory speech, which eminently displayed that imbecile hypocrisy so characteristic of his nature, demanding supplies, first, and promising redress of grievances afterwards. But it was too late. The Commons proceeded at once to the grievances of the nation; and when, finding them so intractable, James threatened a dissolution unless they complied with his demands for money; he received for answer that, until their grievances were redressed, they would vote no supplies. On the 7th of June a royal commission put an end to this sturdy assembly.

Now, be it remarked that Sir Thomas Wentworth, then twenty-one years of age, took his seat in this parliament; and throughout its short existence he remained *silent*. As Mr. Forster justly observes, the condition of

\* See Mr. John Forster's 'Life of Strafford' in his able work, 'Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England,' a book which is not only an ornament to English literature, but also a noble contribution to the cause of the people.

affairs 'had arrived at such a point, that not to declare in favour of the popular party was to exert an influence against them.' Wentworth was a young man, originally of a choleric temper—said to have a boundless ambition, and an insatiable love of power. Moreover, it has been always asserted that he entered into public life as a *patriot*; and his subsequent exertions in the service of the court have been regarded as, perhaps, the most flagrant, certainly the most splendid, instance of political apostasy on record. Let us consider.

Wentworth had just returned from abroad. He had seen what despotic power was. No young patriot, imbued with the love of freedom, could, at that period, have travelled through the continent without having the generous principles of liberty strengthened within in him, and hate of despotism more strongly planted in his soul. Yet, fresh from the spectacle of civil power abused, and religious might turned into an engine of persecution, fresh from the capital of France where Henry of Navarre had fallen beneath the knife of Ravillac, and Sully had given place to Concini—where Huguenot and Catholic, liberty of conscience and religious domination, were waging a war to the death in the great cities and mountains of France—did this young patriot return home, and enter the exciting arena of a patriotic House of Commons, to do what? become an enthusiastic partisan of national freedom, an opponent of absolute power? No; but to act the part of that personage, so celebrated in parliamentary annals—the silent member! He was not silent because he could not speak. On the contrary, he was a young man of vast ability, who had passed through his collegiate career in careful, nay severe, study. He had wrought hard to acquire skill in rhetoric and composition. And, further, it is fair to infer from his election by the gentlemen and freeholders of Yorkshire, at the early age of twenty-one, that they had discerned in him, even at this age, the promise of talent if not of genius. Moreover, country gentlemen were then, generally, stout adherents of the country, in opposition to the court party; and had Wentworth not been a patriot from principle, supposing him to have been a patriot at all, it would have been quite natural that he should have been a patriot from fashion; and what is more, being young, educated, and ambitious, he would have become a speaker from inclination. In spite of these strong motives to action, always assuming him to have been a patriot, Sir Thomas Wentworth, in his early parliamentary career, found the path of politics, though narrow and slippery, yet not so difficult but that it might be passed 'with circumspection, patience, and *principally silence*.' We venture to assert that patriotism never before made its bow to the public in such a 'questionable shape.'

The fact is that Wentworth was not a patriot, in the sense which was then attached to this word, nor in any sense which involved a negation or limitation of the royal supremacy. He was an Englishman, and loved his country like an Englishman; but then the glory of England was identified with the splendour of the throne, and the interests of the monarch were consulted as the welfare of the nation. His silence in this parliament goes far to prove first that the young man was not inflated with 'vanity,' and secondly that the young politician was not a resolved patriot. He was a superb aris-

tocrat, with a disposition strongly tending to paternal despotism. 'Every thing had tended to foster' the aristocratic principle 'within him,' writes Mr. Forster. 'His ancient lineage, extending at no very distant period to the blood royal—the degree of attention which must have early attached itself to the eldest of twelve children—his inheritance of an estate of £6,000 a-year, an enormous fortune in those days—his education, all the various circumstances which have been touched upon—contributed to produce a character ill fitted to comprehend or sympathise with "your Prynnes, Pymes, Bens, and the rest of that generation of odd names and natures,"\* who recognised, in the struggling and oppressed Many, those splendid dawnings of authority, which others were disposed to seek only in the One.' Wentworth was, among those who sought authority only 'in the one,' its most illustrious adherent, its most faithful servant, and the bravest and most sincere believer in its narrow and degrading doctrines.

It is possible, and not inconsistent with the view we take of his character, that during the seven years which elapsed before another parliament was summoned, Wentworth underwent an internal struggle, and had finally to choose between the principles of freedom and those of despotism. In this strait his policy was delay, hesitation. Alternately caressed and insulted by the court, a witness of the abuse of the royal prerogative, a spectator of the numberless oppressions which were endured by Englishmen in those days, and profoundly struck, as he must have been, by the imbecility of the royal favourite, he had the same external motives, as his fellow countrymen, to adopt their convictions, and enter the lists as a resolute opponent of the court party. He did not do so; his principles stood in the way. These seven eventful years had sunk the court more deeply into debt, and the infamous and crying oppressions of Buckingham had filled the nation, not only with an intense hate of that royal minion, but also of the system of which he was the prime agent. Yet, when the parliament of 1621 was about to be summoned, Wentworth, the reputed patriot, was not only not obnoxious to the royal party, but actually 'much entreated' to stand for Yorkshire 'with Mr. Secretary Calvert,' one of the ministers. By great efforts and indefatigable perseverance Wentworth and Calvert were elected. This parliament met on the 30th of January, 1621, and seldom, even in those exciting times, was a fitter opportunity offered to a young patriot than this parliament presented for a display of his patriotism. But no, Sir Thomas Wentworth had recourse to his safe system of silence, and the sole record of his presence is found in the proceedings of the committees. In the next parliament his conduct was strikingly analogous.

James died suddenly and mysteriously. Wentworth's wife, too, was dead, and he had married the sister of Denzil Hollis, daughter of the Earl of Clare. Wentworth was talked of as an accession to the popular party. Charles ascended the throne, and a new parliament was called together. When it assembled the validity of Wentworth's election was questioned; and, though his claims were supported by the court, it was declared null and void.

\* *Strafford Papers*, Vol. 1, 344.



But he was re-elected. When the parliament commenced proceedings, Wentworth partly showed gratitude to the court, and partly redeemed his new alliance. He spoke with extreme moderation, and advised a grant of subsidies, at the same time that he intimated opposition to Buckingham. But while that minister was, by the popular party, threatened with impeachment, Wentworth continued to hold his peace; and it would appear, from a passage in one of his letters to Lord Chancellor Weston, that he had contracted to do so with Buckingham himself.\* This, no one will contest, was anything but patriotic; but it is not the only direct incident which manifests the bent of Wentworth's mind. Here is one still more significant.

Buckingham, who for some reason appears to have hated Wentworth, had discovered and put in operation a notable process for delivering the court from its most redoubtable foes, by pricking them as sheriffs for their respective counties, and thus disabling them from serving in parliament. Wentworth was pricked for Yorkshire; and while Sir Edward Coke and Sir Francis Seymour, two pricked men, did all in their power to thwart the designs of the court, Wentworth took counsel with his friends, and did nothing—folded up in a 'cold, silent forbearance,' cheerfully applying himself 'to the duties of his place,' and praying 'heartily to God to bless Sir Francis Seymour.' 'For my rule,' he adds, 'which I will not transgress, is "Never to contend with the prerogative out of a Parliament, nor yet to contend with a king ~~but~~ when I am constrained thereunto."' This is not the expression of noble patriotism which gained for Sir John Eliot his martyrdom on the Tower, and for John Hampden his death on Charlton Field.

But the court party appears to have been determined to try the rumoured patriotism of Wentworth; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that the Duke of Buckingham had resolved to punish the proud Yorkshire knight for not having had the good or evil fortune to please his Grace. It is presumed that the intrigues of Sir John Savile procured the disgrace of Wentworth, which consisted in dismissing him from the office of *custos rotulorum*.

But this was not all. Savile prevailed upon the court to send Wentworth a 'privy seal'—that is, a writ of the king requiring the loan of a certain sum of money. Wentworth, in the dilemma thus skilfully prepared for him—seeing that to refuse was a declaration of war against the court, to accede a final and certain split from the popular party—hesitated. His friends became anxious for his safety; his delay exasperated the court. Finally, after much consideration, he broke through his rule, contended with the alleged prerogative 'out of a Parliament,' contested 'with a king,' and refused the loan—though, it must be confessed, not until he was 'constrained thereunto.' He was forthwith confined for six weeks in the Marshalsea prison.

Wentworth now became an ostensible patriot; a decided parliament-man—in words. The famous parliament of 1628 met under circumstances of the greatest excitement. Sir Benjamin Rudyard called it 'the crisis of Parlia-

\* *Stratford Papers*, Vol. I, 34, 35.

ments; and added 'by this we shall know whether Parliaments will live or die.' The House of Commons consisted of only two parties: the vast, overwhelming majority against the court, and the weak minority in its favour. Sir Thomas Wentworth was there, and he soon justified the acute remark of Sir John Eliot, that he was a patriot who 'rather looked to be won than cared to be obdurate.' He was prepared to make the court feel his value, to show them what a powerful supporter they had so long mistaken, what an energetic foe they had by their insults aroused. In this famous parliament of Charles, which met on the 17th of March, 1628, and did not separate until it had wrung from the king his assent to many great points of constitutional right, Sir Thomas Wentworth acted a deep part, and made one or two speeches which produced a startling effect on the monarch. He declared boldly, with passion and vehemence, for the rights of the people; and fell with crushing force upon the court in denouncing the injustice inflicted on the nation. He rose 'To vindicate—what? New things? No; our ancient, lawful, and vital liberties, by reinforcing of the ancient laws made by our ancestors—by setting such a stamp upon them, as no licentious spirit shall dare hereafter to enter upon them.' The court party entered into negotiations with this daring enemy; and even while he was acting on the side of the country in the House, he was actually engaged in coming to terms with the ministers to enter into the service of the king! The Parliament met on the 17th of March; on the 28th of May Finch was 'acting as go-between' with Wentworth. Parliament was prorogued on the 26th of June; and on the 14th of July, Sir Thomas Wentworth was created Baron Wentworth, and called to the privy council; but it was not until after the assassination of Buckingham, on the 23rd of August, that Wentworth was made a Viscount, and Lord President of the North.

And now the reader has followed with us the career of Wentworth through fifteen years, what thinks he of the propriety or justice of those historians who have charged him with apostasizing from his early professions of patriotism? Had he continued an adherent of the party he momentarily, and for a purpose, espoused in 1628, is it not clear that he would have been false to his own convictions? Had the court neglected to understand his speeches, it is possible that he would have fallen upon the court with fatal effect, but he would have been a dishonest politician. The court understood these energetic hints, not by many the first he had given; and Wentworth, curiously enough, though actually saved from the sin of apostasy, has nevertheless come down to us branded with its foulest stigma. We cannot applaud his principles, for ours are directly the reverse; but do not let us withhold the tribute of our applause from his honesty. He was sincere responsible for his political belief, and he had as sacred a right to his free and independent judgment upon the principles contending for mastery in England as John Hampden himself. The principles of despotism fell to the lot of Wentworth, and for once, the practice of despotism met with its proper punishment, at least proper in those times, the axe and the scaffold. Wentworth, then, never was a patriot, and he only found his proper sphere of action when the court had the sense to perceive his genius, accept his services.

and frankly adopt his system. He did not sell himself for the title of a Viscount and the Presidency of the North; he only demanded and assumed that post as his by the rights of superior genius, and by his fitness for carrying out the king's ill-concealed desire for despotic rule, which exceeded that of any fawning courtier of the day—a thing Wentworth never consented to become.

#### ART. IV.—FOX, NEWMAN, AND FROUDE.

1. *The Religious Ideas.* By W. J. FOX, M.P. London: Charles Fox. 1849.
2. *The Soul; her Sorrows and her Aspirations.* By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN. London: John Chapman. 1849.
3. *The Nemesis of Faith.* By J. A. FROUDE, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. London: John Chapman. 1849.

THE *Edinburgh Review* for October last contained an article entitled 'Reason and Faith; their claims and conflicts.' That the Reviewer, and the school he represents, perceive the existence among us of a new school of theology; that he and his constituents are greatly annoyed thereat, and that alarm at the earnest and novel characteristics of this new theology has invaded the precincts of the churches, this, and preceding articles in that *Review*, upon the 'Oxford Tract School,' are triumphant manifestations.

We purpose, then, to present our readers with an estimate of this new theology, as exemplified in the volumes recently published by the authors whose names appear at the head of this article.

The characteristic which first strikes the mind in contemplating this new theology is, unquestionably, its reverential spirit. Daring as its expositors are in carrying out their investigations into religious truth, fearless of consequences as they may be in uttering their convictions, the results of those investigations, yet in no instance have we observed any tendency to scoff and sneer at, or even to satirise, religious beliefs in the works under our notice. The same characteristic pervades the whole school. They are, whatever their opponents, the orthodox theologians, may say, eminently profoundly religious thinkers. Whether, as in the case of Mr. Fox, they repose upon convictions long sought and painfully acquired, or, like Mr. Newman, attempt to analyse and unfold spiritual life, its sorrows and aspirations, its trials and its triumphs, or whether, as in the case of Mr. Froude, give passionate utterance to their doubts, display their internal strife at the falling of old and the rising of new faiths within them—the same tone pervades each and all—beautiful religious aspirations, strong religious faith, and profound religious reverence.

Mr. Fox's long and consistent life, his steady adherence to the people, the repose of mind which he has found in his belief, his eloquence and unquestionable sincerity, naturally give him the first place in our considerations.

The volume he has lately published upon 'The Religious Ideas,' is the last of the few works he has presented to the public in a complete form. This,

it appears to us, is to be the less regretted, because the genius of Mr. Fox is certainly best adapted to the pulpit and the platform. He is an orator, endowed with their distinguishing characteristics; power of language, power of amplification, fertility of imagery, aptness of illustration, keenness of wit, and lucidity of arrangement. We do not expect from him the minute elaboration of thought, endlessly diversified. We do not expect, and we do not find in his book, that profundity and closeness which requires severe attention to follow, and deep study to master. He is an oral expositor, and his work has the beauties and defects of oratorical composition. The habit of addressing the mind through the ear begets in common speakers a superficial style of thought, because fluency of language is a first necessity in oratory, and they cannot acquire fluency except by being superficial. Mr. Fox avoids this. He is a master. The basis of his composition is a profound thought; it is only the fabric raised upon it which is of common material; and this, in his hands, and by his exquisite workmanship, acquires an uncommon value.

Mr. Fox's theology has the great merit of simplicity, and hence it is easily appreciable. He seeks in humanity the religious ideas which he develops; and, since man is the creation of a Divine Power, he argues that, therefore, these ideas are of divine origin—'Both human nature and religion are results of the *same influences and agencies*.' Man did not acquire them by specific, and, so to speak, mechanical revelation, but they are a necessary consequence of his spiritual nature. Thus arose the ideas of God, of Revelation, of Redemption, of Immortality. Religion itself is a 'permanent reality,' 'not a dream, not mere cloud scenery, not a vain imagination,' but 'moral truth, resting on moral proof, which cannot fade or waste away,' and which 'belongs to nature and to humanity.' Religious ideas spring from the 'moral sense of humanity.' In Mr. Fox's belief, 'the conception of the Deity' is 'the loftiest thought of man's ideality.' And this conception of the origin of religion is wrought out through every division of the book. He asks, 'Where is revelation?' and replies, 'Everywhere: everywhere that man, cherishing his purest thoughts and highest faculties, finds his spirit at one with the universal Spirit.....wherever moral and spiritual truth suggests itself to the mind, grows in that mind, passes from it to other minds—there is revelation.' In the idea of Redemption he finds 'a great, profound, and moral truth—the fact that it is by suffering, by the sufferings often of the wisest and best, that mankind are liberated from the evils under which they groan, and led onward to the good which they desiderate.' A doctrine much needed in these days of political martyrdom!

The cardinal points in Mr. Fox's faith are a belief in the existence of God, who is one 'who lives, breathes, thinks, feels, acts in and by all that is—all that is being one with him, and He all in all;' and a belief in the immortality of the soul. 'If Heaven,' he says '—I use the appellation as that which has been commonly applied to the chief good when regarded as a religious idea—if Heaven be indeed a dream, it is one of nature's dreams, whose visions are prophecies!'

This is Mr. Fox's contribution to the new theology, and the reader will

see that it has its foundations in faith; for Mr. Fox rejects intellectual logic as applied to spiritual facts.

We have seen religion in Mr. Fox assume the form and the language of sentiment—strong, we admit, and profound, since he traces its source to the nature of man. But this sentiment, though strong, is vague, and appears to be less what may be properly termed an intimate conviction than a sublime aspiration. It is not for us to question the sufficiency of this form of religion for Mr. Fox. But there are others to whom this is imperfect and unsatisfactory; whose spiritual wants transcend it; who are not contented with the belief that God exists, but who crave communion with him, and who continually desire to approximate their human to his divine life. We do not assert that there are not glimpses of the perception of this truth in Mr. Fox's book, and in his teachings. There are many. But they are only glimpses, and will not fill the soul of every seeker.

It is precisely this want which Mr. Newman supplies in his work on 'The Soul, her Sorrows and her Aspirations.' He takes up the subject exactly where Mr. Fox left it; and as Mr. Fox declares that 'the moral' (Mr. Newman would say the *spiritual*) 'faculties of man require the reality of religious ideas,' so Mr. Newman endeavours to show the relation of these 'realities' to God. How is this to be accomplished? The churches say 'by the study of the evidence we offer, by the surrender of individual reason to our collective authority, and the reverential acceptance of our fundamental dogmas.' Thus, they would have us surrender our reason in estimating the truth of those things which are only addressed to the intellect. They would effect the conversion of the soul to things spiritual, not by appeals to our spiritual insight, to our spiritual consciousness, but by permitting the judgment of the intellect upon historical evidences, verbal criticisms, contested authority, and incomprehensible dogmas—with this proviso, that the seeker shall arrive at the pure orthodox conclusion. Mr. Newman rejects this method. He demands that 'the things of the Understanding be rendered to the Understanding, and the things of the Soul to the Soul.' He reverts to that fountain where spiritual truth, if anywhere, can alone be found—the Soul of man.

In the opening of his book he finely says that 'it is the condition of human existence to be surrounded with but moderately diffused light, that instructs the understanding, and illimitable haziness, that excites the imagination;' and declares that this 'region of dimness is not wholly without relations toward our moral state;' that 'there is a proper effect which it ought to produce upon us, and which deserves to be more closely analysed.' What foundations are there for this analysis, and how is it to be conducted? The Soul he defines to be that 'side of human nature upon which we are in contact with the Infinite.' Consequently, through it, and it alone, can we gain any insight into the Infinite, or ascertain its relation to us, and ours to it. Hence he lays it down as a fact that 'the Soul is to things spiritual, what the conscience is to things moral; each is the seat of feeling, and thereby the organ of specific information to us respecting its own subject.' If this be true, the reader will see at once that most important consequences

must follow. For, if the soul be the spiritual conscience, it is obvious that, in things spiritual, it possesses at least as much authority as the conscience in things moral. And as external civil authority, and its decisions, its police and penitentiaries, which, upon a moral man, exercise a guiding and restraining influence only in proportion to his weakness—so external ecclesiastical authority, its decrees respecting what should be believed, and its rubrics of ceremonial observance, can exercise an influence still less over the truly spiritual man. For he is above it. The law and the prophets for him are the dictates of his own soul, the common spiritual sense, and the common spiritual experience of humanity.

Thus we reach this position that the Bible must be submitted to the soul, not the soul to the Bible; that no authority has one-half the claim to infallibility which the soul has; that tradition, miracle, dogma, church rubrics, and church discipline, must submit themselves to it for approval or rejection; that personal intercourse with God, repentance, and regeneration, in so far as they can arise, can only arise directly and without mediation of any kind, and that the golden chain of connection and dependence which links, so to speak, the creature to the Creator, must be formed of living, spontaneous ore, and not such as can be forged through the medium of any ecclesiastical craftsman whatever.

Hence Mr. Newman's method, which is so admirable, was arrived at as a necessary consequence of the perception of this fact, that, although he found the ordinary foundations of religion had sunk beneath him, yet his soul retained her faith in the religious ideas, as lively as ever, and still thirsted for the living water of spiritual life. It is so with thousands, on whose minds the intellect has forced disbelief. But they have not the education, energy, and genius of Mr. Francis Newman, to prevent that side of their nature which is in contact with the infinite becoming a lost sense. The spiritual man dies within them, or only painfully struggles in the dark. To such men this book is most appropriate, as it meets their case in a very great measure.

The reader will bear in mind that this new theology (which we have shown to be so earnest and faith-*full*) comes from the churches, and is, as it were, a development of the churches, and from that point of view he must look at it. But how did it come to pass that, with an army of so-called spiritual teachers, the age has required a spiritually educated man like Mr. Newman to recall us to the source of religious truth, and to declare that such is not to be believed because it was found in the Bible, but because it is in harmony with the soul of man? Mr. Newman tells us that the 'worship of a hard hereditary ceremonial, unprompted by feeling, unrenewed by fresh inspiration,' is 'corruption.' And the worship of the churches had arrived at that corruption, when intellectual men attacked it on one side, spiritual men on the other, the former criticising its claims, rejecting its evidences, and denying its belief; the latter refusing obedience, and resolving to seek for themselves. This has led to curious results.

It is well known that the eighteenth century was a century of criticism and examination, and that it bequeathed, as a legacy, to men of this century,

not only the negative results of its own efforts, but the spirit of examination itself. That century did more: it penetrated the churches with this spirit. The Bible was brought into court, so to speak, and a conflict arose, not only as to what theological dogmas it taught, but as to the claims of the book itself, taken as a whole, to infallible authority. This, it is true, was no new controversy. The novelty consists in the fact that the controversy became general. From this spirit of examination has sprung two sets of thinkers, both connected with the church, both professed believers in Christianity; and both, with respect to the Bible, have come to conclusions virtually similar. It is somewhat singular that two brothers should furnish us with an eminent example of each class.

Mr. John Henry Newman, the soul of the Tractarian schism, who revered traditions, who accepted ecclesiastical authority, and made these the basis of his logic; who began by assuming the infallibility of the Bible, and ended by proscribing 'private judgment'—who, for the source of his faith, looked mainly to external dogmas, that is the evidence of authority, and seemed to start affrighted at the bare idea of seeking internal sanction from his spiritual nature, naturally came to proscribe the Bible itself, as a manual for Christians, and to consider it only as the sacred volume which priests alone were entitled to expound.

Mr. Francis W. Newman, by a totally different process, namely, by rejecting authority as authority, tradition as tradition, and by searching into his own nature by the light of what is called revelation, testing that revelation by the instincts of the human soul, and considering those instincts and convictions as the highest logic, namely, factual spiritual logic, quite as naturally came to conclude that the Bible is not infallible, and to protest 'deliberately, before God and men,' 'against the attempt to make it a law to men's understanding and soul.' The Oxford theologian, shocking minds less logical, and perhaps less brave than his own, of necessity takes refuge in Roman Catholicism; the London Professor, quite as necessarily, arrives beyond the pale of all churches whatsoever, yet remains in sympathy with all churches whatsoever. It is a singular result, it may be shocking; but certainly these two men image, not incorrectly, the two great elements of religious thought, the which are now face to face, and striving fiercely for empire.

Thus the churches remain bound up in 'historical evidences,' 'hard hereditary worship,' 'authoritative decisions,' 'thirty-nine articles,' and transcendental dogmas. The true source of religious truth is overlooked—namely, the spiritual consciousness of man, the testimony of the soul: and thus men like Mr. Newman, out of the church, yet by birth and education connected with it, apart from the army of duly ordained, consecrated, and legalised teachers, yet sympathising with them, were required to take their share in the thankless labour of emancipating humanity from the thralldom of a dogmatic and superstitious theology.

We know not what impression Mr. Newman's book will make upon the public, but this we know, that this age has produced no braver or more original book. It presents old things in such new lights, and new things

with such power, that it is not safe for those to analyse it minutely who have not the passport of Mr. Newman's genius, and are not sustained by his position, credit, reputation, and connections, and it is not possible in these days to write more in its praise.

Mr Froude's books represent the cry of reverential doubt, and display the struggles of the soul in its progress from the fetters of superstitions into the freedom of rational belief. From this point of view they are eminently interesting. They take their rise in that religious inquiry which originated in the Oxford Tracts, and which, as we have before observed, led some of the earlier Tractarians to Roman Catholicism, and others, of whom Mr. Froude is one, to the new theology. Judging from the volumes which he has published, 'The Shadows of the Clouds,' and 'The Nemesis of Faith,' we should say that he has not reached any positive religious belief. The hero of his last book, indeed, after having been a convert from orthodox Christianity, relapses into superstition, and disappears in a monastery! This is only registering the author's opinion that between the new theology and the old systematic belief, there is no resting place. Apparently, Mr. Froude accepts the former, though vaguely; for the spirit of relative scepticism is very prevalent in his pages: the state of the mind depicted is indecision, a puzzled perception, all, in short, which is summed up in that emphatic word Doubt. There are, however, evidences that Mr. Froude's mind is progressive; and that, having fairly thrown down the heavy burden of orthodox theology, he will continue his course towards a belief which less outrages reason, and is more harmonious with the instincts of the soul.

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#### ART. V. THE INFINITY OF BEAUTY.

*Hints on Public Architecture.* By ROBERT DALE OWEN. Putman, New York and London. 1849.

THE nature and extent of the beautiful is a question that has been much discussed, much mystified. Yet upon its right solution depend the fundamental principles of just and philosophical criticism of art; and, notwithstanding the many disquisitions which the subject has originated, it may admit of a plain demonstration.

If we recal but for a moment some portions of that '*olla podrida*' of critical opinions which we may have heard pronounced upon a work of art, the uninitiated will be utterly confounded by the extremely dissimilar and contradictory notions expressed. Enter the studio of an artist during the exhibition of one of his recent productions before a mixed assemblage of critics, and you will commonly hear these four classes of opinions —

I. That the work in question is exceedingly beautiful and altogether satisfactory to the eye.

II. That it possesses beauty in certain portions, but that deformity pervades the remainder.



III. That the alleged deformity, according to the latter class of opinions, is, according to this, pronounced to be beauty, and *vice versa*.

IV. That the whole thing is a complete failure, and devoid of a particle of beauty.

Now, an ordinary and disinterested observer might modestly submit the truism that all these opinions cannot be correct—that some must be erroneous; whereupon, probably, one of the most favourable of our Babel of criticism will exclaim—‘This noble effort of the artist is beautiful in the highest degree; but, unfortunately, there are those who cannot see that it is so. We know that which is beautiful, but they do not. They have *their* beautiful. It must be confessed, but it is founded on false principles. Ours alone has for its foundation those grand elements which exist in nature, and which Nature’s self reveals solely to her most faithful votaries.’ And thus, perhaps, this friendly and enthusiastic critic will continue: ‘These men, sir, are so wedded to their own petty, limited, and peculiar style of what they have the effrontery to call art, that they are absolutely blind to the transcendent glories of our productions. The Beautiful is the Beautiful, there is but one Beautiful, there is no Beautiful but our Beautiful, and we are its high priests!’ Perhaps the bombast so rife on these occasions is not always of this undisguised species, but it fairly expounds the creed of those who circumscribe the illimitable domain of beauty by their own partial and restricted conceptions.

The question which continues to be occasionally agitated in the artistic world resolves itself into this, whether the attribute which is called beauty be absolutely and inseparably a part of the nature or essence of the object said to be beautiful, or merely an emotion in the mind of the beholder. In other and shorter phrase. Is beauty a physical entity or a mental emotion?

If beauty be a physical entity, an essential attribute of nature, what good reason is there for limiting its extent by mental emotions, or operations? and if, on the other hand, it is merely a mental emotion, or a consequence of mental operation, then *cæteris paribus* one man’s ideas of the beautiful are as good as another’s.

Considering the human mind collectively, and in relation to all climes, all ages, and coexistent modes and circumstances, probably there is not a single object in nature or art but that either is, or has been beautiful to some one mind or other—and that, *in essence*, one object of nature or art is as beautiful as another.

There are so many qualities that tend to excite the emotion of beauty, or the mind derives pleasure from so many definable qualities accompanying the beauty that is undefinable, that according to the idiocracy of this individual or the other, so each will have his different notions of an object as he may or may not find therein the quality which most approves itself to his mind.

There is the beauty resulting from *truth, fitness, expression, contrast*, and so on, but there is that which is derived from mere form and colour, as they affect the imagination without reference to either of the former qualities.

In a work of mere imitative art, for instance, the quality we chiefly look

for is truth, fidelity to the object imitated, or conformity to certain established laws—and in a work of art devoted to some special purpose the quality we primarily expect to find is *fitness*: but, independently of these or any other attributes, there will be yet remaining that which delights the mind through the senses—we know not wherefore, except that there exist certain occult relations between the nature of external objects and the mental organs within us. The species of beauty therefore to which we refer in explaining its infinity is not exclusively the beauty of *truth, fitness, expression, or contrast*, nor of form and colour; but either a concurrence of all these, or any one or more in the absence of the others.

Let us imagine two paintings, the one a piece of fine formation, grand composition, and gorgeous colouring, yet betraying a want of fidelity to nature throughout; the other possessing, on the contrary, the utmost possible faithfulness to nature, with ungainly forms, vicious composition, and the most literal species of colouring. It is beyond doubt that the imaginative mind will receive the greater delight from a contemplation of the former of these pictures, whilst the mind which derives pleasure from mere imitative truth will prefer the latter; and the same diversity will be found to exist with regard to all other qualities connected with the beautiful.

It may here be observed that where we speak of *fidelity, fitness, etc.*, they are matters of fact, the alleged existence or non-existence of which can be determined like all other matters of fact; but it is with beauty, in whatever way it may affect the mind through the sense of vision that we have to do. Of course the simultaneous presence of the several qualities we have enumerated will always constitute that degree of beauty which in general estimation will most nearly approximate to perfection, but, to human conception, perfect beauty does not exist. And here is the paradox—here extremes meet. We may safely affirm that whilst to no one mind is there a single object in the universe perfectly beautiful, yet, to the world of human thought, every object is fraught with beauty; and this is the inevitable result of the finite nature on the one hand, and the all but infinite variety on the other, of human comprehension and conception.

From the Mosaic record we learn that when the Elohim had created this earth and all that is in it, everything they had made was very good; and on reference to the Hebrew original of this word 'good' we find the following: '*Good* in a very general sense, *goodly, BEAUTIFUL; grateful, useful, fit, &c.*' Thus then we have historical evidence, recognised amongst us, showing that everything was very *goodly*, very *BEAUTIFUL*; and who will undertake to assert that one iota of the divine creation is not *beautiful*, unless it be with reference to the limited and imperfect powers of human apprehension?

John Locke has demonstrated that the only means by which an idea can gain entrance to the mind is through the senses. Now, our ideas of beauty, of form, and colour, are mainly derived from the sense of vision, and that all men's minds are not similarly affected through that sense we have proof superabundant. Who, then, shall say, amid the almost endless diversity of impressions upon different minds, that his is right and his neighbour's wrong? And again, taking into view the fallibility which is inseparable

from such a conflicting state of things, suppose the whole human race were unable to see beauty in any one object, can even that be considered as a proof that beauty really does not exist in that object ?

Suppose that a child were brought up, from infancy, entirely within a house and pleasure grounds, containing nothing but what the limiters of beauty might agree among themselves (if such a thing be possible) to call pre-eminently beautiful. The mansion of the most unexceptionable style of architecture, full of all forms and colours that could please the eye ; the gardens laid out in the most delightful manner with the choicest trees and flowers ; the nurses and other attendants the most perfect specimens of humanity—in short, suppose that nothing which the contenders for the finity of beauty could call ugly, were ever permitted to be seen by this favoured child, would it not, in the course of time, nevertheless acquire notions of relative beauty and deformity, and eventually come to consider some of the objects surrounding it ugly ? Suppose another child were reared in a similarly select and exclusive manner in a locality where every object would be such as the circumscribers of beauty would deem offensive to the sight, would not even this child ultimately select, in its own mind, certain of such things as being beautiful ?

Of course we cannot compel an affirmative of these two questions ; we can only appeal to universal experience, and to the reader's own unbiassed judgment, both which, we think, must tend to confirm our inference that each of these children would possess positive ideas of beauty and deformity, thus practically refuting the assumption of an inherent principle.

If there were any such principle existent as that of restricted essential beauty, that is to say, if there were in any object or form a specific quality of beauty inseparable from that object, or form, and not belonging to other objects or forms, then the result should be universal acknowledgment. But there is no alleged specific principle of beauty that is universally acknowledged. It is argued that such beauty is here and there, but certain persons cannot see it. But if beauty be in one place, although we cannot see it, why not everywhere ? And doubtless *beauty is everywhere, could we but see it*. In proportion to the limits of our comprehensions, so *appears* only to be limited the empire of beauty. The man who can really perceive and appreciate the greatest amount of beauty in the most diverse objects of nature and art, proves himself, in that respect, to be the highest in the scale of intellectual being. As to absence of proof of the existence of any abstract or exclusive principle of beauty, perhaps we may be allowed to refer again to Locke, who, on a kindred subject—the existence of innate principles of moral right and wrong—has written thus :—

‘ The difference there is amongst men in their practical principles is so evident that I think I need say no more to evince that it will be impossible to find any innate moral rules by this mark of general assent ; and ’tis enough to make one suspect that the supposition of such innate principles is but an opinion taken up at pleasure, since those who talk so confidently of them are so sparing to tell us which they are. This might with justice be expected from those men who lay stress upon this opinion ; and it gives occasion

to distrust either their knowledge or charity who, declaring that God has imprinted on the minds of men the foundations of knowledge and the rules of living, are yet so little favourable to the information of their neighbours or the quiet of mankind, as not to point out which they are, in the variety men are distracted with.'

Some will draw the conclusion, from what has been herein advanced on the Infinity of Beauty, that it would tend to annihilate all distinctions as to degrees of excellence in art; but such conclusion would be altogether unwarrantable. We should still have truth, fitness, and other tangible qualities, as our guides; and, although beauty be infinite in the nature of things, every man cannot but have his own standard of beauty, every clique of men their two or three, every nation their hundred, and the whole civilised world their ten thousand. Doubtless, be things whatever they may in essence, they must always be to each individual mind that which, by the constitution of such mind and its peculiar powers and habits of perception, reflection, and association, they may be made to appear.

Thus it is that the estimation of the beautiful is ever varying with the character of the mind itself, as it becomes differently affected from time to time by external circumstances; and, as the emotions of the same mind will not agree with themselves when examined at different periods of life, so it is scarcely possible to find two minds that shall entirely coincide concerning the same object. True it is that the majority of the educated portion of the community will be found to agree generally upon the merit of certain world-renowned scenes of nature or productions of art; but, after all, it is but generally, and not in detail. And such general consent merely goes to prove a certain degree of similarity between the minds of individuals similarly educated and surrounded by similar circumstances.

Every one must be conversant with remarkable exceptions produced solely by the power of association of ideas. It would be difficult to convince a Highlander that his native glen was not the most beautiful spot on earth, or a Chinese that, in architecture, sculpture, and painting, his country did not excel the whole world. The only mode by which such ideas could be changed would be by education, during a period of many years, under other circumstances, and in the midst of other scenes of nature and objects of art.

Even then, there would be cases in which we should fail to eradicate the prejudices produced by the earlier impressions.

These considerations should not blind us to the fact that whatever the most educated and cosmopolitan portion of mankind may agree to consider to be beautiful, must always form the highest standard of beauty. This we readily admit, but we would, at the same time, wish to guard against the fallacy that this standard exists in the nature of things essentially. If it exist in the nature of things at all, it is as relative to more or less conventionally civilised minds; and whilst, in matters of detail, it is coexistent with notions diametrically opposed in individuals equally civilised, equally well educated, it is essential to progress, taken in a broad and unsectarian point of view—that we should not lose sight of the shifting and insecure foundation upon which our notions are based.

The chief difference in the mutations of fashion in the fine arts and in dress, for instance, is in degree and frequency, and that whilst, in our country, one set of fashions, in dress, is all but universal for the time being, there are a hundred fashions in the fine arts existing together, with anything but amicable relations: perhaps it would be but making a just distinction to say that this applies more forcibly to architecture, than to painting and sculpture. It is excessively difficult for architects to agree on the fashion for the dress of a building, each wanting to have his own pet fashion adopted to the exclusion of all others; and the reasons advanced in each case for adopting one style in preference to another simply amounts to this, that its advocates see more beauty in it than in any other. To this there is no objection; but hence commences the intolerant notion that, because they *see* more beauty in it, therefore there *is*.

It is good that certain individuals apply themselves to the working out of any one style of art, for, by such means, their energies are thereupon concentrated to the production of the highest possible degree of perfection; but, under the most favourable circumstances, and with the greatest enlightenment of mind, the utmost that can be expected from such individuals is, that they should be in some degree prepared to appreciate, even though they cannot in all respects perceive, the merits of productions in styles of art differing from their own.

And again, although it be beneficial to art that certain specially enthusiastic individuals should be found to devote themselves to one style or department, yet this very singleness of devotion and purpose, however much it may contribute to success in the particular style adopted, must of necessity incapacitate even the most successful artist in any one style for the office of critic upon all styles; and here arises that folly, which a conviction of the Infinity of Beauty would tend, in great measure, to cure—the folly of a special artist setting himself up as a critic of art universal, condemning principles of which he does not appreciate, with a vehemence in exact ratio to his rejection of them.

There can be no objection to the candid confession of any individual that to his mind a certain object does not convey a sense of beauty. What we contend for is, that he has no right to assert that, therefore, there can be no beauty in it. Quite as reasonable would it be that a blind man should declare that the sun does not give light. It does not give light to him, it is true, but it does not therefore the less give light.

The effect of the doctrine of the Infinity of Beauty will be to diffuse that humility of judgment in matters of taste, that universal consideration for the predilections of others, the present scarcity of which gives rise to so much vain-glorious boasting and hypercritical reproach. In the spirit of one of the precepts of St. Paul, we may say that although we ‘understand all mysteries, and all knowledge’ of any species of art, yet if we lack the charity, or rather the sense of justice, which should teach us to have respect for, and to appreciate the efforts made in some other species of art, we are but ‘as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.’

It is with such views, then, as the foregoing that we take up a book like

Mr. Owen's 'Hints on Public Architecture.' This work appears to have been originated through the erection of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington—a building of which our European prejudices will but allow us to say that the only merit it possesses, in a strictly architectural point of view, is its picturesque outline and general effect. With regard to style of decoration, we cannot help thinking it to be anything but a happy admixture of the Ecclesiastical and the Castellated—the Norman, the primary pointed, and somewhat of the Italian. Moreover, some of the details would be considered by us as intrinsically vicious in relation to any style. In both the executed design, and another in a later style, submitted by the same architect, the component forms, generally speaking, may be traced to European examples; and this causes us the more to regret that the beautiful and altogether more fitting *collegiate* style of Gothic architecture in England had not been adopted. Still it is a matter for congratulation that a people like the American, who are not much hemmed in by associations of the past, should essay to produce a new combination of the elements of the architecture of the old world. And, however incongruous the character of such an attempt as the present may be, in our estimation, yet will it the more probably lead to a new national style, which shall not only produce the emotion of the beautiful in the American mind, but in the European also.

The manner in which the numerous illustrations of Mr. Owen's work have been produced are, as he himself remarks, (with one or two exceptions) creditable to American art.

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*More Verse and Prose.* By the CORN-LAW RHYMER. 2 Vols. Vol. 1. C. Fox.

'More Verse and Prose' would ever be welcome from the 'Corn-law Rhymers' while truth, which knows no fear, finds favour among men. But as the poet has died since this volume left his hand, it bears about it the charm of a legacy, and we are glad to learn that Mr. Fox has another in the press. We are not about to attempt any estimate of the 'Bard of Free Trade,' we shall reserve that for another occasion and another hand. Our immediate purpose is to give the present volume welcome. If we venture any remark it will be to express the hope that those who learn of Elliott, will distinguish between the fire and power of his muse, and the accidental errors by which his noble passion is sometimes misdirected. Separate from all that is great in Byron, his antagonism, misanthropy, and malice—from all that is splendid in Shelley, his crudeness, morbidness, and fatal extremes, religious and political—from the sublime patriotism of Milton, his unsparing injustice of invective, and there will remain that which will command admiration and be worthy of imitation through all time. But the forgiving reader exclaims, why not pass over the faults of greatness? We would, if we thought that every reader would pass over them too. We would promise not to recal them, if the world would promise not to *imitate* them. It happens, however,

that weaknesses are the respects in which little men copy the great. By errors genius descends to the level of common men; and thousands who lack Elliott's genius, truth, and earnestness, will reproduce those fiery invectives with which too often he blasted error and the erring in the same breath. Elliott seems not to have comprehended that to be the exemplar of error, or the supporter of injustice, is a man's misfortune as well as his fault—and hence, though Elliott, as all strong-souled men have, had a gentle nature, he was often unjust to opponents, when injustice was farthest from his thoughts.

Elliott's anti-corn-law invectives will be remembered as examples in point, but an epigram which we find in this volume—one over which the *Athenæum* has more than once rejoiced—is, in its indiscriminating spirit, an illustration of these remarks. It runs thus:—

What is a communist? One who hath yearnings  
For equal division of unequal earnings:  
Idler, or bungler, or both, he is willing  
To fork out his penny, and pocket your shilling.

When Mr. Cobden, a statesman with the advantage of having travelled through every capital of Europe, can, in the House of Commons, reiterate these gross misconceptions, we will not blame a poet, whose knowledge of these matters was limited to Yorkshire, falling into the same strain. To disarm this brilliant sarcasm, it is sufficient to set the truth by the side of it. Divide a given body of men into two classes—one composed of the industrious and intelligent, the other of 'bunglers' and 'idlers.' If those of capacity, industry, and intelligence, were well and competently provided for—why should *they* be unhappy or discontented because others of their fellows less gifted and less fortunate were as well provided for? Is it the part of a generous man to be wretched because others are *not* wretched? If a man be an incompetent workman, the greater is his misfortune. Why has nature denied him the imperial power of capacity, bountifully bestowed on his compeers? If a man be an 'idler,' the greater the misfortune of his training, which has not made industry a *necessity* of his nature, and given him that proud sense of honour by which the industrious are stimulated to live independently. If he be a 'bungler,' is not that, too, more his misfortune than his fault? Who would be the thrall slave of ignorance who could taste those enchanting streams of knowledge whereby a man is translated to freedom, and walks afterwards a king among men? Suppose that those of capacity, industry, and intelligence, do consent to 'an equal division of unequal earnings,' have they not remaining the superiority which nature has given them?—have they not the pride, and the pleasure, and the power of intellect, which enables them to be the benefactors of their associates to whom destiny has been harsh and inexorable? All that the children of capacity are required to do (according to communist theory) is, to minister to the incapacity which nature has inflicted upon a part of her family. It is capacity generously administering to incapacity, for its compensation, instruction, and improvement. But if it be atrocious to think of this, as those high in the world's esteem tell us, what is that system under which we live, in which

capacity does have to minister, not to incapacity generously, but to villany against its will? Do not intrigue and vice grow fat every day on the earnings and ruins of honesty and virtue? Do not idleness and dissoluteness luxuriate on the products of painstaking industry? One grows sick at what is said on looking through society, and seeing what is tolerated.

But there is another phase of Elliott's nature, broad, genial, and generous, beside which the species of error we have noticed, is trivial and unimportant. We quote the following as one of those nature-inspired adjurations which many poets feel, but which only one Elliott is found to utter. Wordsworth did something of the kind in his younger days, but who else, with Elliott's years, reputation, and connections, sings so bravely now? Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymers, however, like his father, Ebenezer 'the Berean,' was 'a man who never knew fear.' What will the good people of Scotland, who draw chains across the Clyde on a Sunday, and deny to the worn and pallid weaver the refreshing sight of its glorious beauty on that day, say to our

POET'S SABBATH.

Lord! grant to poor o'er-laboured man  
More leisure, and less pray'r;  
More church, less priest—and homes for inns!  
More libraries, and fewer sins;  
More music and less care!

And when the tardy sabbath dawns  
Bid townsmen leave behind  
The goldfinch, smother'd on his perch,  
Ginshop and chapel, jail and church,  
And drink the mountain wind.

Oh, for the lightning's path, the wing  
Of steam or fire, to bear  
Tir'd men to Edens yet on earth,  
Where mind may have its second birth,  
And hope baptize despair!

There, in lone sheltered dales, amid  
Their patriarchal trees,  
Beneath the skylark's quivering wing,  
Let parents, sons, and daughters sing  
Great Handel's harmonies.

Then, to the dome of boundless blue,  
O'er-roofing sea and land,  
Triumphant hope and faith will rise;  
And with the anthems of the skies  
Mingle their anthem grand.

The following, written apparently in prospect of the close of life, which has occurred too soon, and which falls on the people as a calamity—for Elliott, despite errors, was the Bard of the Poor—has all that pathos and wild music which comes like an anodyne, poured by nature and genius over the jaded spirit of commerce. The writer, who has had the pleasure of hearing 'old Barnesdale roar' in company with the poet, shares the emotions of such a song more perhaps than the reader will, but none can fail to feel its beauty.



## LET HIM REST.

He does well who does his best;  
 Is he weary? let him rest:  
 Brothers! I have done my best,  
 I am weary—let me rest.  
 After toiling oft' in vain,  
 Baffled, yet to struggle fain;  
 After toiling long, to gain  
 Little good, with mickle pain;  
 Let me rest—But lay me low,  
 Where the hedgerose roses blow;  
 Where the little daisies grow,  
 When the winds a-maying go;  
 Where the footpath rustics plod;  
 Where the breeze-bow'd poplars nod;  
 Where the old woods worship God;  
 Where His pencil paints the sod;  
 Where the wedded throstle sings;  
 Where the young bird tries his wings;  
 Where the wailing plover swings  
 Near the runlet's rushy springs!  
 Where, at times, the tempest's roar,  
 Shaking distant sea and shore,  
 Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er;  
 To be heard by me no more!  
 There, beneath the breezy west,  
 Tir'd and thankful, let me rest  
 Like a child, that sleepeth best  
 On its gentle mother's breast.

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*Twenty-six Cuts at the Times.* Furnished by BOB THIN, forming an Illustrated Alphabet for all those Little Politicians who have not yet learned their Letters, with a Preface, but no Wrapper.

In the close alley and damp cellar, cheerless—cheerless as poverty and scorn can make them—dwell the out-door paupers. The dainty ear and eye of affluence will not attend to the complaint of these pariahs of industry. Too deeply stung by suffering and contumely, they could not speak the words if they knew the art of conciliation, and it was to plead the cause of such that 'Bob Thin, or the Poor House Fugitive,' was first printed by its versatile author. In that work Minstrelsy and Art did noble homage to the 'Good Goddess of Poverty.'

The 'alphabet' at the head of this notice is a performance by the same author, with the same genial intent, but including passing allusions to other topics—allusions with which we do not entirely coincide. Mr. Cobden seems spoken of by implication as one who might direct the vast power of the middle class to any purpose which every patriotic politician may deem desirable of accomplishment. This assumption we consider most erroneous, and yet it is the one at the bottom of the best censures of which Mr. Cobden is the subject. Mr. Cobden did not make the middle class, nor did he create their aspirations, but comprehending their power, he sought to organise it,

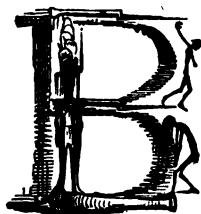
and coinciding with their sympathies, he has directed them to practical realisations. He is their Executive, and were he to attempt to become their Dictator, he would be in six months a stranded and impotent utopian.

The Peace Movement is misjudged in this way. It is assumed that the friends of peace are pledged to passive resistance and submission to indignity. On the contrary, they believe that the arts of peace are a power, and that these arts can achieve victories as well as arms. They mean to fight, and do fight after their fashion, resolutely and courageously. And though they talk of non-intervention they believe in prevention, and attempt it, by commercial, civil, and moral means. We think this is overlooked by 'Bob Thin.' We, however, forgive the author of this alphabet any angularity of imputation we may discover on this one account: he sees to what contumely poverty is subjected—how helpless, how impotent, how despised are the poor—how much at every man's mercy are the penniless; and he comprehends the truth, rarely perceived, that destitution is itself degradation, and against this degradation he utters a protest, heartfelt, eloquent, and earnest. After what manner this is done 'Bob Thin' shall make his bow and tell us, giving even his own

PREFACE.



Most sort of stories may be made of any raw material :  
So we commence to improvise an Alphabetic serial.  
Our Letters were not order'd, but came to us accidentally:  
May the text be found as useful as the cuts look ornamentally !



A's an Assistant-Guardian to the New Poor-Law Commissioners :  
That board of angels unredeem'd with such satisfied petitioners.  
You should always think of them the first among your daily mercies,  
When you return thanks to the Lord—in the shape of pauper curses.

B's British Bayonets by which a liberal Whig preserveth  
That Order which gives better men the doom that he deserveth :  
And B's our Pauper Britain with her Thieves and Constitution,  
Guarded by those blest bayonets from 'horrid' revolution.



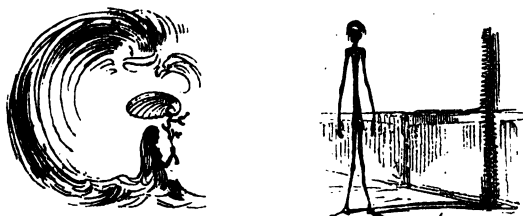
**C** is a Crocodile ; they say the creature's name is Ashley :  
 We're only sure of this, that he will do us no good rashly.  
 And C's our Constitution, too, as monstrous as a crocodile ;  
 We'd tell you what the brute is like, if we thought you'd stand a shock awhi

**D** is the Devil, there's no doubt ; though he's very like a Member  
 Of our British House of Commons, whom we perfectly remember :  
 You perceive that for his devilish ends he uses a constituent.  
 So he and the devil vex the poor ; and neither's a restituent.



**E** is an Earl whose ancestor was made an Earl for plundering ;  
 This one was born an Earl, or else had been a Duke of blundering :  
 For in simple picking pockets and legislative thundering  
 He makes such countless blunders as sets even Earls a wondering.

**F** is a fellow fiddling fast the tune the old cow dies to,  
 The tune of 'Rule Britannia' to which Britons sing such lies, too.  
 The old cow's John Bull's lady, who has lots of children starving.  
 When she gets as green as a Yorkshire Moor she'll make some pretty carvin



**G** is Great-Britain, queen of the seas, changed to a cow by Juno,  
 For her stupid love of old Brute Power ; the tale is one that few know.  
 You'll find the story well arranged in the Book of Metamorphoses.  
 But the Calf won't read, though he pokes his nose in every dirty trough he see

He is the Husband, Bull himself, a poor, starved, beaten creature;  
He was a man *once*, but is dwarf'd in spirit, limb, and feature:  
He daren't even say his life's his own, nor bellow out his distress,  
Since Russell took to baiting him and dry-milking his mistress.

Poor 'Bob' shall present himself in our next number, and teach us more of our letters.

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*A Letter to Messrs. De Tocqueville and De Falloux, Ministers of France.* By JOSEPH MAZZINI. C. Fox. Published for the Italian Refugee Fund Committee.

It is a great pleasure to notice a book which you wish others to be acquainted with—such a one is the publication before us. Who of the people does not desire to know what of truth there was in the justifications of the attack on Rome, attempted by the French ministers, and re-echoed by the reactionary press of England? Here is the information given by one who had the highest opportunity of knowing the truth, and who possesses the highest power of telling it. History could not sit in judgment on the conduct of France, until Mazzini had given his evidence. And evidence such as this, so eloquent, so triumphant for republicanism, so damaging to its foes, has not been uttered before. It is not in the power of Rome's great church to grant a dispensation, nor of the entire armies of France to save Messrs. De Tocqueville and Falloux from the infamy to which the invincible pen of the late triumvir of Italy has consigned them. This letter is a sublime vindication of European democracy. It would inspire nations with heroism. Its noble sentences breathe the courage of the soldier, the dignity of the patriot, and the wisdom of the statesman. Of all the great leaders of Europe, no man is so deeply penetrated with that spirit of progress which is as great in adversity as in victory, as Giuseppe Mazzini. He is not only the hero—he is the High Priest of Republicanism. On his banner might be written *Laborare est orare*—work is worship. It will detract from the discrimination of British democracy if this Letter (at one penny), so usefully published by the Italian Refugee Fund Committee, is not anxiously circulated.

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*A Treatise on Benefit Building Societies, &c.* By ARTHUR SCRATCHLEY, M.A. Actuary to the Western Life Assurance Society. J. W. Parker. 1849.

This is a good book on an important subject. Perhaps few persons who had not carefully watched the progress which Building Societies have made during the last few years, would be prepared to hear that in 1848 there existed no fewer than 2000 of these societies, raising a capital of not less than £2,300,000 per annum. The influence which so extensive a movement must have upon the classes most affected by it, cannot fail to be great for good or evil, and therefore needs direction; and for this reason we notice Mr. Scratchley's work, as one adapted to be of essential service to all persons interested in the success of these associations. It does not consist merely of animadversions upon plans adopted by existing societies, and eulogiums

upon certain improvements propounded by the author; but while it develops new plans, and ably maintains them, and freely criticises the faults of many now in vogue, it also furnishes a great mass of information upon almost all matters connected with, and even collateral to, the subject—thus supplying data from which not only the author's own schemes, but those of all other societies may be tested, and from which, moreover, assistance of the highest importance may be obtained by those desirous of originating any new projects.

Though treating of dry subjects, this book is written throughout in a readable style; and while the calculations, upon which the plans treated of are founded, are pursued scientifically, the results, as exhibited in the various tables, are so simplified as to be capable, not only of comprehension, but of being put to practical use by persons having a very moderate acquaintance with the mysteries of figures. We find also a useful disquisition on the difference in the operations of Terminating and Permanent Societies, leaving the balance in favour of the Permanent.

The Act of Parliament under which Benefit Building Societies are enrolled and regulated is given *in extenso*, with observations upon it. A number of law cases bearing upon building societies are also fully, and apparently correctly, reported. An important part of the book is the appendix, in which there are given a series of algebraical calculations, supplying the formulæ upon which are founded the numerical results employed throughout the work. The most useful of these are exhibited in a set of tables, adapted to meet almost every possible case, and by which not only existing schemes may be tested, but new plans be struck out with a certainty that, being based upon mathematical demonstrations, they cannot fail, properly managed, to realise the intended results.

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*On the Cure of Cataract.* By HUGH NEILL, Surgeon to the Liverpool Eye and Ear Infirmary. C. Mitchell.

Mr. Neill writes, '*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*' (my lines have fallen in pleasant places), which may be interpreted—useful places, if the contribution he makes in these pages, to that art, the value of which language cannot adequately describe—the art by which light is given to the blind, be equal to the confidence of his tone. This book, reciting the practical modes, continental and British, of operating for the 'Cure of Cataract,' can only be estimated by the surgical reader, but it is so written that it may interest others. Recognising the spirit of progress abroad, sowing seeds which in due season will recast the social position of Europe, Mr. Neill is anxious to show that Science is also making that *true progress* which Politics cannot monopolise.

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*The Looker-On*, No. 1. Edited by FRITZ and LIOLETT. Sherwood.

We must 'look on' further numbers before we can form an opinion of this work. It professes to serve 'toil bound brethren,' but after approved fashion it proposes to exclude the two most important of human questions, and violates one of these proposals on eight successive pages.

### The Correspondent.

In the information we shall give under this head, we shall not occupy space by quoting either the name or initials of those to whom it is supplied. Not deeming it respectful to the general reader to hold a public conversation on private matters—it being the same thing as whispering in company—we shall speak on no subject which may not interest all; and it is of no consequence to the reader *who* has asked for the fact or opinion he finds presented; and he who required it can be at no loss to identify the information he wanted.

Coleridge observes (Introduction to *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, Sec. 1) that 'a ship beating off and on an unknown coast, often takes, in nautical phrase, "a new departure;" and thus it is necessary often to recur to that regulating process which the French Language so happily expresses by the word *s'orienter*, i.e., to find out the East for ourselves, and so put to right our faulty reckoning.' The people—meaning here by that phrase the artisan, the weekly-wage class, the serfs of capital—seem to us in some such position, and to need the adoption of some such self-rectifying process: hence on prospectuses for general distribution we used the motto '*Il nous faut nous orienter nous-mêmes*. (We must find the East for ourselves.)' Whenever we find a fuller expression of an idea in another tongue we may use it, but it will always be accompanied by an interpretation in our own. The motto on our cover '*Excelsior!*'—the chorus of one of Longfellow's happiest poems—signifies 'Higher, still higher!' Its use is not intended to imply the assumption of excellence, but the persistent effort after it in the face of difficulties too, if they present themselves.

We believe it is not generally understood that Euclid's *Elements* is a *controversial* book. It is written as though an opponent frowned over every proposition; hence Euclid introduces many things, not necessary

to strict demonstration, but for the purpose of replying to some opponent he had in view. Eminent modern geometers are of opinion that it would be enough, and better for instruction, if the '*Elements*' were rendered with such plainness and brevity as would suit and satisfy plain people.

In mathematical teaching, it is found necessary to demonstrate the same propositions in various ways, just as in literature a subject is placed in several lights, or, as in oratory, an argument is put in many ways. The reason is, that what a young thinker may not see in one way, he may in another. An ingenious teacher endeavours to catch the habit of thought, or mode of observation, peculiar to his pupil. The language of mathematics is so new to most students, that it is not till after diversified repetition of statements that the terms convey clear ideas to the learner.

Cæsar, by classical critics, is considered to be very obscure in his narrative of the Civil Wars. Obscurity is not a remarkable fault in despatches, but Cæsar is praised for his chaste style and admirable composition. He is, however, far from being entitled to the distinction of being made a model.

It is Niebuhr, we believe, who considers it strange that men should carefully avoid troubling other people even with trifles, or to appear before them in dress which shows negligence, or carelessness; and yet think nothing of giving the disagreeable trouble of reading a badly-written letter.

As the office of a teacher is to furnish students with the rules of criticism, a judicious instructor will endeavour to discover the greatest number of agreements with contemporaneous teachers, and lay as good a foundation as possible in the pupils' thoughts, that the rising generation of critics may proceed not only on just, but *common* principles. The present conflicting and contradictory canons of criticism, often recklessly, or thoughtlessly inculcated, cause

confusion of thought, futility of effort, and consequent hindrance to progress.

One of the 'Friends in Council' being applied to by a lady who takes great interest in the political position of women, for his attention to her favourite question, he returned the following reply, which we think may be usefully read by others:—"I have never seen any reason of justice, or of expediency, against the admission of women to equal political rights with men, and have little hope of great morality or happiness to the world until such rights are obtained. I do not, however, believe that the art of government is simple, or that the influx of women into the legislature would, of itself, have any remarkable effect. The chief advantage of admitting woman to equality, politically, would be that by endowing her with the dignity of power and respectability, our domestic life would be rendered pure, and devoid of tyranny. The change itself must, I think, be wrought like other changes; you must *force* your way into political power. This is what the unenfranchised *men* are doing; we find our claim of abstract right derided, but when we set about any political scheme we make way, and in time we shall be within the pale of the constitution. The abstract right of women to equality has been argued successfully, and (I

think) sufficiently. Let them act upon it, and prove their fitness for exercising their rights: above all, let them show some desire to possess them; at present the cause has fewer advocates among women than among men. The most practical plan appears to me to be for some of the most talented women of the country to form a "Women's Club," to act politically, with a view to influencing the public and the legislature on important political questions; especially those which particularly affect women. They should, I think, recognise the doctrine of equality of rights, but not bring it out very prominently, as they would make more way by showing their power to enter fully into the detail and statistics of political questions. After the club had lasted two or three years, men might be permitted to become associates (but not members), and in time the two sexes might really meet on equal terms to discuss their mutual interest. This club, however, should be directed by the *élite* of the women in England, so that it might never *deserve* ridicule. I should be proud of the honour of being an associate of such a club, but it is of no use for men to take the initiative. To all women who ask for their rights, we can only say as Leonidas said to Xerxes when he asked for his arms—"Come and take them."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Prose Works of Milton. 3 Vols. (Bohn.)  
 Religious Ideas. By William Johnson Fox, M.P. (Fox.)  
 The Soul—Her Sorrows and her Aspirations. By F. W. Newman. (Chapman.)  
 The Science of Human Life. By Sylvester Graham. (Horsell.)  
 Journal of Psychological Medicine. Edited by Forbes Winslow, M.D. Vol. 2. (Churchill.)  
 Nemesis of Faith. By J. A. Froude, M.A. (Chapman.)  
 A New Philosophy. Parts 1, 2, 3. (Saunders and Otley.)  
 Cure of Cataract. By Hugh Neill. (Mitchell.)  
 Poems. By Fritz and Liolett. (Sherwood and Co.)  
 The Present Age and Truth Seeker. (Dr. F. R. Lees.)  
 Benefit Building Societies. Arthur Scratchley, M.A. (Parker.)  
 Literary Institutions—their Relation to Public Opinion. By G. J. Holyoake. (Watson.)  
 More Verse and Prose. By the Corn-law Rhymer. Vol. 1. (Fox.)

# THE PEOPLE'S REVIEW.

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No. II.—MARCH, 1850.

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## ART. I.—THE THIRTY YEARS' PEACE.

*The History of England during Thirty Years' Peace.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Vols. I., II. Knight.

IF we met a man journeying on the highway who could give no account whence he came, we should strongly suspect that he did not know whither he was going. Yet we meet political travellers and social travellers on the highway of reform, impatient of impediments and breathless with haste, utterly ignorant of the history of the past whence their efforts should proceed, and may therefore be supposed ignorant of the future to which they are hurrying. From the dusky morn of time to the present day, the human race has been gathering varied and wonderful experience, and history is the record of it. The past is not only the guide of the future, it is also the parent of the future—and he who is ignorant of the past, can do no more than guess at the future; he mistakes movement for progress, not seeing that progress is advancement. It is not he who hurries most who will first reach the goal, unless he takes care to be upon the right road. History is the finger-post which he must consult.

The 'History of Thirty Years' Peace' is such a book as men should read who desire historical instruction capable of practical application. We have in this work not only a history of the events, but a history of the opinions of the times. The new element in modern history, the element which throws light on the struggles, fortunes, and thoughts of the people, is here present in genial and instructive development. Portraits of public actors are drawn with an ethical pencil. Many of the recitals of this 'History' want that instinct of appreciation which one who had lived and struggled with the working classes would manifest. Its authorities are sometimes persons who were politicians from necessity or enthusiasm, and who passed from the extreme of violence to that of somewhat servile reaction; and such men are not the impartial exponents of the people. We dissent from much that is presented from such sources; but, as a whole, this is a book which should become a hand-book of history to modern democratic reformers.

Who are the authors of the human and present influences which we must understand, accept, or combat? The answer is very important, as well as interesting—this work is the only one designed with a view to inform the people. It is not necessary, therefore, to be critical in the usual respects upon a work of this kind. It being alone in its nature and service, we must



accept it as we find it, even were there room for complaint, which is not the case. Mr. Knight as architect, and Miss Martineau as the builder, of any literary structure, are satisfactory guarantees for great utility and great excellence: we shall therefore regard the work in the light of a contribution to the philosophy of political progress.

English, Irish, and French patriots have severally, in a short space of time, precipitated themselves into the arms of a cool, calculating enemy, waiting ready to devour them, and crying 'Come, let me clutch you.' The finesse of bad government is as successful now as ever. It can mow down a harvest of patriots whenever it pleases. After what we have so recently seen of political failures, men will feel astonishment, on perusing these pages, at finding how the same shallow tricks of tyranny, which have been tried again and again, are yet successful. It is hard to say which is the most painful, the baseness of the power which governs, or the credulity and simplicity of the patriotism which falls into its meshes. A Powell in 1848 is as successful a manœuvre as an Oliver or Edwards in 1817. Many men of noble enthusiasm will be saved to us if the lessons of this 'History of Thirty Years' Peace' are not lost upon them. We transcribe a short passage as one instance of the instruction referred to, italicising a few words upon which the many may profitably ponder:—

'For some time before the Manchester massacre of August, 1819, there had been a subsidence of the seditious and rebellious intentions of the sufferers and demagogues who had caused a panic to the government, and a portion of the country magistracy of England and Scotland. The extensive conspiracy supposed by the ruling powers had never existed: and the separate parties of malcontents who had employed the leisure and relieved the painful thoughts of poverty in seditious movements had become tired of fruitless efforts, of disappointment in their leaders, and of their failure in combination, *which is the invariable lot of the ill-informed and inexperienced, when they aim at objects too large for their powers.* Their funds fell off; their drillings ceased from non-attendance; and they dropped into their sad homes, to mutter their discontents, or wait for better days.'—Vol. I., page 241.

Just as they have done again, within these two years, in Lancashire, in London, Ireland, and Paris. We are thankful to Miss Martineau for her courage in recounting such valuable experience, and our gratitude is in the proportion in which she risks the good-will of those whom she thus effectually serves. We say it serves them, though they will not exactly think themselves served. Many will resent such service. But the clear-headed and determined reformer will accept it with eagerness. If we credit all we hear on the part of many of the people's advocates, they are ready to die for their proletarian brethren, but are evidently not ready to bear even plainness of speech, in respect to faults another may think he sees in them. Those who do not praise and apologise for the people are set down as being 'cold,' or as belonging to the ranks of their enemies. This canting to the people, this profession of suffering to serve them, co-existent with such extreme delicacy, such sensitiveness when useful blame is pronounced, is reprehensible. It pets the people and spoils them. They are more the friends of

the people who are frank to them, who treat them as men, who endeavour to endow them with the spirit which dares criticism. Who that has known the value of genuine friendship has not felt how rare it is to find a man so much your friend as to risk your good-will to acquaint you with your faults? Life scarcely affords more than one such friend. We can know neither excellence nor power until we can see ourselves as others see us, and it is by unsparing criticism alone that we acquire this advantage. An enemy will not often afford it. He knows that by finding fault he puts his opponent in the position of improvement; he discovers to his opponent the weakness which keeps him weak, and thus enables him to amend and grow strong: and an enemy will seldom do this—he abuses you, outrages you, but never criticises you. Precious wisdom is to be obtained from the fault-finder. To men bent on improvement, criticism is above all price. Miss Martineau pays to popular reformers of her country this compliment: she believes in their manhood, courage, and desire for improvement, and offers them the guide of her criticism—not always that which they can take, but much for which she deserves gratitude, and always respect, for her intention.

When the red deluge of continental war subsided, and peace spread its verdant emblems over our land, intelligence was developed as well as manufactures, and the popular reason (otherwise known as public opinion) became a power; it has continued to grow, and from governing all that is governed in private life, it will come to be the omnipotent arbitrator of public affairs, able to arrest the red arm of war, and relax the remorseless and violent grasp of interest. To trace the rise of this new power awakens emotions of interest and hope, and is attended with curious instruction. One of the rudest and most popular forms of appeal to this power, or rather manifestations of it, is demagoguism. The lustiest words are at first considered the weightiest. Invective and personal denunciation are held in the highest estimation as the surest weapons. Public speaking is simply an explosion of the passions. Each orator is big with patriotism, if you regard his professions merely; but attend to his language, and you soon find that to give vent to hate or retaliate wrongs is the absorbing feeling which he mistakes for love of country. The reader of this history finds examples of popular addresses which illustrate these remarks. He will see, also, the progress we have made. Now our political addresses wear a new character—words are more measured, exaggeration is growing into general distrust. Invective and assault are giving way to *advocacy* and *exposition*—qualities you might look for in vain in the infancy of demagoguism. What twenty, or even ten, years ago was regarded as a burst of eloquence, now falls on the ear as a burst of bombast, and the smart and clever things of the old political agitators constitute the claptrap of our day.

Still we are far from having attained to real strength. What is called moral power is as yet imperfectly developed, and partially wielded. In humble life, excess of misery destroys sensibility. Ordinary physical privation produces no effect. A damp floor, a crack in the wall, half-a-dozen rival draughts, are items of discomfort scarcely counted. Stench must suffocate, typhus or cholera must appear, the foundation of the tenement

must give way, or the roof fall in, before an effectual disturbance can be accomplished. Reverse the picture. Note how those live who are accustomed to comforts: a damp, a draught, or a transient effluvia, becomes an annoyance not to be borne an hour. There is a close analogy subsisting between the rude intellect and rude condition. The understanding debauched by superlatives and invectives, is no longer susceptible of rational influences. Nothing less than insane excitement, or extreme extravagance, makes an impression. Violence and exaggeration are the only weapons which can produce an effect; and this effect is ever a delirious one, for a sober and distinct impression, the only one which can be enduring, it is impossible to make. Pass, however, once more from ignorant to educated life, and we find the whole atmosphere is changed. An emphatic word, a special look, a tone, a direct statement, even an inuendo, arrest attention, and the simple utterance of passion is moving eloquence. It is clear, therefore, that extreme language resembles in its effect extreme condition. Its violent forms only end in debasing the intellect. Not perceiving this tendency, many well-intending patriots have wasted their enthusiasm. Could they have been induced to practise exactnesses, they would have chastened the intellects of their auditors, and commanded, at the same time, the improvement of the many and the higher sympathies of the ruling few.

A passage from Miss Martineau's estimate of O'Connell, is an illustration of the deficiency wrought in the most brilliant men by inattention to these truths:—

'But there was one attribute of his which made him too hard a task-master for men who choose to retain their manhood—his *incapacity for truth*. The untruthfulness of O'Connell must be regarded as a constitutional attribute. He was so devoid of all compunction and all shame in regard to the *random* character of his representations, that the only supposition is that he had not the ordinary perception of truth and falsehood; and this became at last so general an impression, that the rest of his character was judged of, apart from this, in a way which, perhaps, was never tried in the case of any other man. If he could not obtain respect, he obtained admiration and enthusiasm, even from many who hold, with the rest of the world, that the qualities he was deficient in, veracity and high courage, are precisely the first requisites of political honour, the most essential attributes of the political hero.'—Vol. I., page 389.

Miss Martineau's character of Lord Brougham is a further illustration. Henry Brougham was a species of English O'Connell. The peculiar raciness and mendacity of Irish eloquence he had not; he had it, however, in the English degree, and he is one of the loftiest specimens of what it will, and will not, do for progress. Brougham is among demagogues what Stratford is among tyrants—a model and a warning. We will hear Miss Martineau:—

'There is something very affecting to those who were of mature years at that time in looking back upon these glories of the Harry Brougham who was the hope and admiration of so large a portion of the liberal body in the nation. As he himself said, he had now arrived at the pinnacle of his fame: he had attained an honour which could never be paralleled. When he said

this, he did not contemplate decline; nor did those who listened to him; nor did the liberal party generally. Those who did were some close observers who had never had confidence in him, and who knew that sobriety of thought and temperance of feeling were essential to success in a commanding position, though they might not be much missed in one of struggle and antagonism. These observers, who had seen that with all his zeal, his strong spirit of pugnacity, his large views of popular rights and interests, Henry Brougham gave no evidence of magnanimity, *patience*, *moderation*, and self-forgetfulness, felt now, as throughout his course, that power would be too much for him, and that his splendid talents were likely to become conspicuous disgraces. This was what was soon to be tried: and in the interval, he stood, in these times of popular excitement, the first man in England;—called by the popular voice to represent the first constituency in England, in a season when constituencies and their chosen representatives were the most prominent objects in the nation's eye. Mr. Brougham had been twenty-one years in public life: his endowments were the most splendid conceivable, short of the inspiration of genius; and they had been, thus far, employed on behalf of popular interests. Men thought of his knowledge and sagacity in colonial affairs—shown early in his career: they thought of his brave and faithful advocacy of the Queen's cause: they thought of his labours for popular enlightenment—of his furtherance of Mechanics' Institutes, of the London University, and of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge:—they thought of his plans for the reform of the law, and his labours in making justice accessible to the poor: they thought of his mighty advocacy of the claims of the slave, and of his thundering denunciations of oppression in that and every other relation; and they reasonably regarded him as a great man, and the hope of his country. It was so reasonable to regard him thus that those who had misgivings were ashamed of them, and concealed them so anxiously that it is certain that Mr. Brougham had as fair a field as any man ever had for showing what he could do. But, though those who knew him best concealed their doubts, the doubts were there; doubts whether his celebrated oratory was not mainly factitious—vehement and passionate, but not simple and heartfelt;—doubts whether a temper of *jealousy* and irritability would not poison any work into which it could find entrance;—doubts whether a *vanity* so restless and insatiable must not speedily starve out the richest abilities;—doubts whether a habit of speech *so exaggerated*, of statements *so inaccurate*, would not soon be fatal to respect and confidence;—doubts about the perfect genuineness of his popular sympathies—not charging him with hypocrisy, but suspecting that the people were an object in his imagination, rather than an interest in his heart—a temporary idol to him, as he was to them. These doubts made the spectacle of Henry Brougham at the head of the representation of Great Britain an interesting and anxious one to those who knew him well, whether from personal intercourse or from a close study of his career. With all the other liberals of England, it was an occasion of unbounded triumph. He has since publicly and repeatedly referred to this period as that of his highest glory; and there are now none, probably, who do not agree with him.

The British democracy existing among us—which plumes itself on being the veritable democracy, and with some noise and bluster maintains itself as such—is not exactly what it pretends to be. It vociferates aloud its virtues, not unfrequently shouts down all sober men, and denounces every peaceful and moderate effort as being futility or treachery. It believes in its own generous patriotism and supreme utility. We admit its patriotism. It is earnest and well-meaning; but its intolerable assumption of alone under-

standing progress must be met and denied, not by imitating it by counter assertion, but by enlisting the reason of men on the other side, and disarming the Party of Extremes by leaving them in a minority. Pages of history, and especially the history now under consideration, show us that all reform is gradual, and that all that is not gradual is pretension and delusion. Reform cannot proceed faster than personal conviction. The noise of musketry and clashing of swords may clear a way, but they have often stopped the way. If you want a man to alter his course, show him the propriety of the step, and he will thank you and take it. But if he does not see the rightfulness of the step you propose for him, and you make him take it, you outrage his understanding and do violence to his manhood; and if he resist, as he ought to resist, you must imbrue your hands in his blood to subdue him—and this is the lesson taught by so many voices to the democracy of this hour. The effect of all is to put the sword of the tyrant into the hands of the people; but to the many, possessing the dignity of numbers, and the force of reason, a better course is open.

It is necessary to political salvation to vindicate moderation from the misrepresentation under which it labours. We have seen one local paper (the *Birmingham Mercury*) urge this doctrine with distinctness. The argument seems to stand thus: Moderation is traduced as being allied to selfishness—is said to excite little sympathy, and reformers are warned that it awakens no enthusiasm, and the emulative that it is the twin-sister of Mediocrity. Moderate men are compared to the neutrals whom Solon punished by his laws, and whom Dante classified with contempt. All of which evidently proceeds on an assumption, which we utterly deny, that moderation is a compromise of the right—an evasion of duty under the plea of prudence. As some people regard Forbearance as being the weakness which withholds the sentence justly due, so Moderation seems to be considered as paltering with the truth—whereas, what is commonly set up as Forbearance is but the omission of punishment which we have really no right to inflict; so Moderation is in reality the pause we make at that point, beyond which, if we pushed our measure of freedom, it would become tyranny to others. That which we are prepared for, our neighbour may not be; in which case, to compel him to accept our good is to become his tyrant. For the good is evil to him upon whom it is forced, and who does not understand nor desire it. Statesmanship consists in adapting new measures to the state of the whole people—in the finding the extent to which new regulations are practical, that is, generally acceptable and generally beneficial. The measure of what is widely wanted is Moderation. Out of all that the advanced *few* are prepared for, so much is taken as the *many* are prepared for—this is true Moderation. The measure of reform thus practical may not be fairly ascertained, or, ascertained, may be withheld—less may be given than ought; this is the abuse of political Moderation. To give less is to retard progress—to exact more is tyranny. He whose medallion we have selected to characterise this organ—who united, in a marvellous degree, the wisdom of the statesman to the grandeur and daring of the republican—Milton, justly admonished us, that 'Liberty hath a sharp and double-edge, fit only to be

handled by just and virtuous men; neither is it completely obtained but by them who have the happy skill to know what laws are wanting, and how to frame them substantially, that good men may have the freedom which they merit, and the bad the curb which they need.' Modern democracy in general, and British Chartistism in particular, might learn from the precepts of Milton, and the historical page of Miss Martineau, that there is a wise moderation, at once the glory of politics and the hope of progress.

A little plain speaking is necessary on this subject. We hear of the 'Charter and no surrender,' and much more about 'standing upon principle;' and it has become the measure of political virtue, to erect into a political programme whatever is *desirable*, and to traduce everybody who cannot see the practicability of attempting to realise it at once. All these theorists are generous men—they have the spirit of the Covenanter in them, and also the crudeness of the Covenanter. Go into any Chartist meeting, as you may do any night in the metropolis, where the 'uncompromising' doctrines are preached, and you see in practice a truth which neither speakers nor hearers understand, namely, that all life is compromise. The speakers and hearers know full well that men at that hour are exercising power which, if not usurped, is not appointed by, but held in defiance of, the people, and used against them. Full well the meeting is aware that taxes are levied, collected, and enjoyed, while those who labour to create them are lying by thousands in destitution, or absolutely being destroyed by want. They know all this, and yet they sit still. As true men, as men of principle bent upon championing all desirable things, they should at that hour be backing up some Cromwell in the hall of parliament, or assaulting the door of some noble tax-eater—instead of which they sit quietly to hear another discourse on uncompromising principle. Very few of our popular reformers would live another day if they set about, as in consistency they ought, to realise all they think right to be done. Like other men, they choose to live and realise what is possible to them. In this they are wise: but why should they not concede to other people the same privilege?

Wise men have lamented that we have not a science of method for imparting the sciences to others, as we possess more knowledge than we are able to communicate. The assertion might be ventured on, that we have more political knowledge among us than we know how to use. The impediments in our way are personal. The 'History of the Thirty Years' Peace' exemplifies, in a striking manner, the want of trustfulness on the part of the working classes. As Pierre Leroux styled the reactionaries the party of Fear, so the democrats among us may be styled the party of Distrust. There are many relations of life in which it would be dishonourable for a man never to have been deceived. There is no escape for the working classes except by the slow process of personal improvement, unless it be by combination and direction; but there can be neither one nor the other where there is not trustfulness, and whoever goes about, as many do, sowing distrustfulness in everybody, are perpetuating the vassalage of the poor. If the people rely they will no doubt be deceived, but they who resolve never to be deceived will be sure to deceive themselves. In politics no more than in business

can progress be made without trustfulness, and when the trust is betrayed people must do, as men of business do—not retire in disgust, but learn prudence and caution in the next engagement, and *try again*.

Looking over this 'History of Thirty Years' we are struck with another fact, namely, how much has been promised by ardent patriotism, and how little has been realised by society. Large promises come to us in the guise of friends, but are really spies in the pay of Despair. There is no apathy, no indifference, no supineness of selfishness, so stolid as the reaction after extravagant expectation. If you would never despair, beware how you hope. There is no reactionary so much to be dreaded as the disappointed enthusiast.

With the important instruction furnished by history, why is it that we are not further advanced? Men are discouraged by two causes. The duplicate fear of those they fight for, and those they fight against. The world is too proud to be taught—and yet the truths put before it are too plain to be disregarded, too valuable not to be coveted; it therefore slays its teacher to save its vanity and gratify its selfishness. Or if the fortune of war, waged in defence of truth and freedom, goes against the people, they see in the day of reaction the symbol of the eternity of oppression. Let us take courage; the world grows wiser, and tyranny is mortal.

One of the greatest of living satirists (no relative of the author of 'Stokers and Pokers') has constructed for public edification a 'Fable of the Two Pokers'—a bright one and a black one. The bright one lounged all day in the guard, laughing at the fire, or tossing the rays which reached it around the hearth. It did nothing, and yet it was honoured with a daily polish, as though it was the most meritorious of fire-irons. When the good housewife was likely to be absent for a few days, the petted poker was carefully greased, wrapped up in cozy flannel, and left in indolent repose. But mark the contrast in the treatment of its brother, who had the misfortune to be useful. When the fire was clogged it routed it out, when low it raised it up, when up it knocked it down, when obstinate it broke its head. Yet in return for these services it was bent, burnt, and blistered, disfigured with soot, and abandoned to rust. These emblems find significance in the world outside. Only smile blandly upon the world's errors, and reciprocate its conventionalities, and it will pardon in you indolence, and wrap you even in its choicest flannel: but disturb its repose, ventilate its denseness, batter in its pernicious conceits, and beware of the penalties of being useful. But the world is growing wiser, and this will not last for ever, any more than 'established' wrong will live for ever.

Among the anecdotes related of the cholera is one of a drunkard, who, being reduced to apparent death, was duly laid out, under which operation he revived—declared, as lustily as he could, that he 'wouldn't stand that,' and refused to be done to death; but the chronicle tells us that a short time after he did stand it, and died in the usual way, and like other people in like circumstances, he submitted quietly to interment.

The case of continental oppression very much resembles that of this stricken drunkard. Public opinion, that cholera of kings, has attacked

tyranny in a very malignant form. Those convulsions, commonly called 'government,' ceased—the patient seemed, as Carlyle expresses it, honestly to have carried himself off; but when the office of interment began, a reaction manifested itself. Tyranny would not die—it protested it would not be laid out, and for a while the undertakers must stand by. But have patience—as in the case of the drunkard, they have only mistaken the hour. The disease with which oppression has been stricken by the popular voice is mortal—it *will* die, and that all in good time.

A book so emphatically, and in so useful a sense, a book of the people as the 'History of Thirty Years' ought, and no doubt will, find grateful readers. As it is not to be exhausted in a single notice, opportunity offering, we shall again recur to its fruitful pages.

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ART. II.—STRAFFORD, THE DESPOT IN PRACTICE.

1. *On the causes of the Success of the English Revolutions, 1640, 1688.* By F. GUIZOT. London: Murray. 1850.
2. *Ireland, Historical and Statistical.* By G. L. SMYTH. London: Whitaker & Co. 1849.
3. *The Letters and Despatches of the Earl of Strafford.* London. 1739.

THERE is a certain party in England who delight to style themselves 'the party of order'—who admire the politics of Nicholas, and cry up the government of the Pope, and who do not seem to be sufficiently aware of the effects which despotism produces on the characters of men and the destiny of nations. They do not seem to think it dangerous that the prime principle of government should be that of fear. Let us reflect, we who have doubled the stormy cape of Revolution, to whom it is a mere matter of history, that the system of despotism is inseparably connected, as cause and effect, with cruel men and unjust deeds. A mild despotism is an impossibility—there never was such a thing as a mild despotism. False and garbled accounts we have of mild despotisms in England and abroad, but when they are looked into, though the foreground of the picture is full of striking lights and gorgeous hues, yet is the background deep and dark with gibbet and dungeon. Let not the confiding majority—the party of fear—deceive themselves. They cannot sympathise with despots abroad without adding strength to despots at home; neither can they calumniate the patriots of other lands without weakening the patriotic cause in our own.

A monarch has no private life; and a minister forfeits, by accepting office under an arbitrary ruler, his position as a private citizen. Both are identified with interests separate from those of the nation; each is irresponsible to the people, though the minister is responsible to the despot. Thus the perfection of their system lies in their audacity and wilfulness. They cannot live without violating the laws of humanity; and the whole scheme by which they contrive to exist is at variance with the laws of nature. A despot is the exponent of a certain amount of crime, perpetrated systemati-



cally if he be wise, capriciously if he be unwise. From these remarks the reader will comprehend the view we take of the character of Baron Wentworth. We simply hold him as a despot from principle, consistent, grave, determined, an indefatigable worker in the vineyard of evil—and then we demand that the censure of the multitude should fall, not on the chief of the system, but on the system itself. This is our excuse for digging him up from his historic grave, and offering him as a warning to senators and premiers, who side with Nicholas against Kossuth, and Pio Nino against Joseph Mazzini.

It has always been a policy with M. Guizot, and a source of his influence, to build on historical characters and politics the arguments of the day; but history is not the sole property of despotism. The people may draw thence invaluable illustrations of the rightfulness of their aspirations, and the disasters which have followed in the career of those who have been the exponents of oligarchies and monarchies. Such an example is Strafford.

Wentworth was thirty-six years old when he was appointed to the Presidency of the North, in 1629. Before he set out to take possession of his office the parliament was haughtily and hastily dismissed by Charles, who now appeared finally to have resolved upon carrying out his scheme of absolute government. For this purpose he needed daring and able ministers, men who had staked their lives on the issue of the royal cause, who would not shrink back for fear of the possible consequences, nor falter, before the scruples of an accusing conscience, in the moments of trial and days of danger. The king does not appear to have steadily recognised that Wentworth was one such man, and Laud another.

Wentworth did not accept of office for honour or profit—not for the material blessings it conferred—nor the lofty position in which it placed him. He had no vanity to satisfy. *That*, his birth, his pride, his position as a country gentleman sufficiently provided for. But employment, great employment up to the level of his vast faculties, was the law of his existence. 'To act, to rise, to govern,' says M. Guizot, 'was his aim, or rather the necessity of his nature.' Though he was as stern and hard a ruler as ever consistently carried out a system in subduing men and bending nations to his will, he was not a sordid despot, like Henry VII., nor a blustering tyrant like his son. But he was the slave of a quenchless thirst for power; and in the words of the poet, he

Gazed on power till he grew blind.  
Power: he could not take his eyes from that—  
That only was to be preserved, increased  
At any risk;

and all for the sake of erecting in Ireland, and afterwards in England, as absolute a monarchy as any in Christendom! Men will say it was a low aim; but in our opinion, low as it may have been, it was lofty and grand compared to the base aims of some modern pretenders to statesmanship, whose enterprises are planned for the maintenance of a party in office, and whose energies are put forth to give efficiency to compromises, makeshifts, and last-my-time legislation.

When the parliament was fairly extinguished, Wentworth departed for York, and at once took possession of his new office. His powers were enormous. The whole of the north of England lay at the mercy of the Lord President; and it will be readily imagined that when that president was a Wentworth, those powers were not let to sleep, and that all malcontents and dissidents, by word or deed, were sharply looked after, and as sharply punished. The laws of England had only a permissible operation within the bounds of this proconsular court. The judges even were only tolerated therein; nor were their judgments suffered if contrary to those of the Lord President. And such was Wentworth's fixed resolve, that within the jurisdiction of his court no power short of the king's should interfere between him and his will. And in excuse for this, he sets forth the whole and sole reason which despotism can allege for itself—namely, 'that it was a chaste ambition, if rightly placed, to have as much power as may be, that there may be power to do the more good for the place where a man serves.' But the 'more good' which Wentworth proposed to do was to enrich the crown, subdue the spirit of the people, and reduce all men to obedience. And while he was there, sitting at York, this was done. No one dared to breathe but as the Lord President determined. What he ordained should be law, must be respected as law; what he resolved was just, must be revered as justice; what he willed, was fixed as fate. From all he demanded obedience, without question; and from those who offended, submission without justification. He was the representative of royalty, and all must bow down before him.

Once thoroughly possessed with this idea, there were no limits possible to its realisation. Wherever it led, thither it must be followed. And the fact that Wentworth did devotedly follow, proves how sincerely he had espoused this idea of royalty. He was not a man who could content himself with mediocrity; his was not a mind which could tolerate caprice; so he rigorously held fast to his principle for good and for evil.

Thus we find him setting everything in order, disposing of arrears of business, drilling militia, and obtaining, as he best could, a revenue; levying fines on the papists, compositions for knighthood, and all manner of exactions; compelling Henry Bellasis, after a month's imprisonment, to submit to express his sorrow for having given offence to Lord Wentworth by standing covered in the presence of his lordship uncovered; compelling a 'barrister-at-law, something disaffected to his lordship's jurisdiction,' to expiate his offence by 'submission on his knees;' and prosecuting Sir David Foulis and Sir T. Layton, in the Star Chamber, the first of whom was afterwards very severely punished at the instigation of Wentworth, for speaking, not only against the compositions for knighthood, but against the Lord President—and the second, though charged with aiding and abetting, was contemptuously acquitted on the ground that 'he was a fool.' In fact nothing could exceed the tyranny, justified by his instructions, which Wentworth exercised over his native shire and jurisdiction. He fell, to use his own words, 'upon the first transgressors like lightning,' and by the regularity of his course, the rigid and certain method he pursued, in dealing out both

reward and punishment, according to his view of such things, he soon reduced the fiery men of the north to a state of submission which would have done honour to the Turks. As he afterwards wrote to his nephew, Sir William Savile, who gave his lordship some anxiety, there was 'neither wisdom nor profit to be got by any, living under that jurisdiction, by contending and opposing the proceedings of the president and council at York !' But all this time he was not aware that he was doing daily the foulest injustice beneath the sun to all kinds of men. The principles he believed in made him blind to all laws, both human and divine, not sanctioned with royal authority. We may imagine how active, energetic, and unscrupulous his career in this presidency of the north must have been, when we find that he raised the revenue from £2,000 to £9,500 in less than four years !

The employment of Wentworth had made clear to Charles how valuable a servant he had been contemning so long to please the Duke of Buckingham ; and as Lord Falkland's administration in Ireland was not vigorous enough for the court, nor dishonest enough for the Anglo-Irish, Charles resolved to recal Falkland, and entrust Wentworth with the office of Lord Deputy. Without a moment's hesitation, and without surrendering his vast power as President of the North, Wentworth joyfully accepted the trust, and instantly entered upon the execution of the duties it entailed. No offer could have been made more suited to his views ; and, before setting out, he obtained the assent of the king and council to a set of the most arbitrary instructions and powers ever entrusted to man. They gave him absolute power over the officers of his government, over the army, over the church, over the aristocracy, over the revenue—in short, over the properties, lives, and liberties of the Irish people. And the sole restraint, the sole check, the only curb to this enormous authority, was the discretion and prudence of the Lord Deputy. He even obtained the option of altering any of the instructions should he deem it advisable.

The state of Ireland at that period was as painful, as confused, as at any subsequent time. An empty treasury ; an undisciplined and unpaid army, which paid itself and lived upon the people ; a government helplessly struggling amidst the waves of insubordination for its own existence ; little public justice, much public and private persecution ; catholic against protestant, puritan and presbyterian against épiſcopalian ; the peasantry subjected to the capricious exactions of all parties having the least authority ; and everywhere the native Irish proscribed, hunted, hated, persecuted, as they have ever been since the invasion of the English.

And a Wentworth to suddenly alight into the midst of this state of chaos, with his 'instructions,' and with his principles of arbitrary rule, 'order' and obedience ! What could happen but what did happen ? Order, submission, said the Deputy, at any cost to you or to me. The monarch must be master here ; I am the representative of the monarch—therefore, obey, or beware !

In order that these principles might be carried out, that the regal power

\* *Strafford Papers*, Vol. II., p. 147.

might be supreme, there was but one path open to the footsteps of the Deputy, and that was haunted with the demons of oppression, injustice, crime—stained with the blood and watered with the tears of man.

He went to Ireland determined to make the country flourishing, prosperous, orderly, happy—but only on condition that the king was well served, and rigorously obeyed; two purposes utterly incompatible.

No sooner did he set foot in his new domain than the difficulties which had beset his predecessors vanished before his laborious, omnipresent, and almost omnipotent energy. All the authorities there were made to feel that they had at length a master. The Lord Deputy was come to *work*, and every man must work with him, and like him, or begone.

Pageantry and ceremony, formal respect and ostensible submissiveness, are pillars of no mean strength in sustaining the monarchical system. Wentworth, on his arrival, installed himself regally, and taught the great Irish and Anglo-Irish lords to feel the ‘immense distance’ there was between them and royalty. The forms and principles of the common law of the country he found suited not with monarchy; the gownmen, he declared, spoiled some of the choicest flowers of the crown; and almost as soon as he arrived in Dublin, he suspended the common law courts and assumed the decision of private civil causes. He called his privy council, kept them waiting a long time, and when he found them restive, told them that he could and would do without them rather than fail in his duty to the king. He must have an army, cost what it would; and if the council would not assist him to obtain one, the council had better speedily vanish. Of course the council did not choose to vanish: it succumbed.

It was one of the great points in his policy to carry on his government, if possible, with the consent of men; and he condescended to a little management to effect this. He thought that the governed owed unlimited obedience to the governor, and he always gave them an opportunity of displaying it. He did not delight in storms, and tempests, and antagonism—but he must rule. To this principle we may refer his proposition for a parliament.

This assembly was called for the purpose of granting subsidies and confirming ‘graces’ which Charles, in the time of Lord Falkland, had given *his* kingly promise to grant. Wentworth was opposed to the ‘graces.’ They would have destroyed his system. Mr. O’Connell, in his ‘Ireland and the Irish,’ accuses him of having promised that the graces should be confirmed, if the subsidies were granted; and afterwards, when he had obtained the money, of refusing the ‘graces.’ But *he* never promised them: he only undertook to reject them. It was Charles Stuart who, on that occasion as on so many others, broke his vaunted and valueless ‘word of a king.’

The parliament met on the 14th of July, 1634, ‘with the greatest civility and splendour Ireland ever saw.’ The Lord Deputy gave them no leisure to organise any opposition. Miserable parliament! it was not called to deliberate, but to vote. On the 17th the Lord Deputy called his council around him, and told them that ‘there were two ends he had his eye on, the

one he would infallibly attain unto, either a submission of the people to his majesty's great demand, or the just occasion of a breach, and either would content the king. The first,' he added, 'was evidently and undeniably best for them.\*

He only called the parliament for the purpose of getting money as the easier way, well prepared at the same time to get the money somehow. He got the subsidies; but when the 'graces' came under consideration in the ensuing autumn, the parliament found that they were only a form to be used at the convenience of my Lord Deputy. The 'graces' were imperiously rejected, or in the words of the Deputy, 'laid so sound asleep as he was confident they were never to be awakened more,' and the 'king was as absolute there in Ireland as any prince in the whole wide world could be.† Wentworth had managed the parliament, but how? by corruption, by menace, by fraud. Such are the necessities of despotism!

Wentworth did not confine his despotic practices to the state. The church came in for her share. He fell upon deans and simple clerks in the same military fashion as he stormed down reluctant parliaments. In his despatch of the 16th of December, 1634, to Laud,‡ he gives a vivid account of his doings with the convocation, which was sitting at the time of the second session of his brow-beaten parliament. The reverend clerks were for altering the canons in a way which was very distasteful to the Lord Deputy, being, as he conceived, a direct attack upon the canons of the church of England. So he sent for the chairman of the would-be revolutionary committee, and ordered him 'to bring along with him the foresaid book of canons noted in the margin,' which the astonished gentleman duly obeyed. 'But,' says Wentworth, 'when I came to open the book, I confess I was not so much moved since I came into Ireland.' In the eyes of the Lord Deputy this unlucky volume contained the spirit of Ananias, and 'all the fraternities and conventicles of Amsterdam,' and, 'being thus nettled,' the Lord Deputy forthwith sent for the primate, certain bishops, and all the committee, whom he sharply reprimanded for their presumption, telling them that they must know that he was not to endure 'these heady and arrogant courses,' and that, 'if they were disposed to be frantic in this dead and cold season of the year,' he 'would not suffer them either to be mad in the convocation or their pulpits.' Then he gave the chairman certain directions for deliberation, *à la* Wentworth; that is, bare votes, and no discussion! he not being able to 'endure that the articles of the church of England should be disputed' even; and, to make all safe, he decided upon having the canon in question drawn by the primate, submitted to his Deputyship, and as he settled it, so it should be propounded to the meeting. Some 'hot spirits' were for petitioning for a 'free synod,' but as no one would undertake 'to put the bell about the cat's neck,' this 'likewise *vanished*.' The Lord Deputy drew his canon, overbore the primate, overawed the convocation, and got it voted unanimously,

\* *Strafford Papers*, Vol. I. p. 278.

† *Ibid*, Vol. I. p. 341.

‡ *Ibid*, Vol. I. pp. 342-45.

first by the bishops, and then by the rest of the clergy, except one man, whose name was duly reported to Laud.

Wentworth had thus proceeded successfully on his career, and he did not grow elated, only more rigidly attached to his principles, more stern and inexorable in his practices. Laud exhorted him to 'go on a God's name!' The king approved, and, what is most remarkable, his own conscience supported him in his infamous courses. Worshipping the idea of monarchy as a savage worships his idol, he sacrificed everything to it and for it, and went up and down the country trampling all things and men under his feet, so that the king might get his fines, the Deputy all due submission, the church her lands and tithes, and so 'order' might be established upon a basis of oppression. Wentworth was power incarnate, and order with him was obedience to power. But he was no respecter of persons. He did not prescribe obedience for the poor, and license for the rich. Every man in his station must live for the glory of the monarchy, work in the service of the monarchy, die to defend the monarchy. And to this false and pernicious idea he lived the slave and died the victim.

When he went forth to confiscate Connaught to the Crown, it was the great who suffered. When he was levying taxes, he took care that 'all things should be carried indifferently, and that the burthen might lie upon the wealthier sort, which, God knows, hath not been the fashion of Ireland;' and in another place he writes, 'in these late contributions the nobility, in a manner, wholly laid the burthen upon the poor tenants, most unequally freeing themselves, and therefore it is a reason they should pay the more now; as, for example, my Lord of Cork, as sure as you live, paid towards the £20,000 yearly contribution, not a penny more than six shillings and eightpence *Irish* a-quarter.\*' It was this rigorous application of his principles to the aristocracy which insured his downfall. It was too much the fashion to oppress and harry the people to be made high treason. I have been just informed, he writes to Laud, during his memorable invasion of Connaught, in 1634, that my 'Lord Clanricard hath engrossed as many parsonages and vicarages as he hath mortgaged for four thousand pounds, and eighty pounds rent; but in faith have at him,' he adds, 'now this parliament is well passed, and all the rest of the ravens, if I spare a man amongst them, let no man ever spare me.†' Lord Kildare got into debt, and was running out of his estate pretty fast, when he applied to the Lord Deputy to perform certain necessary conditions for the sale of the same. Whereupon the Lord Deputy rated him upon his extravagance so soundly, that his lordship of Kildare packed off to England. But the Lord Deputy wrote to Secretary Cooke upon the matter, and had the refractory nobleman sent back 'to acknowledge his neglect to this state‡ of Ireland.

Wentworth now (1634) condescended to solicit from Charles a factitious dignity. Thomas Wentworth, the energetic, able, compelling minister, would not receive an atom of increase to those qualities which made him

\* *Strafford Papers*, Vol. I., pp. 401-7.

† *Ibid*, Vol. I., p. 299.

‡ *Ibid*, Vol. I., p. 309.

great by the granting of his request for an earldom. And he knew it. But he also knew that as it would make him seem greater in the eyes of others, as it would increase his apparent consequence, and as it was upon these conditions he upheld his system, so it was necessary that it should be granted. But it was refused. The king was not so profound a statesman, or so clear a thinker, as his minister. He looked upon the earldom not as a political engine, but as a mere mark of honour; and he was also afraid that by granting the request of his Deputy, he would share a portion of the responsibility of that Deputy's tyrannic deeds.

Wentworth had now arrived at the pinnacle of his glory. He was never greater than when, the Connaught confiscation having been set well on foot, and the scheme of uniformity in religion and reformation in the church began, he asked and obtained permission to come to court for a short time. The work he had done in his five years startled the court and delighted the king. He had paid the crown debts, raised the revenue above the expenditure, and established order in the exchequer; he had organised, armed, and disciplined the army under his own personal inspection; he kept a troop of his own, and was himself in such constant readiness, that he was able, at an hour's warning, 'to deliver, in spite of all opposition, a letter in any part of the kingdom;' in public justice he had made the law submissive to the crown, though not without some real benefit to the subject; he had given security to trade and commerce, by clearing the seas of French, Spanish, and Algerine pirates, and he had introduced the growth of flax at his own risk, and consequently founded the linen trade. The country was peaceful by virtue of his rigorous measures. But he did not pass unscathed by public indignation, by virtue of his measures of cruelty. And in that great speech which he delivered before the king in council, of which the above is a slight summary, he defended himself, for he felt there was need.

'So I related unto them,' he says, in a long despatch to Wandesford his deputy, 'all that had passed betwixt myself, Earl St. Albans, Wilmot, Mountnorris, Piers Crosby, and the jury of Galway,' stating that they and their friends 'have endeavoured to possess the world that I was a severe and an austere, hard-conditioned man — rather, indeed, a Basha of Buda than the minister of a pious and Christian king. Howbeit, if I were not much mistaken in myself, it was quite the contrary; no man could shew wherein I had expressed it in my nature, no friend I had would charge me with it in my private conversation, no creature had found it in the managing of my own private affairs, so as if I stood clear in all these respects it was to be confessed by any equal mind that it was not anything within, *but the necessity of his Majesty's service*, which inforced me into a seeming strictness outwardly. And that was the reason, indeed; for where I found a Crown, a Church, and a people spoiled, I could not imagine to redeem them from under the pressure with gracious smiles and gentle looks, *it would cost warmer water than so.*' Alas! this is the only justification which can be offered or accepted. If a man will set up an idol called monarchy, and serve and worship it, he must not only bear to be called a 'Basha of Buda,' but he must *be* a 'Basha of Buda.'

Wentworth was now at his greatest height—for he was going down hill when the king made him Earl of Strafford and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His career was marked by similar incidents, but the great works were over. Things went tolerably smooth with him, only he generally had a lord or two on hand to make an example of. He grew more rigorous and despotic, more haughty and imperious, more anxious for a greater dignity to keep up his credit in the eyes of the mob.

From Wentworth Woodhouse he wrote to the king as early as August 23, 1636, in apprehension of the coming tempest which threw him down from his pinnacle of glory. He foresaw the storm which was about 'to set so dark upon' him; and the king replied in that strain of savage and selfish jesting which so well became him. He told Wentworth, who asked again for the earldom, that if his enemies could find that he 'apprehended the dark-setting of a storm,' and asked for a title to strengthen himself against the blast, the refusal of that request, and it would rather 'hearten than discourage them;' ending his brief and snappish missive with an ominous 'rule,' advising Strafford 'never to make a defence or apology before he was accused.'

Charles was never free from the suspicion that Strafford was playing him false, and cheating him of his revenue. He could not help dropping hints of that kind to Laud, and even to Strafford, on one occasion especially. The Lord Deputy wrote to the Archbishop a letter full of burning scorn and indignation against the courtiers who were intriguing against him in that den of intrigue, Whitehall. Strafford confessed himself to Laud, telling him of his gains and losses, his projects and his performances. Laud laid the charges and the deputy's answers, warily before the king.

'As I read the first charge upon this passage,' writes Laud, "'His Majesty's revenues are increased in his customs more than £20,000 by year, which proves nevertheless a greater profit to me than ever I dreamt of,'" His Majesty said, *but he doth not tell you how much.*' This is very characteristic of Charles, whose soul was made, not for a 'ceremonial Archbishop,' as Mr. Carlyle somewhere writes, but for a village huckster in these days of the New Poor Law.

The absolutist projects of the king had not prospered in England. There was a vast difference between the mettle and capacity of men like that witty, conscienceless, good-humoured Cottington, or Cooke, the great red-tapeman of Charles's administration, or Conway, seeking after ballads and ribbald songs, or Windebank, the tool of Laud, or Laud himself, with his small, narrow, shortsighted intellect—and Wentworth, whom Guizot in his last pamphlet describes as 'a minister able and energetic, ambitious and imperious, though not without grandeur, devoted to his master by whom he was imperfectly understood and ill supported, and who learned, too late, that to save kings it is not sufficient nobly to sacrifice oneself in their service.'† The king's ministers at home were not absolutely devoted to

\* *Strafford Papers*, Vol. II., pp. 27-32.

† *On the Causes of the Success of the English Revolution.* 1850.



him, or his cause. Consequently his affairs went to ruin. The state was disorganised. Neither the king nor the people ruled. The treasury was empty; the taxpayers disaffected; and, after the trial of Hampden, ship-money was paid with very great reluctance and difficulty. The system of monopolies was revived; the royal forests were extended for the purpose of levying fines; agriculturalists were forbidden to turn arable land into pasture without a fine; troops were quartered on the people; everything was bought—not a single right was secure from question. At this crisis of disgrace the Scotch troubles exploded, and gave that decided turn to events which brought on the civil war. Wentworth was now in constant communication with the court; and was constantly urging upon the king and his ministers the adoption of the most energetic measures. But the want of money paralysed everything. Charles could do nought but threaten, Wentworth was powerless but for counsel. He did, indeed, strive to add a few well-disciplined men to the army which marched against the Scots; but the state of his own government—which, founded on the power of the sword, could alone be sustained by the sword—disabled him from rendering very effectual aid. There were forty thousand Scots in Ulster to be kept in check; there were hundreds of native Irish burning for an opportunity of breaking from his iron rule. He did all he could, all his health would permit. For in this particular he was sorely tried.

Gout and stone alternately preyed upon his frame, and for days and weeks he was confined to his bed. Yet spite of all his mind maintained its clearness, its sagacity, its daring. He never lost hope or courage. He left no means untried to strengthen the king, or to win him supporters even in the ranks of his enemies. He corresponded with Argyle, and kept spies in Scotland; and at length when Charles, having created him Earl of Strafford, was compelled to call him a second time from Ireland, though suffering from his old and inveterate diseases, he gladly and instantly set forth to join his master. He reached Chester on the 4th of April, 1640, suffering intensely; proceeded to London in a litter; and thence to the north. There he found all things disordered; the Scots advancing rapidly into England; defeating the royal troops, invading even his presidency, and at last establishing themselves firmly on the Tyne. Strafford now had the command of the army; but it was insubordinate, even he could do nothing with it. 'From that moment,' says Guizot, 'Strafford was conquered;' he could not rely on his soldiers. But this is not quite correct, for his last act in command, and his last despotic feat, shows that the old lion heart still beat within him. During the truce with the Scots, he sent 'a body of horse under a favourite officer to attack them in their quarters. A large body of the enemy were defeated by this manœuvre, and all their officers taken prisoners.' The king commanded him to forbear; a parliament was summoned; Charles called Strafford, against his will, to London; and in two days after he had arrived he was committed to the Tower impeached of high treason! He was tried, as all men know, condemned to death, and on the 12th of May, 1641, as proud, as energetic, as fearless, as self-possessed, as eloquent as ever, he manfully met his doom on Tower Hill.

The French historian, whom we have so often quoted, tells us that Strafford was 'justly accused but unjustly condemned.' But there was a retribution in his sentence. As his crimes had transcended positive law, so his punishment transcended positive law; and as he had misunderstood the laws of nature and of God, so he expiated his offences consequent thereon to vindicate that humanity he had so often outraged. The law of the Strong was his law. Great as he was in intellect, the adoration of power divorced from law, while it carried him for a time above his fellows, brought him at last beneath them. Not in the name of law, but in the name of humanity was he really judged and condemned.

Strafford was made of like stuff with Mr. Carlyle's men-tamers, only, we suppose, *he* had his 'message' from the Devil, which he certainly did *if* Cromwell had his man-taming 'message' from God. He too was for the primeval methods of 'whipping,' 'cudgeling,' 'hanging,' and 'shooting' men into their right wits. But it came to pass not as he desired, not as he foresaw, not as he believed. History ever since his day has belied his theory of right and rule. Like a tall, brave, comely but sombre and shattered column, which, defying the lightning, the lightning has blasted, the relic of a temple dedicated to false gods, stands the name and memory of Strafford, in the storm-dashed sunlight of that heroic time. We have tears for him, though he would have scorned them from us; for he was loving and *merciful* to his friends and kindred, and unstained with the sordid vices of *his* party. We have pity and regret for him because he was capable of inspiring strong friendships. We have admiration for his genius, his will, his endurance, his patience, his perseverance, his eloquence. But still upon his name must fall the stern censure of every friend of just liberty, true order, and human progress.

## ART. III.—THE SCIENCE OF DIET.

1. *Lectures on the Science of Human Life.* By SYLVESTER GRAHAM. 2 vols. 12mo., People's Edition. Horsell. 1849.
2. *Fruits and Farinacea the Proper Food of Man.* By JOHN SMITH. Churchill. 1849.
3. *Dietetics, or an attempt to ascertain the Law of Human Nutriment.* By C. LANE. Watson. 1849.

OF the varied reforms presented to society by the energetic spirit of improvement, those which relate to our own persons are by no means the least important. The personal condition of a man is, in fact, his moral state, or the immediate reflex of it. Of late years a class of persons have arisen in England—and, where we should less expect it, America—who have drawn attention to the connection between ethics and diet. They have stated their questions, and made their applications fearlessly. A subject like this, which can only be decided by experience, it is too soon to discuss, but it is not too soon to hear the case of these new advocates, and that, as accurately as we can render it, may be stated as follows.

If a sound mind only can dwell, as seems to be admitted, in a sound body, and a sound body is dependent on rational habits, what can we expect of our legislators? what can be expected of men who reverse the order of nature in almost every procedure, who assemble at night, instead of during the wholesome day, to deliberate on the most momentous affairs—who either rise late with disordered brains from the previous day's irregularities, or, if men of business, come together to make public laws, and after every energy has been exhausted in attending to their own private affairs during the day? The necessity of a personal reform in this quarter has long been felt. The members themselves perceive there is something wrong, and are expending many thousand pounds in ventilation of their buildings, whereas it is a moral and personal ventilation that is most wanting. The fatality of the House of Commons is confessedly great, especially on men who, like Cobbett, previously lived in a more primitive manner.

The reformer who complains of the corruptions of the government, does his utmost to prolong them by lighting his tobacco as soon as his speech is ended, and confuses us more by his actual smoke, than he enlightens us by his intellectual flame. The nation, made hoarse by calling for purity, impurifies itself by potations of beer and alcohol to abate its thirst—and, for want of a clearer insight, men drive the iron of oppression deeper into their own souls.

Though these hints may show that men should estimate highly the question of personal habits in our political leaders and intellectual guides, this forms but a small portion of the whole subject. If men's legislative and literary offspring are tinctured by the habits and customs of their authors, in how much deeper a sense do offspring participate of antecedent and present personal conduct! The mind leaves its impress on everything it touches. Not alone the poet and the artist can be discerned through their work, but

every artisan, from the watchmaker to the ploughman, stamps his labour with his individual insignia, as the practised eye can quickly discern. Enter the house, you see the woman though she is not there. Let us see the children, and we behold the parents though they are invisible, for 'by their fruits ye shall know them.'

And this is the grand point at which a due consideration of all physiological questions will land us. We can have no happy parents, no happy homes, no happy country, no regenerated institutions, no regenerated minds, no rectified political constitution, till we have a rectified personal constitution. The salvation of the commonwealth depends on the salvation of the persons who compose it. And how is this to be attained? Simply by being withheld or saved from every habit, custom, and mode of life having an impure or corrupting tendency. Health arises spontaneously when the elements of disease are no longer supplied. What habits of drinking, of diet, of bathing, of labour or exercise, of clothing, and so on, are pure and in accordance with human nature, are points which the physiologists freely discuss. Enough has been said to convince that impertinence is no longer to be attributed to the inquiry—what do our neighbours eat and drink? It is our concern to know whether they apply to the gin-shop or not, maintain the slaughter-house or not, or contribute moral or immoral children to the community. These are not simply individual, but onerous, fearful, social questions; and the axioms on which Lycurgus so successfully acted are not less applicable, nor less needful, in our day. Private luxury in diet is confessedly a source of public ruin—private error, not to be called luxury, is no less disastrous. There is, perhaps, more want of knowledge than determination to self-indulgence. As a remedy in the case we have the publication, at a moderate price, of Graham's lectures on the Science of Human Life, and the popularisation of other valuable works on human physiology. These lectures constitute a well-considered and a well-arranged book, adapted to continual reference, and able to bear severe scrutiny in respect of purport. They must indeed be well informed who can read it carefully through without gaining much valuable information of the most practical character.

Graham's book is a species of Constitution of Man, without being any conscious imitation of George Combe. It, however, is far richer in physiological instruction. Smith's 'Fruits and Farinacea' is an able summary of every class of arguments, without the exclusiveness of tone so common in class expositions. Mr. Lane's pamphlet has that close thought and ease of statement which marks all his contributions to speculative progress.

The United States of North America having been peopled, for the greater part, by hungry emigrants from Europe, they took with them two appetites, which have gone far to counterbalance, almost to ruin, the great and glorious promise of that hopeful country, namely, the desire for the possession of land and the lust for food. Of the latter misfortune a very serious proportion of recent immigrants die within the first year; and the habits of over-eating, and of varied and of hearty eating, are so general and so deeply rooted as to form part of the national character, and to have grown into national vices. In a land of plenty, self-denial, even in so humble a point as food, is

a larger virtue than can easily be imagined in a country like ours, where poverty aids public opinion in checking excess.

To expose the evils of American eating—to show the violation of well-ascertained physiological laws—to awaken his nation to the source of disease, and the necessity for reform, Sylvester Graham devoted himself for years to intense study; and afterwards—by publishing this work, and by lecturing in the great cities of the Union, in a storm of open opposition, and a strong under-current of intrigue—he succeeded in arousing public attention to the subject so effectually, that the agitation is still deepening and extending. What Garrison is doing in respect to slavery in colour, Graham is doing for slavery in diet. Boarding houses conducted on his principles are called ‘Graham houses,’ and so far had our transatlantic brethren wandered from simple life, that bread made of genuine wheat meal, unbolted, is called ‘Graham bread,’ and in the wholesale markets the meal itself is distinguished from flour by the name of ‘Graham meal.’ Such is the force of a single mind when allied to truth, even when long established custom, the power of a learned profession, and the still greater potency of appetite, are arrayed against it. England, perhaps, might find room for such a man on such a mission. Poor as Britain is, difficult as excess may be to the masses, our errors are different, but not smaller than the American; and a man of like knowledge and energy might reveal to us some useful facts.

If we could to-morrow secure every public reform, personal reformation would remain a great work to be done, towards which political reform is but a means. Trifling indeed are all imaginable public changes to one who is all the time suffering pangs of tooth-ache, or who is almost deprived of reason by intense twinges of the gout. But the converse is not true; for no man can forego any self-indulgence without conferring a great public benefit. He cannot abandon the use of injudicious diet without elevating the position of every one around him. The handsomest present one can make to society is that of an honest, healthful man. No man can confer this donative who is in any degree the servant of his appetites: for he cannot be free from physical disease, nor exempt from mental aberration.

With the reform in—we ought in strictness to say abolition of—drink, every one is acquainted. The voice of total abstinence has made itself heard in every nook. The question of total abstinence from animal substances, say Graham and others, now claims the attention of all sober-minded men. They prognosticate that without abstinence from flesh diet, abstinence from fermented liquors cannot be maintained. These reputed aliments are partners in one firm. Virtues, like vices, flourish in fellowship. Beef harmonises with an accompaniment of beer, and without an endorsement of alcohol the pork bill cannot be duly honoured.

How much (these authors declare) every individual would gain by an abandonment of animal food, not only in physical health, strength, and elasticity, but in intellectual promptitude, clearness, and vigour, as well as in moral refinement and expansion, can only be truly known by *experiment*. Perhaps not all who adopt virtuous modes are wholly virtuous, nor fully aware of the value of their adopted practices; but the most virtuous will

certainly exhibit the purest lives, in spite of their desire not to be viewed as models. The entire advantage of flesh abstinence cannot be manifest for several generations. We must not be too severe in our strictures on the reformed. There is much to be cast off, much to be worked out. There is, however, sufficient good promised us as sure and immediate, to urge inquiry and justify experiment. They must be in a direful predicament on the subject of diet who maintain that without flesh meat they should die. There are thousands among the working classes who make this assertion in opposition to the fact that in Ireland and Scotland a majority of the people perform the hardest labour on inferior vegetable food, as well as most of the agricultural labourers in England, France, Germany, and indeed most parts of Europe—and might we not add of Asia and Africa? In short, the hard work of the world is done by abstainers from flesh. The misfortune is they abstain by compulsion, not by choice resulting from conviction.

But we do not design now to discuss the whole question. The work we most strongly recommend does so almost to the point of exhaustion, and the smaller publications may serve as good introductory tracts. On the whole argument, it appears that so far from there being anything in our anatomical construction to demand the use of flesh, the most faithful and impartial comparison is here declared to be decidedly against it. The best medical authorities in all ages, from Hippocrates to Birkbeck, are said to have favoured a farinaceous diet, in opposition to flesh; and the best models of the human frame are affirmed to be found in nations wholly abstinent from flesh. Nor is the highest mental vigour considered to require animal food. Abstinence seems rather an essential condition for the true student. Of the affections which are nurtured by animal slaughter, little good is avowed. Tenderness, elegance, genius, are said not to be promoted by the repasts of sanguinary food. Public attention is asked to the facts, and to a free discussion of the subject, to dissipate unreasonable adherence to mere antiquated custom.

Our writers argue that advantages which for our own sakes we would not endeavour to secure, we should for the good of others make some sacrifice to attain. Look for a moment, say they, at the gross evils inflicted on the whole of society by the employment of thousands in tending cattle through the several stages, from breeding to slaughtering. An education, a life so degrading that they could not endure the soiling of fair paper by the bare recital of the cruel processes to which both animals and men are subjected. They call the reader's attention to the simple truth that of these great numbers, and various classes, from drovers to butchers, how few increase the ranks of thinkers, or are helpers in any way of human progress. Yet every flesh-eater is accessory to this mental ruin. It was not a vulgar prejudice which excluded butchers from the jury, though it is a vulgar practice founded on a vulgar prejudice, which, by unhallowing so many minds, retards the day of universal peace and good-will. It would not be too bold a saying that our towns never can be clean and healthy, nor the people well educated, moral, and peaceful, while the custom of eating animals is continued. Thus these advocates dispense their imputations.

But we will hear them further on the point of economy. They allege that

of all the public views of which the question is susceptible, its superior economy, both private and national, is, perhaps, the most convincing in which a farinaceous diet can be presented. Not only is there at once a great saving of the primary element in social life, the land—but in the absence of the animals the labour of raising the food required would furnish employment, which is so much wanted, and of the best kind to a larger and continually-increasing number of persons. Human beings would then occupy the land instead of the animals which now usurp their places; and many of the evils of crowded localities, of commercial vicissitude, and of disease generated by the consumption of diseased animals, would be avoided. Were but one half, aye one fourth, of the sums now needlessly expended on animal food appropriated to the purchase of books and other mental productions, the day of emancipation would not be distant. They declare that much of the failure of the French and German reformers is attributable to their unfortunate addiction to the use of stimulants. The times demand the clearest heads; and they press it as a duty on the earnest and sincere of all classes to entertain the subject with candour, and investigate it with liberality as one on which, irrespective of opinions and theories, creeds and interests, rests the surest and brightest hope for the real well-being of mankind.

#### ART. IV.—THE POLITICS AND PROSPECTS OF GERMANY.

*A Narrative of Events in Vienna, from Lautur to Windischgrätz.* September 10, 1848). By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by J. E. Taylor. London: D. Bogue. 1849.

EVERY one who had the slightest pretensions to the gift of prophecy, and very many who had none, foresaw, after 1830, that in the event of another outbreak in France Germany would not remain quiescent in the hands of an omnipresent, and all but omnipotent bureaucracy, or secret government. It was even foreseen by Metternich himself, that arch-prophet of the system of resistance, compression and oppression, espionage and persecution, known to men under the title of a paternal despotism, that the elements of a political convulsion were concentrating under his feet, and that in his own words *after* him 'the Deluge' would sweep over imperial Germany. It came *before* him. The shock of February, 1848, broke up the fountains of the great deep, so long sealed up by absolutist art. Metternich fled to England, the refuge for refugees; and Vienna itself, the seat of paternal power, was in the hands of the insurgent people. We know how it has ended, and that the people have again fallen under the sway of the usurpers of mutilated Poland, whose severed limbs yet quiver with vitality; of the usurpers of Italy, prostrate and fettered, but not subdued; and of the invaders of independent Hungary, with a force and virtue in her heart only to be crushed by Russian aid. But it is the characteristic of democracy that temporary defeat is oftentimes the precursor of permanent victory; and there is as good ground for trust in the solid

sense and stout hearts of our German brethren, as there is for hope in their cause and in the cause of German unity.

The character of the struggle and of the men engaged in it are vividly depicted in Auerbach's *Narrative*. The unbroken strength, the genuine manhood, the generous self-devotedness of Young Germany, furnished the men; and the cause was, notwithstanding local differences, similar to that of every people in Europe. The interest which we Englishmen do, and ought to feel in this cause of German unity and freedom, cannot be small; nor our conduct in regard to it of small importance, for the Germans are almost our brothers in blood, in language, and in religious traditions.

It is a matter of fact that the political question pending in Germany is little understood by the English people. Germany, it is true, is geographically a nation, but not like France, Spain, or England, where there is *one* government for the whole of the empire. Germany has not *one*, but thirty-eight governments; and these thirty-eight governments do not govern only the different fractions of Germany, which are under their sway, the very same governments of Austria, Prussia, Denmark, and the Netherlands, which direct the affairs of a great part of Germany, govern at the same time Hungary, Denmark, the Netherlands, parts of Poland and Italy. There is indeed a country called Germany, because there is a German nation, with its own language, with its own habits, with its own history of nearly two thousand years. But Germany does not form one large political body, like the other countries above-mentioned, consequently Germany is not governed according to the wants and wishes of the German nation, but according to a great variety of interests, which are the results of a mixture composed of thirty-eight governments, which have not only to look after their own local affairs and those of Germany, but who have also to rule foreign kingdoms. These, especially Poland, bind the German government to other princes, who have political weapons altogether different from those of the German nation, and even of most of the German governments themselves. For instance, the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia having divided among themselves poor Poland, have entered, in consequence of this division, into a bond with the Czar of Russia, in consequence of which they are forced to govern their Polish provinces upon the model of the Russian system of government. The Emperor of Austria, having conquered a part of Italy, has concluded several alliances with Italian sovereigns. These alliances of German governments with foreign princes are of the greatest importance to Germany itself; for although those alliances refer immediately only to foreign countries, they act notwithstanding most powerfully upon Germany, because they form an indivisible part of those German countries which are mixed up with them under the same government. The wishes of the Emperor of Russia, of the King of Naples, and of the Pope, the claims of the King of Denmark and the King of the Netherlands, are, therefore, of much greater weight with most of the German princes than those of the German nation. A national government of course is not possible under such circumstances.

Besides, among the thirty-eight governments of Germany there are not less than thirty-four sovereigns, with courtiers, palaces, festivities, and all



the tail of monarchy. Thus Germany, which is not governed according to its own national wants and wishes, is yet compelled to maintain, not only one, but thirty-eight governments, and, among these, thirty-four princely courts. This state of things is altogether unnatural.

Imagine Cornwall ruled by the Queen of Spain, and Lincolnshire under the benign sway of the King of Belgium, and you will form some idea of the state of the German nation where the German duchy of Luxembourg is attached to the dominions of his Majesty of Holland, and Schleswig-Holstein bound up with the kingdom of Denmark. Suppose we had not one supreme executive and legislative power acting together as a government, but thirty-four ostensibly independent rulers—to wit, one emperor, divers kings, and sundry grand-dukes and simple dukes, scattered up and down throughout these realms. Should we permit it to go on? The fact is *we* could not and should not put up with such a chaotic medley. We could not afford to have the Heptarchy over again. And yet there are statesmen, in and out of power, who would, and who do, assist to conserve for Germany what they would not for one moment tolerate in England!

In former times, up to the thirteenth century, Germany was under the sway of one sovereign, but his power was broken by the German aristocracy, almost at the same time when the power of the kings of England was broken by the English aristocracy. On the 30th of January, 1649, Charles I., king of England, was beheaded in London; almost at the same time, towards the end of 1648, the peace of Munster and Osnaburgh was concluded in Germany. By this peace the monarchical power of Germany was broken, as it was broken in England by the execution of Charles I. But all things have taken a turn different in Germany to that which they have taken in the rest of Europe, and the aristocracy met together in no great assembly, like the House of Lords of England. Every one of the members of this influential body lived in his own castle, manor-house, or palace, and there played the part of a little tyrant. Indeed, there was some establishment, like the English parliament, called the 'Diet of the Empire' (*Reichstag*), but there the people had no representatives whatever, and the aristocracy did not appear in person, but only by proxy. This Diet was the most ridiculous and lamentable assembly known in the history of the world. The interests of the aristocracy alone were represented in it, and therefore taken care of. No improvements could be expected from an assembly where the people had no representatives. But in the different provinces of Germany there were little miniature parliaments, which prevented the little tyrants of Germany sometimes from being too mischievous. Besides, there were two high courts of law (*das Reichskammergericht* and *der Reichshofrath*), where the aristocrats could be called to account if they too severely oppressed their people.

In the midst of all the chaos of a diet and an emperor without power, plenty of barons, counts, princes, dukes, electors, and even kings, there was also a number of free towns which had republican governments. This state of confusion continued for nearly two centuries. At last, during the wars of the French revolution, the greatest part of this old machinery was broken up. But at the peace of Paris, and by the congress of Vienna, as much of

it as possible was preserved. The emperor was done away with altogether, as well as the courts of law of the empire; and instead of the German Diet of Regensburg, there was established a German Diet at Frankfort, which contained, like the former, only the representatives of the aristocracy, and even not those of the lower part of them, but only those of the higher part, who called themselves all sovereigns after the overthrow of the empire. The whole machinery was therefore as aristocratical as it had been in former times.

Whatever the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia resolved at their different congresses of Aachen (Aix la Chapelle), Laybach, Troppau, Verona, and other places, the German Diet accepted with the greatest humility. All the liberal laws of Germany were broken by the German princes, with the assistance of the Diet. By the act of the German confederation, free constitutions, religious liberty, the liberty of the press, and the liberty of the trade and of the navigation within the limits of Germany had been granted to the nation. In the course of thirty-three years the German princes did not only violate all these laws, but they changed them, with the assistance of the Diet, into their very reverse. Instead of constitutional government, absolutism was pronounced to be the rule of German monarchy. Under the influence of Jesuits and Jesuitical courtiers, religious liberty was turned into the most insupportable state of religious oppression. The liberty of the press was exchanged for the most shameless censorship. The Diet did nothing in favour of trade and of navigation. More than one thousand millions of florins have been extorted every year by the thirty-four sovereign families of Germany and their tails from the nation.

Of course, the discontentment rose from year to year, and broke out into open revolt after the French revolution of 1848. The men who knew the history of Germany and the characters of the German sovereigns, declared immediately that Germany never could be happy, united, and free, as long as monarchical government should subsist. They declared that the German people could not expect to be relieved from any grievance they had to complain of, because, by abolishing those institutions upon which alone their government reposed, the princes would be assisting in the work of their own destruction. They showed that all the individuals who were sitting on the thrones of Germany were most vicious characters, voluptuous drunkards, perjured, covetous, and tyrannical. They proved that such men would never keep any promise which might have been extorted from them, and forewarned the people that if they did not introduce at once republican government, the revolution would continue for many years. But the old liberals deceived the nation. Having been duped by the princes, they promised all kinds of liberties. The greater part of the Germans believed them, and instead of overturning monarchy, they were satisfied with the promises of liberal institutions. Only the Badians were clear-sighted enough not to be deceived. They claimed openly and manfully republican government, and as this was not granted to them, they rose up three times in arms, in order to conquer it by force. But they have been hitherto overpowered by numbers. However, the result of the three Badian revolutions was, that a power-

ful republican party was formed and organised in Germany. Three-fourths of Prussia, a large majority in Baden, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and Thuringia, besides which it embraces a respectable minority in Austria, Bavaria, and Hanover.

It is impossible, therefore, under existing circumstances, that the German nation and the German princes can exist side by side. The latter have used the former for their own profit, and the people have at length made manifest that they are resolved to bear with their oppressors only so long as they are compelled. The sole support of the monarchs and princes of Germany consists of their cannons and bayonets. They have used up public opinion and traditional respect. Peace betwixt these two diverse interests is out of the question. The nation, in March 1848, consented to a compromise, which the princes violated at their convenience. A people never forgets, and seldom forgives, a violation of faith. The Germans are not exempt from the operation of this salutary law of humanity. They will remember—they may forgive; but they certainly will overcome.

And even if political principles were not involved in the conflict, the state of the finances of most of the German countries is such as to necessitate a moral or a physical force revolution. The *Times* declared, and the word has travelled over the earth, that 'war is bankruptcy, and bankruptcy is revolution.' What then is the probable destiny of Germany, when we find that Austria, for instance, has been misgoverned in such a manner that, after two shameful bankruptcies, she had in 1815 a national debt of 200,000,000 of florins (about twenty million pounds sterling)? After twenty-five years of peace this debt had risen to the sum of 1,265,000,000 florins (about one hundred and twenty-six million pounds sterling), and the interest of it from 4,000,000 to 40,000,000 of florins a-year. Since 1840 the debt has again risen from 1,265,000,000 to nearly 2,000,000,000 of florins, and the interest from 40,000,000 to about 60,000,000 of florins a-year. The expenses of government have been, especially during the two last years, so enormous, that all the resources of the country have been altogether exhausted. Germany has then entered on the threshold of a new existence. Her politics, which have been heretofore based upon the interests and ambitions of her princes, must for the future become more or less national; and the struggle to effect this, as well as to effect nationality itself, opens up for Germany the prospect of a series of revolutions. It may be shocking to the peaceful partisans of law and order among us, but of all kinds of misfortunes few are worse than that wilful political blindness which afflicts certain comfortable people. The fact is as we have stated. The future of Germany looks-towards a series of changes which must, as fire consumes chaff, radically destroy existing systems, overthrow existing dynasties, erase existing boundaries, fuse the separate divisions into one united or federated whole, and introduce that form of government which will do all that can be done for the truthful development of individual, and for the integrity of national, life.

Notwithstanding all these facts, a great part of the British press have treated as visionaries or as madmen those who stood up against the powerful and perfidious government of Germany. The most trustworthy of the English

journals have greatly misrepresented the state of Germany, and the popular movements which took place there in the course of the two last years. The English have scarcely an idea of all the abominations which are daily committed by the princes of Germany, because all public affairs of Germany have been represented, on all occasions, in favour of the princes and of monarchy, and to the disadvantage of the people and their leaders. The consequences of these misrepresentations are, that the liberal men of England are inclined to believe that German democracy is unripe for liberty, and that the illiberal men look upon them as anarchists. However, it is probable that these same republicans will before long overthrow all the thirty-four princes of Germany, with their courtiers, mistresses, bureaucrats, and standing armies.

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ART. V.—ART BEFORE THE EXHIBITION.

1. *National Exhibitions.*

2. *Lectures on Painting.* By the ROYAL ACADEMICIANS. H. G. Bohn.

WE are familiar with English pictures now realising incredible sums of money, which will not bear the test of criticism by the clear and well-ascertained principles of the art. The wealth annually expended, as we think, simply to allow painters to paint who disregard the good purposes of the art, would, upon inquiry, prove to be immense, and more than sufficient to found national schools of painting and sculpture, which might, in all probability, within a reasonable period, rival any school which has existed within these six hundred years. We look in vain among all the pictures which yearly make up our exhibitions for indications of a school. In which of our painters' works is it possible to discover those commanding qualifications which would enable us with justice to style him master of the art? Yet we could name very many who receive pay equivalent to a master's services. The truth is, that art will never flourish greatly in England, till those who call themselves her artists become thoroughly impressed with the truth that their labours should be wholly and solely directed to the advancement of a definite object: that object can be, should be, none other than the diffusion of a pure spirit of enlightenment among mankind.

In the delineation of the things which exist, the actual things of this passing life, so deeply interesting to all men, how forcible and how truthful might be the lesson they could teach! They should scorn to woo the world by that flattery which veils its deformities; they should scorn to be the slaves of affluence. Should vice and sloth and tyranny triumph, how hideous are their forms for the painter to unmask; and want and woe and wretchedness, how forcibly might their wrongs be pleaded on the canvass! But no, too many of our chief painters learn only how to cater for the well-to-do, seldom courting favour in high places but at the expense of truth, that is, by evading it.

English painters seem dead to the serious questions which so agitate other people; and we will venture to predict that the coming spring exhibitions will contain no pictures in allusion to any of the manifold horrors of the past year. We anticipate nothing in addition to the usual stock trifles. Those trifles may be very droll, pretty, and sometimes beautiful, we admit it.

We have a great liking for the landscapes, when transcripts of some place or other; we have not a word to urge against still life, when composed of flowers and fruits, but we are not quite so partial to the sight of fish, flesh, or fowl in a picture. We agree with exhibiting the portraits of *celebrated* individuals—we make exception in favour of the distinction of *genius*, in whatever walk; but we protest against the practice of advertising rising face-painters, and flattering fashionable cliques, by cumbering the walls of our national exhibitions with portraits of anybody. This practice may be said to have commenced with Reynolds, and it has continued without intermission, year after year, ever since. Last year, in the Royal Academy exhibition alone, we counted no less than three hundred and thirty seven portraits of titled people, ladies and gentlemen and sportsmen, foresters, smugglers, bishops, and 'men of glory in the wars;' and these were exclusive of busts in clay and marble! We had no heart to count on, but we believe we saw almost an equal number of portraits of favourite dogs, horses, and ponies, including one full-length portrait of a dead lion, jocosely entitled 'The Desert!' Then there was a profusion of furniture, especially chairs of the Elizabethan pattern, of which kind there could not have been less than twenty dozens. Our artists are fond of crowding their pictures with furniture—in contrast, we suppose, with the paucity too often observable in their lodgings—and such quantities of rich stuffs of all kinds, of all textures, we never saw the like of it! To criticise one-half of what they are pleased to call the 'Accessories' of their picture, with respect to its use and abuse,

Useless were, and eke an endless task.

Among the most skilful of the artists may be cited those who appear before the public through engravings. Mr. Hunt, an old favorite, possesses no mean power in the delineation of one object. What man or woman (or child above six years of age), has not laughed at Mr. Hunt's red-haired, rough, rosy-cheeked boy? What an amazing invention has this artist! From him young students may learn an invaluable lesson in design, in the association of character with characteristic employment. This boy of Mr. Hunt's is a strong country lad, about twelve or thirteen years old, utterly devoid of ears. We have tried to recollect what he was doing when the painter first introduced him to the public; we think, but we are not certain, that he was 'eating a damson pie,' an occupation which he seems to relish overmuch. After that, we have him with a coarse towel and an abundance of yellow soap, scrubbing the dirt off his face, an employment he is evidently averse to. Next we find him giving himself airs—lathering his puffed up cheeks preparatory to having his first 'scrape,' or shave. Then we have the young rogue cheating his brother at a game of 'All Fours,' the victim being as

much like himself as one pea is like another. Mr. Hunt must excuse us; we cannot find space to enumerate *all* the capers of his miraculous boy, but we cannot omit to make mention of the three last and best. Seated on a rush-bottomed chair, looking earnestly at a newspaper, we have him as the 'Young Politician.' In the same attitude, with a little alteration of the legs, rod in hand, on the banks of a canal, as 'Master Izaak Walton.' And then the most forcible, the most energetic of all, he stands exulting in a sty, holding aloft in triumph a little sucking pig, which he has just captured. We remember a sympathetic individual once asking 'what Mr. Hunt would do when his boy grew to be a man?' We cannot say; but we think he will be able to persuade himself to adopt another; and if he does, we shall expect to discover him in one of our morning walks in some print-shop window, 'Standing on his Head.'

Another thriving artist, with whom the public is still more familiar through the medium of engravings, is Edwin Landseer, one of the Royal Academicians. Mr. Landseer paints dogs cleverly—no one has said to the contrary; but then he has rarely painted anything but dogs. That fine old painter, Da Vinci, says—'It reflects no great honour on a painter to be able to execute only one thing well, such as a head, an academy figure, or draperies, animals, landscape or the like, confining himself to one particular object of study; because there is scarcely a person so void of genius as to fail of success if he apply earnestly to one branch of study, and practice it continually.' We will be bound for it that every aspiring artist will endorse this dictum of Da Vinci. We have no dislike to well-bred dogs in their places. Great poets have sometimes made honourable mention of the heroism of noble brutes. Homer describes, in the most pathetic language, the virtues of Ulysses' faithful hound, Argus. Nor are those magnificent dogs to be forgotten which form part in the equipage of Lycurgus in Chaucer's Knight's Tale. Doubtless dogs may with propriety have a place in the world, but what would the *Odyssey* be if it contained the history of that most noble of all dogs, and nothing else beside? What would the critic say if the poet, in describing the procession of the knights champions who followed Arcite to Athens, had given the foreground and prominence to the dogs, and left the knights champions a subordinate position? The fault of Mr. Landseer is not that he paints dogs, but that he presents the public with so many.

An exhibition, or a menagerie of them, however various in sort, and however variously disposed, becomes sickening. We have them from this artist's pencil in thousands. High life and low life, from poodles to bloodhounds, from stag-hounds to turn-spits! How great must the love of dogs be, for a man like Mr. Landseer, and many others not quite so clever, to be so constantly engaged painting their portraits. If Mr. Landseer be a faithful limner, he has opened our eyes to a painful truth: from his pictures we learn that thousands of dogs are well lodged and sumptuously fed in the mansions and palaces of this most Christian country. Yes, that great rough dogs repose upon soft velvet cushions, enshrouded in crimson damask curtains. Moreover, that ladies are provided with a little body guard of spaniels, who are so well

fed, washed, combed, and caressed withal, that they become no less squeamish, mincing, and splenetic than their mistresses. We could hope Mr. Landseer is given to exaggeration; and, above all, we trust he will no longer make art an instrument for the fostering of so debasing a practice. Prior to that bloody revolution when the Bastille was demolished, French ladies were in the habit of taking chocolate, and receiving morning visitors, ere they arose from their beds of down, when a noble count would be sure to be assailed by two or three of 'the sleek and idle race' of lap dogs, who would start from beneath the bedclothes to do battle in defence of their august mistresses. And when we ponder on the fate of so many of our labouring population,

—doomed to bear

The gripes of poverty and stings of care,

and learn of Mr. Landseer the happier state of dogs, we stagger to think of the iniquitous difference. After all, such pictures furnish food for the moralist, and we are half inclined to think better of the painter for giving publicity, since it really exists, to so reproachful a state of things.

To pass from truth in taste to truth in nature, we may cite the instance of the Royal Academician, J. M. W. Turner—who, in his time, has painted pictures in two distinct styles; the first is simple and natural, the last complex and unnatural. With sorrow we beheld Mr. Turner depart from his first to his second manner; we felt as we feel when we see Falsehood trample down Truth.

Some thirty years ago we remember that an Oxford tradesman commissioned Mr. Turner to paint a view of Oxford from the hills, and another of the High Street in that city, to be engraved.

We can bear witness to the truthfulness of those two pictures. Mr. Turner painted the old city as it stood in 'lowly sublimity' surrounded by verdant meadow-lands, intersected by little streamlets, with margins of stunted willows; and, far as the eye could reach, it was a meadow and a row of willows, repeated over and over again, forming innumerable angles of every degree. Then there was Christ Church Grove, called the Broad Walk, and Magdalen Grove, like two high, long walls of dark green foliage, composed of double rows of old elm trees, running in straight lines, and beside these stood the ancient abode of learning—unlike any other city in the world, it might be, but certainly like a city; and its old buildings with 'pinnacles and spires adorned,' a quaint and solemn show, just as we have been accustomed to see it as long as we can remember. And so Mr. Turner was content to paint it; and all who beheld his picture were delighted—it looked so simple, so natural, so like the place. It was in every way worthy of the subject and of its author, who was then professor of the perspective at the Royal Academy.

A few years since Mr. Turner was again commissioned by another Oxford tradesman to paint Oxford from the hills. This picture he executed in his later style, and thus furnished a forcible comparison of his two styles.

The scene had undergone no change worth noting. Nevertheless our artist's two pictures in no way resemble each other. In contrast to the first

we have the peaceful valley, its green meadows, its streamlets, and their borders of willow trees, metamorphosed into a hot and confused scene, such as one would have the abode of demons and furies. The fine old Gothic city with 'glistening spires and pinnacles adorned,' seems planted in the very heart of the infernal regions: its buildings, rising up like red and yellow devils, half buried in smoke and dust, and 'spouting wild fire at each other's heads.' All around, and over head, blue and green blazes are seen interspersed with rainbows; in the foreground, weary and woe-worn, two ragged and phantasmal figures are barely visible, struggling hard up the hill, as if they had just escaped from the fire below. We are told they are two members of the University in their academical robes. By the bye, when did Mr. Turner see an 'Oxford man' taking his walk into the country on a blazing hot day in the harvest time, fit to be seen by dean or proctor? We must confess that harvest time is intended by the wretched looking women in the centre of the foreground, who look as though they had just committed a barbarous murder, and, having hidden their victim under some straw which bears the bloody stains of their guilt, are being taxed with the deed by a huge Guy Faukes-like miscreant on a wooden horse, daubed in a light colour, who we are to understand is a farmer inspecting his work-people! We understand that this artist has amassed a large fortune, and that of late he has been buying up his own pictures; we expect he has conceived the propriety of making away with those of his later style, for the good of art and his own fame. Perhaps we shall hear of his causing them to be carried into Trafalgar-square, or some such suitable place, and causing them to be burned before the students of the Royal Academy, delivering a suitable address like the following:—'Young Gentlemen,—You will no doubt be greatly struck with the singularity of this proceeding; you may be concerned for the destruction of so many pictures of my painting, and I do not wonder that you should, for you are aware of the fact that through these very pictures I have long possessed the favour and enjoyed a large share of public patronage. With shame I say it, my income, considering the time devoted to labour, has been greater than Raphael's or Michael Angelo's. To compare my works with the pictures of those masters, would be insulting to your judgment. From my possessing so much of public favour, you may learn that public favour is not an infallible criterion of worth in art. There are reasons why the public have been so long misled by my pictures. I have been aided in establishing my reputation by eminent engravers, who have treated my pictures as a clever reporter treats the speeches made by certain noble lords in parliament; finding them confused and void of sense, they remove the confusion, and supply the sense. I can tell you I have frequently been overjoyed at the sight of the representations of my pictures by the engravers. Some literary men write their manuscripts so badly, that instances have been known of their inability to read their own writing; and the same writing shrewd compositors have declared to be clear copy. I can easily understand this; these compositors acted by those authors as the engravers do by some painters. The truth is clear enough. They found it more profitable to draw upon their own resources, than to waste their time in discovering the vague conceptions



of other people. Believe me, young gentlemen, there is no mystery in art. Believe me, notwithstanding the example I have set, that pictures should be dictated by reason, that practice should be the result of science. Be faithful to nature; regard the principles which are dictated by her laws, with profound respect. Paint your pictures so that they will be understood; not as useless hieroglyphics, which no man may decipher.

‘In leaving my early to adopt my later manner of painting I departed from the right way of art, as much as the veritable Don Quixote departed from the ordinary way of life when he adopted the profession of knight-errantry; and, like him, I am content to proclaim my own errors, to stay my own course; and, like him, I trust again to possess your good opinion, which I possessed ere error clouded my career.’

Rigid are the laws of art, but by obeying them how useful and how glorious are the results. Some pictures, viewed in the light of science, may lose many beauties with which they are seemingly invested to the eyes of the uninitiated; but to those who are familiar with its principles, art yields an infinitely greater delight and permanent good.

From the gross conventional shapes invented and held inviolable by Egyptian priestcraft, to the ever various and noble productions of a Phidias; from the ‘long, lean-limbed saints, dark-visaged Madonnas, and blood streaming crucifixes’ of the Byzantine daubers, to the most elaborate, refined, and beautiful creations of a Raphael; or from the earliest rude efforts of the chisel, found upon Gothic tombs, in griffin, dragon, and devil, to the forcible and truthful impersonations of a Chantrey, what a field is open for man’s contemplation. In the birth and progress of art, we see the development of man’s capacity, from the first to its fullest expansion. And we learn, also, that success was never achieved in painting but inasmuch as the principles upon which it is based were understood and practised. Opie says—

‘The principles of painting comprehend those of all the other arts of design, and indeed of everything in which the imagination or the passions are immediately addressed through the organs of sight. In this art (the simplest in its means, and the most powerful in its effect) by the mere application of lines and colours, a flat surface is made to recede or project at the will of the artist; he fills it with the most agreeable appearances of nature, and sets before your eyes the images we hold most dear. The empire of the art extends over all space and time: it brings into view the heroes, sages, and beauties of the earliest periods, the inhabitants of the most distant regions, and fixes and perpetuates the forms of those of the present day; it presents to us the heroic deeds, the remarkable events, and the interesting examples of piety, patriotism, and humanity of all ages; and according to the nature of the action depicted, it fills us with innocent pleasure, excites our abhorrence of crimes, moves us to pity, or inspires us with elevated sentiments.’\*

Again, in the same lecture, speaking of the powers of this art, Opie continues:—

‘Poetry, though unlimited in its field of description, and omnipotent as the vehicle of relation and sentiment, is capable of giving but faint sketches

\* Lectures on Painting, p. 240.

of form, colour, and whatsoever else is more immediately addressed to the sight; and the drama, however impassioned and interesting, can only exhibit form and motion as they actually exist: but the utmost conceivable perfection of form, of majesty of character, and of graceful and energetic action, have no physical existence; they are born, bred, and reside in the human imagination only, never to be drawn from thence but by the hand of the consummate artist working on the sublimest principles of his art.\*

Thus, in a few words, we are enabled to comprehend the vast province of the art of painting. And we can easily conceive that the education of those must be very perfect who would practice such an art in its universal sense. Da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo present the best possible proofs to us of the infallibility of scientific principles applied to painting. Step by step we trace them in their progress towards perfection, progressing only as their discernment becomes more delicate and their observation more just. To these men rules were congenial, and they methodised their studies. By the aid of all-potent science they were enabled to wield the pencil to the realisation of those noble works which won for them undying fame.

Da Vinci's treatise on painting sufficiently shows by what a gradual, painstaking process of accurate observation he arrived at his greatness. Michael Angelo, a little before he died, in allusion to his own imperfections, made a drawing which represents an aged man in a go-cart, and wrote beneath the words '*Ancora imparo*'—still learning. Of the gentle and graceful Raphael, it might be said that he was ever a pupil, ever putting himself to school. Hearing that Da Vinci and Michael Angelo were painting in rivalry at Pisa, he went there to see their works; and being convinced of their great superiority over the crude efforts of his master, Perugino, he adopted the pictures of the great rivals for his exemplars, and sought to inform himself of the elements of their superiority. To this end he taught the principles of perspective to Fra Bartolomeo, and received instructions in colouring in return. To this end a friendly correspondence and exchange of portraits took place between him and that rare man, Albert Durer. In a word, he neglected no opportunity which afforded him the means of enlightenment; to the last the same affable and generous man, willing to impart and to receive instruction.

Raphael's works, in comparison with Albert Durer's, furnish the best instances of the successful application of rules in the delineation of the human form. They both measured the figure by the rules of art, but to very different results. Durer was scientific, so was Raphael; but of the two Raphael only possessed the amount of feeling and penetration requisite for a liberal application of scientific knowledge—Durer did not even conceive the idea of its application. Hence the repetition of the same model in his pictures. Durer failed and Raphael triumphed. Durer's scientific knowledge was limited and Raphael's unbounded. The capacity of the one was great, that of the other small.

The great excellence of Raphael, as of Shakspeare, lies in his bold delineation of character and sentiment. From Raphael's Beggar at the Gate of

\* Lectures on Painting, p. 246.

the Temple, to the profound Philosopher in the School of Athens, Raphael has realised almost every shade of human character expressed in face, attitude, and form; with all characteristic distinctions with respect to age and sex, high and low, rich and poor, learned or unlearned—in fact, he has depicted nature in a broad and universal sense. There is scarcely a picture of Raphael's in which we find a repetition—twelve apostles by Raphael are as many distinct characters. Even when he depicts murderers, they are not all murderers of the same degree of atrocity—some are young and timid in their calling, others horribly ferocious, as we see in his cartoon of the Murder of the Innocents, in the National Gallery. A deeply instructive lesson in the accomplishments of artists is to be gathered from the versatility of Raphael. And herein is contained a solution of the eternal question respecting the application of rules in the delineation of the human figure. The different degrees in which painters have been successful, can only be accounted for on the assumption that they possessed different degrees of capacity, and that they were differently educated.

#### ART. VI.—RECENT NOVELS.

1. *The Cartons*. By Sir E. B. LYTTON, Bart. Blackwood. 1849.
2. *The Oglivies*. Chapman and Hall. 1849.
3. *Ernest Vane*. By A. BAILLIE COCHRANE, M.P. Colburn. 1849.
4. *Shirley*. By CURRER BELL. Smith and Elder. 1849.

NOVEL writing has long been elevated to the level of an Art, and it will ere long be raised to the level of a Power. It is one of the weapons of the fourth estate, that heterogeneous compound of intellectual forces which recruits its rank and file from all classes and from all castes. Men of science and men of business appear to overlook, or when they deign to take cognisance of the novel, it is only to decry it as an element of instruction and education. But the evidence of fact is quite of a contrary kind; and we may perhaps assert that, except the great journals, no kind of literature has contributed to form the minds of the many so efficiently as the modern novel.

It would be ridiculous to assert that novel reading has produced unmixed good—what species of literature has? It would be absurd to say that young and old do not waste an immense amount of time on novels. We are willing to grant to the uttermost both propositions. But what do they prove? The first, that most of our novels are bad; the second, that they are very attractive. The meaning of all which is, that while the elderly are dying of *ennui*, and take novels as gossips take drams, the younger portion of the community are dying to know what the world is like, what society is like, how people spend their time in Paris, and how they make love in Spain; what may be the style of the Faubourg St. Germain, and how lords and ladies behave in May Fair. It is the thirst of man after the *personal* which constitutes the primary source of attraction in the novel, and which, though volume after volume be swallowed, still remains unquenched. Character is

universally interesting. Incident, which is character manifested, is ever acceptable. The modern novel furnishes the first, gravely or humorously exaggerated, and the second, piquant, bold, astounding.

The great doctrines of the age, also, whether for good or evil, find their way into the pages of these popular books. And as an author can rarely guess the result of his penmanship, so even the least innovating, the most conservative, tend, as well as their contraries, to vulgarise certain political and religious doctrines which are considered by the elect to be 'caviare to the general.' Democracy and communism, high-toned aristocracy and mock-modest puseyism, whatever is dreamed by the thinkers, whatever is stirring among men of action, finds itself translated into a popular tongue for the popular audience of the circulating library. Despair, with its ashy lips and desolate dwelling-place, and Doubt, the parent of new, the vivifier of old faiths, unfold alike their arid or fiery being in the masquerade of fiction. The work goes on. Each writer brings his contingent to the army of thought, in levity or seriousness, in earnestness or despair. He receives his reward in gold, or calumny, or acclamation, and goes on his way. What does it matter? The work goes on. And out of these strange elements a new combination issues; each author, probably, departing into the star-lit temples of fame, or the dark cavern of oblivion, dissatisfied with his peculiar success, but each, unwittingly, having served for the benefit of humanity.

It matters not, then, if we sometimes meet with a novel here and there which seems intended to arrest the progress of mankind towards unity, development, and peace. Does it not provoke controversy from those it opposes, and excite thought in those who, perhaps, but for its extravagance, would not have thought at all upon the question? Reaction is only the measure of the force of action. When we swim against the stream our energy is put forth in proportion to the strength of the current. The violence of the anti-revolutionary novel only shows the force of revolutionary ideas. When reactionaries betook themselves to the press, they forgot the words of the great English cardinal: 'We must destroy this press,' he exclaimed, 'or it will destroy us.' We have not the remotest wish to see the reactionaries destroyed; but we desire to see them converted; being satisfied that true progress is only to be arrived at through conviction.

How marvellous has been the progress of romance writing since the days when our great-great-grandmothers, 'with spectacles on nose,' read the 'Castle of Otranto.' But we have not stepped beyond the limits attained by Fielding and Smollet in the composition of novels. The fact is that the novel and the romance have, like poetry and journalism, entered on a new phase. All literature more or less shares in the intellectual conflicts of the century. There was no conflict last century, except among the elect, and consequently the novelist confined himself to character and incident. It is the introduction of living ideas into their pages which constitutes the difference between the novelists of this, and their great predecessors of last century. And how gradual was the change! Scott, with his strong objectiveness, was a child of the eighteenth century, yet with an unconscious foreboding of the conflict rising around him. The bugbear of innovation can even terrify

of this day and hour. It is a novelty in novel literature; a protest—firm but gentle, intense but not scathing—against those conventional laws and customs which regulate marriage and man's behaviour to woman. It is an eloquent chapter on the sacred rights of the heart's holiest affections. That splendid code of worldly wisdom which, in spite of the affectation of lofty sentiment, is the soul of Bulwer's 'Caxtons,' on this subject, is shattered to atoms by the simple but passionate story of Katherine Ogilvie and Paul Lynedon. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton may be a more versatile genius, a more skilful writer, but the authoress of 'The Ogilvies' is the purer and the better teacher: and we would rather sit at her feet, than beside the chair of the unquestionably gifted author of 'Pelham' and 'The Caxtons.'

Concerning 'Ernest Vane' and 'Shirley' we have little to say. Mr. Cochrane's book is weak, deficient in grasp, and often intolerably commonplace and wordy. It partakes of that littleness, which we are loath to censure, because so unmistakably linked to a good purpose, but which has characterised the Young England school of authors and politicians throughout their career. A man who believes, as Mr. Cochrane believes, in the divine right of kings in the nineteenth century, displays, we submit, more faith than good sense. But it can do no harm. As an honest conviction it is to be respected; as an article in a gentleman's political belief it affords rather matter for pity and regret, than contempt and hostility. The best we can say of 'Ernest Vane' is, that it contains some indications of thoughtfulness on questions of vast importance; and that, upon the great malady of the age—want of faith—there are some earnest reflections expressed sententiously, elegantly even, but not without a confusion of thought. His hero lamenting this want of faith, does not, or will not, or cannot see that it *is* the religious faith which exists not; nor that there are not two faiths but one faith, and that sentiment is *not* its prophet.

With respect to 'Shirley,' it is an inexcusable performance for the authoress of 'Jane Eyre.' It is a book of beginnings. Purposeless, incoherent, dislocated, the narrative welters through three volumes. It is very provoking that a writer so clearly gifted with power and originality, with a command over nervous and striking language, curious skill in dialogue, and very unique conceptions of character, should present the public wilfully with a chaos of broken incidents, rank after rank of personages enough to furnish nine volumes, and a story out of which it is scarcely possible to extort a meaning. The public is tantalised, and the critics shocked. We have seldom experienced such a prodigal display of power, though rather hard and angular, to so little purpose; and we sincerely hope that this failure will hint to the authoress that her great gifts do not authorise her either to risk her own reputation, or play pranks with the public.

*Twenty-six Cuts at the Times* Furnished by BOB THIN, forming an Illustrated Alphabet for all those Little Politicians who have not yet learned their Letters, with a Preface, but no Wrapper.

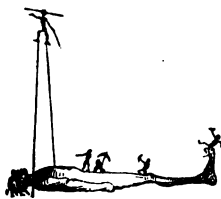
[SECOND NOTICE.]

We propose to take a few more letters from that most eccentric, most grotesque, most elongated of pedagogues—Mr. Thin. Our opinion of his Political and Financial teachings we need not repeat—having stated our case we are content that he should state his: and we submit, with the decorum of pupils, to the inculcations of this very spare Gamaliel. The letter O is eloquent and poetical, containing the purport of many volumes on the fortunes and suffering of Labour.



I—I am one of her infants, Sir! a poor slave, good for grumbling,  
Though at present I am out of heart, with this bone you see me mumbling,  
But if its possible my lords should fling my victuals seldomer,  
I'd—yes! I'd grumble with the best,—not Billingsgate be beldamer.

J's Jeremiah in his see with his new Lamentations,—  
That there are so few churches for his Saviour's poor relations:  
It's Jeremiah, not of the old, but of the second Testament,  
Who, 'when his brother wanted bread,' flung stones and called him pestilent.



K is King William under God to whom we are indebted  
For riding once on horse-back and—this page our tears have wetted,  
For the good Dutch Revolutionist, a Bill of Rights who gave us:  
But the Bill, we fear, will ne'er be paid, and the Rights will never save us.

L's the Lilliput Reformers who have grandly undertaken  
To set MAN on his legs, if each may save his little bacon:  
They are very mild philanthropists, and vaguely cosmopolitan,  
And of all the horrors in the world dislike a Red Republican.



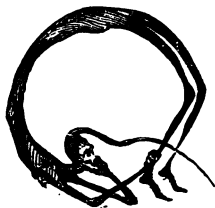
**M** is the Middle-Class Movement, Sir! it's quite a new invention;  
You see it's impossible to leap without due circumspection:  
It's borrow'd from that diplomatic dodge—non-intervention,—  
Which means, to let the Devil work, and help him with intention.

**N**'s the 'New Move' of 'Young England,' which in old English means—  
To be dutiful and hold the trains of no end of Kings and Queens,  
To keep up the old properties, and repaint a few old scenes,  
And play at playing trap and ball on all the village greens.



**O** is the Old Sin Offering of Labour on the wheel;  
There's a fond conceit among the great, that the Labourer cannot feel:  
Or, bless you! they're so pitiful, they'd never hear you squeal,  
Without remembering that, at least, you're a part of the commonweal.

**P** is the Premier, just the man to regulate a nation;  
He has such a statesmanlike idea of true organisation:  
For his rule, if not harmonious as the music of the spheres,  
Is good to keep men's teeth on edge, and to set men by the ears.



**Q**'s queer enough, but not so queer as most of the contortions  
Of that old hag the British Law, producing her abortions:  
She's a smirking look, sometimes she has, and speaks you very plausible;  
But by Lord Denman, she'll play foul, if you come within her claws, she will.

R's 'Right' or Might, respectable, and comfortable too, Sir!  
Attends to the proprieties, keeps a servant and a pew, Sir!  
Believes in his Almighty Gold, and likes no Change but that  
Where Industry is done to death and Money-bags grow fat.

*National Evils and Practical Remedies, with the Plan of a Model Town.* By  
J. S. BUCKINGHAM. Jackson.

There must be a machine—and a machine of some capacity, too—for writing books, though we have never heard of it, otherwise there could not exist the quantity of works known to the press, bearing the name of James Silk Buckingham as author. If, however, actually compiled by Mr. Buckingham, he is an astonishing man, as few could travel so much and yet preserve the sedentary spirit necessary to go through so vast an amount of pen-labour. Trade recognises two distinct classes of operators—the manufacturer and the merchant. Literature, if we recognise Mr. Buckingham as the representative of it, has also two divisions of analogous artificers—the thinker who fabricates ideas, and the compiler who collects them for sale. Mr. Buckingham belongs to this latter class. He is a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff. He is a literary merchant—a general dealer in the progress line. Do you want to travel in the East? Mr. Buckingham is ready, with a cart-load of volumes, all of which he has written, to be your guide. Is America your choice? The same attendant, with another load of his own books, is at your elbow. Does the Slave Trade interest you? call in Mr. Buckingham. Is it Free Trade you are at a loss about? ditto, ditto. Mr. Buckingham is your man. Drunkenness and Temperance, Shipwrecks, Duelling and Burials, Peace and War, Budgets and British Institutes, are but a few, a very few, of the topics upon which he has published. Added to these, Mr. Buckingham claims to be the discoverer of almost everything. There is scarcely an improvement can be mentioned but Mr. Buckingham will show you a book which he published upon the subject thirty years before it was heard of. It is, however, due to Mr. Buckingham, to admit (though he is not exactly the Columbus of philanthropy) that many humane projects have found in him an early and an amiable advocate. Nor do we think lightly of the labours of the literary merchant. Ideas need distribution as well as manufactures; and we trust that those who engage in this species of commerce meet with prosperity. In the volume at the head of this notice Communism, Association, Model Towns, Taxation, Financial Reform, Emigration, and a New Reform Bill, are the topics treated upon. Everybody's facts are quoted, and everybody's views are introduced, and a very useful collection is made of the latest opinions in favour of these subjects. People who have not time to think, nor opportunity of acquaintance with these matters, will find Mr. Buckingham's book exactly the thing to consult. Having lived long, travelled much, written exceedingly (by machine or otherwise), and made innumerable speeches, Mr. Buckingham has extensive connections with all classes and all countries; and is a useful man, as he diffuses into every channel the liberal ideas of which he makes himself the advocate.



*Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology.* Edited by F. WINSLOW, M.D. Vol. II. Churchill.

In the midst of agitations for progress, men are ready to ascribe impediments to interest, to wickedness, to tyranny; it does not seem to strike them how much may be owing to intellectual aberration. The health of the mind is a new subject—at least its treatment by modern physicians is new. This volume contains a series of Essays, of curious interest to the general reader, on the natural history and physical laws of the intellect. The articles ‘Insanity of Men of Genius,’ and ‘Insanity of Dean Swift,’ unite interest, instruction, and historical information. From an article, ‘The Psychology of the Reproductive Functions,’ we make the following illustrative extract:—

‘The eloquence of Jean Jacques Rousseau was the inspiration of disease; but disease never before or since, unless it be in the case of our own Cowper, spoke with a voice so eloquent. There is reason to believe that his moral aberrations owed their origin to a congenial cause—that had Lallemand attended him, or had the point in one department of surgical science been reached to which has Lallemand advanced it, his disease might have been cured, and his moral and intellectual sanity thus established. The powers of this extraordinary mind would not, in this case, have been frittered away in pourtraying the symptoms of an, at that time, incurable complaint. Happy himself, his writings would not have so tended to the world-wide dissemination of political and social discontent. The tree which disease so fatally engrafted would have borne less bitter fruit. A half-farthing’s worth of nitrate of silver, skilfully applied, and France might have been spared many of the horrors of her last century’s revolution. As it is, it would perhaps have been better for his country and his species, had his abilities been petted and pensioned into nihility. Mighty effects often depend upon insignificant causes. Why is not Ireland at this moment a Protestant country? Because Oliver Cromwell’s doctors were afraid of giving him a few doses of Peruvian bark. He died of an intermittent fever, of which, in all likelihood, quinine would have cured him. Had he lived, he would not have stopped at less than the entire subjugation of that island, the coasts of which have been so strewn ever since with wrecked administrations, and in whose sisterhood our own island experiences much such comfort as might be derived from living in the neighbourhood of a volcano.

We have no sympathy with the political inuendoes interpolated into this medical disquisition. The political and social discontent of Europe were not born of Rousseau, but of injustice. The passage shows medically what Bailey has shown morally—the dependence of mind on medicine, and the magnitude of effects which may arise from minor causes.

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*The New Philosophy.* Parts I., II., III. Saunders and Otley.

The Bishop of Chester, some time ago, told the working men of that city that it was not within their power, opportunities, or knowledge, to examine the recondite evidence on which most things spiritual rested. If it be true, therefore, that working men generally must take important opinions on trust, we would recommend them to read the three Parts of this *New Philosophy*: they will there find something worth taking on trust, besides many earnestly-expressed incentives to independent thinking. The price of these parts will

preclude poor men from becoming purchasers. The mode of procurement must be through libraries. When the Oxford and Cambridge Universities give indications of progress, we have a right to expect it nearer home; and we are glad to find a West-end publisher issuing a work which would do credit to the house of Chapman.

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*Constitutional Parallels between England and Hungary.* By J. TOULMIN SMITH, Esq. Effingham Wilson. 1849.

Anything from the pen of the son of Hawkes Smith comes recommended to us with the most agreeable associations. The name of Hawkes Smith is but of local reputation, but when the friends of the people come to be distinguished, the ablest writer Birmingham has produced will be held in honour, not alone for his contributions to history and science. When Industrial progress had few friends, his facile and eloquent pen was ever ready to championise its best truths.

The object of Mr. Toulmin Smith, in these parallels, has been to furnish more solid grounds for British sympathy with the Hungarians than popular enthusiasm. He lays down the salutary doctrine that the assistance an independent nation, like England, should render to another, struggling for independence, should be in proportion to the nature of the efforts that nation may be making to accomplish a legal independence. He demands an 'unimpeachable test' for the respectability of a national revolt, in the shape of 'fundamental laws and institutions,' that is, the recorded national protests, and the successful national struggles which may have been made from time to time by such people against oppressing power.

This is one of the few pamphlets which contains instruction as well as protestation. It adds to the public knowledge of English and Hungarian history, and is calculated to serve freedom at home as well as abroad. As a pamphlet on the popular side, it has a quality about it which we should be glad to see more common. It distinguishes between Liberty the *shout* and Liberty the *purpose*. It seeks to make enthusiasm *practical*. There are thousands of influential and patriotic men who never yet ranked themselves on the liberal side, and never will till they see that progress is compatible with security, and this they never will see until it is widely shown, as Mr. Smith labours to enforce—that true and enduring Liberty is the child of Law.

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*The Truth-Seeker and Present Age.* A Catholic Review of Literature, Philosophy, and Religion. Chapman.

The orthography of this magazine, approaching to Phonetic unity, and the typographical disposition of the matter, bespeak cultivated taste. Recognising in the phrase 'Truth-Seeker,' sagacity, courage, and devotion, we can say, having thus premised of what the word is to us the symbol, that Dr. Lees conducts this Magazine in a manner worthy of its name. The 'Truth-Seeker' has great merit, not alone for what it does, but also for what it does *not*: you meet with none of those puerilities, graceful and vain, so

copiously supplied in most Magazines to please the 'general reader,' an editorial practice which may be described by six lines from the 'Masque of Life,' by January Searle, which we find in Number 14:—

He to his cunning purpose lent  
The witcheries of beauty, and the charm  
Of music and delight;  
Soft ravishments which do not seem to harm,  
Yet day and night  
Steal from the soul its strength, and darken all its sight.

Amid many extracts which might be taken in illustration of the tone of this work, we prefer one from 'Gentleness,' a short essay by W. J. Linton, which exhibits advantageously the many-sided character of one who appears sometimes as the Politician of Antagonisms. The whole essay constitutes a little Manual of Nature's Etiquette, which will bear many readings and deserves many readers. We quote a fragment and a paragraph.

'Real gentleness is by no means exclusively a woman's virtue. Gentleness is not to be confounded with weakness. Nor indeed do womanliness and weakness bear any necessary relation to each other. Gentleness and weakness are as opposite as valour and brute force.'

'Nor is gentleness only the companion and grace of strength; it is sometimes strength itself. Think what gentleness does in the world! how mild, persuasive words overthrow the deepest-rooted errors, change systems, and win empires; how Love—'the gentlest of the wise'—conquers all things! Note how gentle is great Nature herself! how womanly mild in the midst of her eternal strength! Gentleness is indeed stronger than power: as growth is strongest of all things. 'Violence,' as Lamennais grandly says, 'cannot hasten the growth of a blade of grass:' gentleness makes the earth one wide harvest-home. The delicate flower is stronger than the tempest; aye, stronger than the ruggedest winter. See how gently works upward and upward through the hard ground that tender bud, the tenderest thing in nature, piercing through the strong, heavy-trampled earth; and by and bye the tender bud becomes a giant oak, to wrestle with the tempest, to outlast centuries of winter storm. Even the ocean-tide comes up gently: stealing on, wave after wave, almost imperceptibly; as if its mighty strength were doing a thing of ease, and refused to exert itself unnecessarily. Gentleness and violence—there is, truly, no comparing their strength: so immeasurably stronger is gentleness, even as music is more potent than mere noise. Get beyond the hubbub of a fair!—the melody, which could not be heard in the midst of an uproar, will be clear when distance has completely silenced the stunning noise of gong and drum and many-voiced clamour. In the same way it is not the loudest speaker, but the most musical, who is heard farthest. Have not 'the songs of Grecian years' come down to us full of melody, fresh as if from yesterday, while all the *bray* of sonorous battle-trumpet, all the din of loud-throated Roman War, is silent as the grave? One gentle song of Sappho shall outlast the fame of a Napoleon. Who would doubt that the poet is stronger than the warrior? Why, the poet can make warriors. Yes, and unmake them, too—superseding the occasion for them. Certainly, gentleness is not weakness.'

## The Correspondent.

The *Spectator*, of February 2nd, wrote, in a review of Carlyle's 'Past and Present':—"All literature is tending to the fugitive and periodical. The authors of some able, thoughtful, and scholarly books, who call themselves "Friends in Council," and aim at elevating the tastes and studies of their readers, have abandoned the volume, and are about to say their say in a *People's Review*." Upon reading these remarks, we immediately addressed the following letter

*To the Editor of the Spectator.*

Sir,—Some indefiniteness in our prospectus (though we endeavour to guard against it) must have led you to conclude that the 'Friends in Council' who edit the *People's Review* are the same with the authors of certain 'thoughtful and scholarly books,' who have addressed the public under this name. We should be proud of this identity; but, as we are different persons, we hasten to say so, that we may not seem to acquiesce in an imputed honour which belongs to others.

THE FRIENDS IN COUNCIL,  
Editors of the *People's Review*.

As members of the provincial press, so we find on looking over the literary notices, have received a similar impression, we have cancelled the phrase which has caused us to be confounded. In our prospectus we wrote—"The phrase "Friends in Council" was lately used as the title of a book intended for the instruction of statesmen; it is here used as the expression of the fact of a few friends editing, in concert, a Review for the instruction of the many." We had a right to suppose that this explanation would protect our identity. We are Friends in Council, whether we say so or not; but we refrain from expressing the fact, as no failure could be so repugnant to us as success achieved, in any conceivable sense, at the expense of others. 'Friends in Council' happens to be the common name of all

friends who meet together and act in concert, and will be while friends and unity exist; and hence its use seemed to us to belong to all who answered that description. We however pass from the expression of a *fact* to that of an *opinion*, and write ourselves *The Friends of 'Order and Progress.'* Auguste Comte, to whom the paternity of this phrase is to be ascribed, made it for mankind. We adopt it for these reasons. Two mighty parties divide Europe: one takes for its watch-word the talismanic name of 'Order;' the other, that term big with hope of the future—"Progress." But 'Order,' appropriated by the Reactionaires, signifies merely dead subordination; while 'Progress,' the cry of the 'People,' has come to signify 'Commotion.' But when these symbol-words are united, they become the simple and expressive programme of nations. 'Order,' vivified by 'Progress,' is no longer Death; 'Progress,' wedded to 'Order,' is no longer Anarchy: and the 'Past,' which 'Order' represents, from being the enemy, is converted into the *guarantee*, of the Future. It is in this sense that we call ourselves 'Friends of Order and Progress.'

Colonel Maberly cautions the public against sending coin through the Post Office. This caution does not apply to *all* coin, only to gold coin. Put half a sovereign in a letter, under whatever disguise of wax and card, and the exact and discriminating fingers of the official will infallibly detect it and abstract it. We lately tried the experiment, and lost the money. But put in silver, however carelessly, and it will pass undisturbed. The medallion of Milton on our wrapper had to be cut twice—the first was abstracted on passing through the Post Office from the artist. We think that any journal which would give publicity to all well-authenticated cases of the loss of property entrusted to that general

carrier, Col. Maberly, would create a feature of great interest, and accumulate an amount of facts that would compel some reformation in the Office, or *compensation* from the government to those thus defrauded.

Michael Stifel was the first who introduced integral exponents to denote the powers of algebraical symbols of quantity, for which he employed capital letters. Vieta afterwards used the vowels to denote known and the consonants unknown quantities—but used words to designate the powers. Simon Stevin, in his treatise on Algebra, which was published in 1605, improved the notation of Stifel, by placing the figures that indicated the powers within small circles.

When General Wolfe wrote home after one of his battles (not his last, of course), he astonished the grammarians of the government by informing them that the position in which he was (or had been) placed, left him only a *choice* of difficulties. The word *choice* then meant preference—the selection of things desirable; but ‘difficulties’ not being desirable, a ‘choice of difficulties’ implied a preference of things not preferable. This meaning of the word *choice* is now lost—or rather the term has suffered an extension, and has come to signify the election of a course, whether voluntary or compelled.

The Greek stage had few murders upon it, in which respect it was more moral than our own, as men are so constituted that all sights of crime are demoralising.

Eschylus endeavoured to elevate style by using unusual words. Euripides, on the other hand, rendered common words new by novel use—which Horace deems higher merit.

The knowledge that results from grammatical investigation has been put with homely force by Professor Maurice, in a lecture which he delivered at the opening of the Metropolitan Evening Classes for Young Men. The Professor’s words were—‘The practice of speaking our own tongue

gives profound interest to any investigation which we are able to make of its internal structure and life. We are investigating—and that sometimes in a very startling and solemn way—our own modes and processes of thought; we get a light respecting inconsistencies between our habits and practices, and the words by which we are describing them; secrets respecting our individual selves, and secrets respecting the English character, and secrets respecting all mankind, disclose themselves to us. It was a very great discovery which the gentleman in the French comedy made, that he had been speaking prose all his life and had not known it. Many of us, if we would confess it, have been no less surprised and frightened when *thet* thought has struck us—“What! we have been actually uttering these words day by day, hour by hour, and so carelessly, with so little sense of their significance!” It seems as if we had been playing with something much more terrible than gunpowder, and as if we were still carrying it about with us ready to explode at any moment.’

There are only two forms of propositions in the Elements, the *theorem* and the *problem*. In the *theorem*, it is asserted, and is to be proved, that if a geometrical figure be constructed with certain specified conditions, then some other specified relations must *necessarily* exist between the constituent parts of that figure. Thus: if squares be described on the sides and hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, the square on the hypotenuse must *necessarily* be equal to the other two squares upon the sides (Euc. 1. 47). In the *problem*, certain things are given in magnitude, position, or both, that shall *necessarily* have a specified relation to the data, or to each other, or to both. Thus: a circle being given, it may be required to construct a pentagon, which shall have its angular points in the circumference, and which shall also have both all its sides equal, and all its angles equal (Euc. 4, 11).

# THE PEOPLE'S REVIEW.

No. III.—APRIL, 1850.

## ART. I.—CALCULATIONS OF PROGRESS.

*The History of England during Thirty Years' Peace.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Vols. I., II. Knight.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE might go over this great 'History' with a critical eye, analysing its peculiarities, distinguishing its errors, and estimating its beauties. Possibly we might thus bring out some points suggestive to the *writers* of history; but there is a wider field before us, and one much less likely to be gone over by reviewers, namely, to trace the teachings of this 'History' of our 'Thirty Years' Peace,' and explain their usefulness to the *readers* of history—the people. Grateful for such a book, we will, however, indulge but in one observation in reference to its literary compilation, as we have heard objections made thereto—we allude to the frequency with which Miss Martineau quotes from others descriptions of events, or characters of persons. The book has been described as a bunch of flowers, with nothing of the writer's but the string which ties them. To which it may be replied that the flowers which make up the unity of the whole, which blend with harmony of light and shade the accidental variety of nature, are of her own creation, as is also that band so easy to specify, so difficult to construct, by which all are connected together. What else would any reader of taste wish in the place of Sidney Smith's inimitable sketch of Lord Melbourne?

'Viscount Melbourne declared himself quite satisfied with the church as it is; but if the public had any desire to alter it, they might do as they pleased. He might have said the same thing of the monarchy, or of any other of our institutions; and there is in the declaration a permissiveness and good humour which in public men have seldom been exceeded. Carelessness, however, is but a poor imitation of genius; and the formation of a wise and well-reflected plan of Reform conduces more to the lasting fame of a Minister than that affected contempt of duty which every man sees to be mere vanity, and a vanity of no very high description. But, if the truth must be told, our Viscount is somewhat of an imposter. Everything about him seems to betoken careless desolation; any one would suppose from his manner that he was playing at chuck-farthing with human happiness; that he was always on the heel of pastime; that he would giggle away the Great Charter, and decide by the method of teetotum whether my Lords the Bishops should or should not retain their seats in the House of Lords. All this is the mere vanity of surprising, and making us believe that he can play

with kingdoms as other men can with nine-pins. Instead of this lofty nebulo, this miracle of moral and intellectual felicities, he is nothing more than a sensible honest man, who means to do his duty to the sovereign and to his country. Instead of being the ignorant man he pretends to be, before he meets the deputation of Tallow Chandlers in the morning, he sits up half the night talking with Thomas Young about melting and skimming, and then, though he has acquired knowledge enough to work off a whole vat of prime Leicestershire tallow, he pretends the next morning not to know the difference between a dip and a mould. In the same way when he has been employed reading Acts of Parliament, he would persuade you that he had been reading "Cleghorn on the Beatitudes," or "Pickler on the Nine Difficult Points." Neither can I allow to this Minister (however he may be irritated at the denial) the extreme merit of indifference to the consequences of his measures. I believe him to be conscientiously alive to all the good and evil that he is doing, and that his caution has more than once arrested the gigantic projects of the Lycurgus of the Lower House. I am sorry to hurt any man's feelings, and to brush away the magnificent fabric of levity and gaiety he has reared; but I accuse our Minister of honesty and diligence; I deny that he is either careless or rash; he is nothing more than a man of good understanding, and good principle, disguised in the eternal and somewhat wearisome affectation of a political Roué.—P. 225, Vol. II.

A book of history has an infinite charm for us, in which persons, like exquisite tapestry, are worked on a matchless web, and events delineated with the clearness of geometrical figures on a perfect plate. Dwells not Solomon's Temple all the more gorgeously in our imagination because the materials were brought from all the ends of the earth, and because the Queen of Sheba made contributions to its riches? Do we less admire the genius of the oriental architect because he made all the world tributaries to the working out of his design?

Sidney Smith was 'a man living, speaking, and preaching in those days,' says Miss Martineau, 'who could convey more wisdom in a jest, more pathos in a burlesque sketch, than other men could impress through more ordinary forms.' From his grotesque pencil she borrows a picture of a state of things before the Reform Bill passed—a picture which has yet serious application, though a somewhat different one from that of which it was capable then. We quote it for its wit and adroitness, and even present truth:—

'I put it to any man, who is himself embarked in a profession, or has sons in the same situation, if the unfair influence of boroughmongers has not perpetually thwarted him in his lawful career of ambition and professional emolument? "I have been in three general engagements at sea," said an old sailor; "I have been twice wounded; I commanded the boats when the French frigate, *Astrolabe*, was cut out so gallantly." "Then you are made a post-captain?" "No; I was very near it, but Lieutenant Thompson cut me out, as I cut out the French frigate. His father is town-clerk of the borough for which Lord F—— is member, and there my chance was finished." In the same manner, all over England, you will find great scholars rotting on curacies—brave captains starving in garrets—profound lawyers decayed and mouldering in the Inns of Court—because the parsons, warriors, and advocates of boroughmongers must be crammed to saturation before there is a morsel of bread for the man who does not sell his votes, and put his country up to auction. And, though this is of every-day occurrence, the borough system, we are told, is no practical evil. . . . But the thing I

cannot and will not bear is this—what right has this Lord or that Marquis to buy ten seats in Parliament, in the shape of boroughs, and then to make laws to govern me? And how are these masses of power re-distributed? The eldest son of my Lord has just come from Eton; he knows a good deal about Æneas and Dido, Apollo and Daphne—and this is all: and to this boy his father gives a six-hundredth part of the power of making laws, as he would give him a horse, or a double-barrelled gun. Then Vellum, the steward, is put in—an admirable man—he has raised the estates—watched the progress of the family Road and Canal Bills—and Vellum shall help to rule over the children of Israel. A neighbouring country gentleman, Mr. Plumpkin, hunts with my Lord, opens him a gate or two while the hounds are running, dines with my Lord, agrees with my Lord, wishes he could rival the Southdown sheep of my Lord—and upon Mr. Plumpkin is conferred a portion of the government. Then there is a distant relation of the same name, in the County Militia, with white teeth, who calls up the carriage at the Opera, and is always wishing O'Connell was hanged, drawn, quartered—then a barrister, who has written an article in the Quarterly, and is very likely to speak, and refute M'Culloch; and these five people, in whose nomination I have no more agency than I have in the nomination of the toll-keepers of the Bosphorus, are to make laws for me and my family—to put their hands in my purse, and to sway the future destinies of this country; and when the neighbours step in, and beg permission to say a few words before these persons are chosen, there is an universal cry of ruin, confusion, and destruction;—we have become a great people under Vellum and Plumpkin—under Vellum and Plumpkin our ships have covered the ocean—under Vellum and Plumpkin our armies have secured the strength of the Hills—to turn out Vellum and Plumpkin is not Reform but Revolution.'—P. 30, Vol. II.

Progress has come to mean the aspiration of the young, and the good, and the effort of the wise. Its interpretation and conditions, therefore, need to be carefully discussed. The clouds of vagueness with which, as a new truth, it has been surrounded, require to be cleared away. While our forefathers were reared in a state of placid contentment with their lot, and taught to regard all as their natural enemies who sought to improve it, no wonder that they formed mysterious notions of progress: and when at last the spell was broken, no wonder that they became as impatient as before they were apathetic—and apt to overlook the slowly-formed conditions, necessary to effect progress, or to see that, creatures of the past, as we all are, it is only a step in advance at a time that we are able to make. But though Progress hath a Tortoise-pace, we should be astonished at the distance we should travel in a lifetime did we not, like the headstrong hare, seek to accomplish with a bound that which nature has prescribed to us to accomplish only by measured degrees. We do not mean by this language to sanction the dilatoriness of those reformers who move so gradually that no man can see them stir. We want not our words interpreted after the fashion of him whose sense of honour had become so refined that he spent his days in absolute idleness lest he should take *advantage of time*. To prevent provoking mistakes of this species, we may as well specify that by 'measured degrees,' we mean political advancement, as far and as promptly as the convictions of the majority won by reason will go with us. We distinguish legislative from private advancement, for private progress is only to be measured by an individual standard of right.



Brightly shines the light of history on national progress. Improvements, inventions, extension of commerce, and energy of production, reflect rays of prosperity over the extent of the nation, and in the glare of projecting riches few look below, where the dark shade of humbler destiny is obscured. Grandly and nobly uprears the stalwart structures of our manufacturing greatness; but let us not be blind to the dreary fate of the many thousands who, during these Thirty Years, have wasted their days in unnoted, unavailing anxieties. In bare garrets, in cold, dirty, comfortless courts, in suffocating mills, in filthy, sooty, greasy shops, how many, in this period of legislative gratulation, have sunk into the grave, uncheered even by a better prospect for their unhappy offspring? Let those who are scandalised at the stern, unsocial, antagonistic creed of the poor, remember in what a harsh and hopeless school they have been reared! When the Falcon saw a poor Fowl escape anxiously from the hands of one who endeavoured to catch it, he reproached it with ingratitude. 'During the day,' said the Falcon, 'the men nourish you with grains—during the night, they concede you shelter where you can roost, unexposed to the inclemencies of the weather: yet in spite of all these cares, when they endeavour to catch you, you endeavour to flee from them. This is what I never do. A savage bird of prey as I am, and under no obligations to them, I assume tameness when they seek to caress me, and even eat out of their hands.' 'All that is very true which you say,' rejoined the Fowl, 'but you comprehend not the reason which makes me flee. *You have never seen a Falcon on the spit, but I have seen thousands of Fowls there.*'

While the relative condition of the rich and the poor is so much like that of Falcon and Fowl, it is the most arduous task of the advocates of friendliness and peace to reveal those dependencies, and suggest those endeavours, by which the dwellers in the lazaretto of society shall come to partake of that prosperity, which now stands out in corroding contrast in the fortunes of those whom a partial and capricious fate has favoured. The historian now tells of the vast materials for the common enjoyment which the last epoch of time has created—when will the historian arise who shall tell us that they are distributed over the whole people? We labour to hasten that day.

Probably there is no topic on which more eloquent declamation is expended than that of the fickleness and inconsistency of people. Even sanguine philanthropists have come to despair of their improvement on this account, and every year politicians by the hundreds give them up in revulsions at their ingratitude. But we think a careful perusal of the History under consideration will do much to inspire a little more confidence in continuous action—as the consummation desired is certain, though deferred. There have been periods within the last Thirty Years at which the wisest things have been said to the people—the right advice has been given to them—it has awakened rapturous enthusiasm at the time—which has apparently subsided of itself, leaving no trace of noble emotion or new action behind. The populace have returned to their former habits—supported the same tyrannies—worshipped the same pageants, neglected their best friends,

and seemed to love the rule which made them slaves, and kept them so. Viewing this, no wonder that their teachers grew discouraged; and it is only when History throws her instructive light over the nature of man that we see how mistaken were we in our fears for the success of the truth. To look so soon for the growth of wisdom, argued imperfect knowledge of the soil which the reformers in all time have had to cultivate—it was childishness, like that which Professor Maurice so aptly cites, of which the juvenile gardener is guilty who pulls up his seeds a few days after he has sown them to see whether they have grown.

Of the obtuseness of the popular intellect, evidences are always before us. There was a time when all Europe was impressed with the fallibility of every man, and yet united to hold, as an incontestible truth, the infallibility of one. The same peculiarity is illustrated on a large scale in these days. Go to whom you will, no man will pretend to personal infallibility; yet men will all their lifetime deliver opinions without the slightest reservation of their liability to error. Judging from the discouragements which appear to operate most fatally on the minds of reformers of these days, we cannot perhaps occupy a page or two more usefully than by elucidating this point at a little length. If pressgangs were sent about the country to seize and carry off every mechanic that suited them, and force him into the army, we can easily conceive what an outcry would be raised. We know what hatred was got up against Napoleon on account of the conscriptions imposed upon France. If that experiment was tried here, each man would complain loudly of being forced to brave death in the murderous battle, and the good Peace people would grow most eloquent upon the theme. Yet there is a battle going on around us, in which our manufacturing population are forced to take part—a battle far more fatal than Austerlitz or Waterloo. The deaths of mechanics and artisans in the manufacturing districts, arising from deficiency of food, clothing, and lodging, vastly exceed those which are averaged on a field of battle. It has been ascertained that the slain at the siege of Antwerp were in the proportion of one to sixty-eight; at the storming of Badajoz, one in fifty-four; at the battle of Waterloo, one in thirty. But the annual expectation of death among our working classes is far more fearful. For the Liverpool operative it is one in nineteen; for the Manchester weaver, one in seventeen; for the Sheffield grinder, one in fourteen.\* Thus our Factories are battle-fields, where men die for less than a shilling per day, eat worse dinners, wear worse coats, and are not diverted by glory.

This History of our long Peace is the history of national development and progress. As the discipline of armies subsided, the discipline of intelligence arose. Knowledge, like light, has moved over the great deeps of society, and life and verdure have begun to show themselves. Peace furnished a kind of dry land on which seed could be sown, and diversified and wonderful are the growths which have sprung up. The irregular manifestations among the people, which we have likened to the wild varieties of

\* Manifesto of the National Currency Reform Association.

nature, are far from discouraging. Political and social habits are dependent for their uniformity and harmony upon the knowledge and presence of principles. But principles are long talked of, long explained, long insisted on, before they are reduced to practice. The practice of principle is not, as seems to be commonly supposed, a mere effort of patriotism or virtue; it is the last result of intellectual culture, and of very deep culture, too. It is not alone a result of teaching, however able, but of *discipline*. When a person who has accomplished the study of certain subjects—such as Grammar or Geometry, we may even mention fine arts, such as Painting and the Drama—looks back on the ground he has passed over, he is astonished to find how few and simple are the principles at the bottom of mysteries of learning which he has expended so much courage, time, and patience in encountering. He sees that his whole proficiency consists in being able to apply certain rules over and over again with facility and precision, that is with regularity, with uniformity—in other words, to borrow a phrase from morals, with *consistency*. The young grammarian, for instance (for we will not speak without examples, and we will secure what clearness we can by taking plain cases) is early told that he must—after having noted (which is a matter of the simplest, easiest observation) that nouns have number, person, gender, and case—take care that his pronouns, which are, as the name implies, *representatives* of nouns, do represent them. This first rule of syntax is one which politicians would call one of consistency; grammarians call it one of concord or agreement. The next is of the same nature. If the subject of a sentence be singular or plural, of the first, second, or third person (again matter, not of study, but of mere observation), the verb allied to such noun or subject, and intended to express *its* action, should accord with it—or, reverting again to the language of popular debate, should be *consistent* with such intention. Grammatical ability is the observance of such consistencies as we have pointed out; grammatical error is the violation of them. The difficulty of the scholar lies, not in learning many things, for there are not many essential things to learn in the great arts or sciences, but in applying infallibly—that is *consistently*—the few fundamental principles. Readily, accurately, invariably, incessantly (for the habit, when perfect, becomes infallible and mechanical) can the accomplished student apply his rules. He is at this point consistent. It was not precept which gave him this power; it was no result of virtue; determination had little to do with it. Consistency is the child of habit, the child of discipline. But this is an important matter, the key of success in reformatory effort, and the knowledge of it essential to correct judgment of such efforts—and we will therefore illustrate it by a more intelligible example.

When a raw recruit comes for the first time before a drill-serjeant, that discerning official proceeds to inform the innocent victim of military discipline that he (the serjeant) intends to take nothing for granted. We are not so ignorant of the customs and courtesies of the army as to suppose that the serjeant in question actually gives voice to his intentions, and is absolutely so polite as to really speak a few explanatory words to the young candidate of the sword—we only mean it to be understood that what our ex-

emplar-serjeant does is equivalent to this. It may be (proceeding with our illustration) that the recruit in question is acquainted with the fact that he has two feet. This the serjeant puts to the test by desiring him to put out one of them. If this is accomplished satisfactorily he is suffered to replace it. No great intelligence is required in a soldier, as those who do not think are commonly preferred to those who do; still it is not an extravagant supposition to make that a recruit knows his left foot from his right. This, however, is not assumed. A special experiment is performed to ascertain this fact, and our candidate for a butcher's honours is commanded to produce and project his left foot. If this article is forthcoming, he is required (after having replaced it) to produce the said left foot a second time, a fourth, an eighth, in fine an almost infinite number of times, until the genius who directs the drill is satisfied that the aforesaid left leg can at a moment's notice be put in prompt, efficient, and infallible promineney. This elementary truth in military discipline, being no longer matter of theory or poetical conjecture, but matter of demonstration, the same process is tried with the right leg, which is carefully discerned, identified, and demanded after the manner pursued with the adjoining leg. When this second article of locomotion is rendered duly conscious of the presence of the serjeant, the same experiment is repeated with the man's eyes, whose two-fold existence is determined, and their separate action developed, with the same formal, precise, and painstaking care. Ultimately, after these drillings have been repeated at quick intervals for months, the whole body is united to its separate parts; and a machine is at last perfected, which can be set in motion with mathematical certainty. However Dr. Wigan may succeed in establishing the duality of the mind, the duality of the body is established in the army with very little hesitation. Why all this infinite repetition of simple acts? Military consistency is not to be attained on other terms. The future of a soldier is the repetition of given motions at the word of command; and though his motions are in themselves simple, they cannot be calculated upon until they have become a habit, mechanical and infallible. In the presence of danger or the tumult of battle he would violate the integrity of his movements unless they had actually become part of his nature. The profession of Life is not, in its dependence on natural laws, unlike the profession of Death. Art, Science, and Character are made up of simple elements; and greatness consists in the uniformity in which we follow out leading principles. And the same truth applies to the nation which applies to the individual. If we expect uniformity of progress and consistency of action, we must look for it, not as the result of sudden or accidental consciousness of the right, but as a consequence of having been shown clearly, distinctly, and frequently the essential principles of public virtue—as the consequence of these lessons having been enforced by an omnipresent repetition. The press may be regarded as the great drill-serjeant of the public, who, day by day, without intermission, in hours of business and of rest, often unseen by human eye, and unconsciously to the individual, is gradually but certainly disciplining the great army of the people in all things wise and good. We know the end will come, and we know what the end

must be ; we have only to be moderate in our expectation and incessant in our endeavours—to labour and to wait.

We pass from this book so full of instruction and suggestion, so rich in pictures and extracts, so curious in its records, and genial in its spirit, wishful that the appreciation of the people may be accordant with its unusual deserts, rewarding the genius which has created, and the enterprise which has published it.

#### ART. II.—THE QUESTION OF FOREIGN COLONISATION DEBATED.

1. *Byrne's Emigrant's Journal and Natal News.* No. I., February, 1850. London : E. Wilson.
2. *Ninth General Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners.* 1849. London : J. Saunders.
3. *Colonisation of British North America in connexion with Railways.* By WILLIAM BRIDGES. London : Baillière.

MANY there are who, amid the varied occurrences which may befall them in life, think the thought of Hamlet, 'better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.' Few such soliloquists would be found amongst the two hundred and fifty thousand individuals who, in the preceding year, were emigrants from the British Isles ; unless, indeed, we except the female portion, for there is little question that the majority of women are averse to emigration, and wives accompany their husbands because they have no choice, or only that familiarly called 'Hobson's choice'—a choice falling often to the woman's lot : 'there's not the slightest compulsion, only she must.'

The love of enterprise, dissatisfaction with present occupations, the inability to 'let well alone,' horror of creditors, domestic dissensions, disappointments in the affections, anxiety and over toil, ambition for property and independence, and, not least, the El Dorado mania—these are most prominent in the lengthened catalogue of inducements which cause men to leave their native land, and venture on the speculative enterprise of untried existence. It is of little purpose to murmur and speak contemptuously of these outgoers. Is there not one cause for the motion of the magnet and another for the growth of the mushroom ? The motive of sufficient force to induce one person to a particular course of action, is powerless and inapt to another. No man can live exactly another man's life. We follow out our individual tendencies ; and, whether blindly or sagaciously, the world's work is done, and the latent capabilities of man and nature gradually unfolded. Viewed in a political aspect, it is commonly lamented that the nation is by emigration deprived of its most valuable resources. Each individual being regarded as so much labour power able to produce more than it consumes, there needs but an equitable adjustment of laws and conditions to ameliorate those evils which are incitements to this modern expatriation ; in consonance with which exposition men are urged to remain and fight here

the battle against competition, aristocracy, and landlordism—and, in default of compliance, are stigmatised as cowards who run away from difficulty and duty, selfishly seeking only their own paltry comforts and contracted expediences. Such argument is undoubtedly very potent with those who are sanguine in the anticipation of a near future of electoral rights and provisional governments, and, with some verbal reservation, has validity and weight to those who unaffectedly and innocently believe that Britons are not and never will be slaves. But there are others who, valuing highly political reform, yet perceive various efficient modes of working for this desirable attainment—who, regarding human life in its manifold complexities and ramifications as one great whole, instinct with unceasing activity, would foster every effort which may give scope to the industrial powers of man, would encourage every attempt to reclaim the waste places of the earth, by individual as well as by combined exertions—knowing that with man, as with the elements around, each acts upon all. There is strength in union—yet some men work best alone, most thoroughly put forth their strength unyoked to any leader. It is true that much may be attained in association which it is not possible singly to achieve; the other half of the truth is indicated in the German maxim—

‘Do what is right in thine own affair,  
The rest will of itself take care.’

There are some persons, well-to-do in the world, who, when the question of the Emigration is before them, will exultingly exclaim, ‘Here or nowhere is America; the skilful and industrious will always find work as easily in this as in other countries, and bunglers, idlers, and malcontents are of no use anywhere.’ A remark so partial and insufficient may seem scarcely to be worthy of notice. Not so; it is error which attracts and demands our notice; and, of the erroneous in opinion, these fallacies of assertion, which ignore the facts of daily experience, are perhaps more prevalent than any other. There is no need to inquire far to learn that men who have here been idlers, boozers in tap-rooms, querulous, and moody, have become characters completely the opposite when placed in those new and varied conditions with which, as emigrants, they are surrounded. In truth, some of us require strange jostlings to enable us to find our true centre, to cause us to discern where most efficiently we might direct our efforts, and to further us in life with a distinct aim and a steadfast purpose of usefulness.

To this age so sorely puzzled with problems, the one now occupying the chief attention is this:—Given, so many thousands of starved and half-starved human beings, capable of working in their crafts, as weavers, miners, colliers, tailors, needlewomen, and so forth,—how best to find for these remunerative employment, so that they may have food to stay their grumbling, and be clothed and housed, duly respecting sanitary rules and regulations. Any satisfactory solution of this can only be attained when worked out simultaneously with another and a deeper problem—one less noted, because it underlies the surfaces of life and action:—Given, a society of men, women, and children,—to find just and fitting spheres for the useful development of

the special powers and capabilities of each individual. To be well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, is not human happiness the end which is desiderated? Yet many possess these requisites and are not happy. We need more than these. The child, in asking of its parent why the caged bird it tends so carefully is not happy, asks unconscious of the wide import of its question. We need freedom for the deliberate choice of action in accordance with our particular tendencies, freedom for the healthful development of our energies to genuine and profitable aims; so that the manifold endowments of men, hitherto so wasted and misapplied, may be devoted each to its distinctive end, with the prospect of exercising that fulness of endeavour which, working with cheerfulness because with spontaneousness, cannot fail of realising that good which is a permanent satisfaction.

This is the problem waiting to be solved—which must be worked out, we willing or not willing, for it is the ultimate meaning of those hopeful words ‘Order and Progress,’ now the uppermost words of the world, uttered sometimes doubtfully but ever seriously; words spoken by voices in contradiction of each other, yet only apparently so, since they are but different modes of translating the one great yearning of the human heart for the contentment of its desires; they are hopeful words, for when either is justly and thoroughly incorporated into action the two will become one. Meanwhile patience best befits us, patience and earnestness—patience to await the natural growth of thought, earnestness to discipline ourselves and to aid the culture of those around us.

In this aspect, emigration may be regarded as a natural effort of the vast complicated mass of life, which we call society, to perfect its powers, and gain for the unit what is at present denied to the whole. The effort doubtless indicates disease in the body, for those who are enjoying here that robust health of mind and frame resulting from a satisfactory employment of their capacities seek not to emigrate—it is they who cannot feel that enjoyment; and however we question the causes, the fact remains—they cannot. Then is it not best they should elsewhere seek new sources of occupation? Let them go and find in paths suited for them the blessing which ever accompanies the consciousness of useful activity. We shall not lack hands to do the work of reform at home; with a population increasing in the ratio of twelve hundred per day, there can be no reasonable fear that England will be bereaved of all her children.

The individual who has resolved to emigrate is forthwith perplexed by the question ‘whither?’ and not unfrequently the answer is given with a political bias, which is wholly inconsiderate of the motives, hopes, and capacities of the inquirer. ‘To our Colonies,’ says the man who prides himself on our glorious constitution and its *et ceteras*. ‘No,’ shouts the democrat, ‘go to the land of free government, to America, the cradle of liberty.’ Such replies are in most instances inadequate to satisfy the desires of the emigrant, and well for him if in choosing his prospective abiding place he shall study the demands which his own character may require in daily compensation for his anxieties and exertions. It is a mistake to suppose that the sole purpose, the chief end in view, must be the bettering of his external circumstances,

to be calculated in red-lined columns. Emigration is often the recreation of the tradesman with his few hundreds; of the artisan with only enough to look forward to the overplus of perhaps less than fifty or twenty pounds at the end of his voyage; of the labourer whose whole resources are invested in his passage: these have desires to escape from the *ennui* of a monotonous, unsatisfying routine of life, and their travelling tour differs from that of the *élite* in that it is unreturning. They are not without strong poetic emotions. Many an emigrant chooses America in anticipation of the freedom of the Backwoods, of enjoying the luxury of stapping in the snowy brilliance of Canadian moonlights, of gazing on the vast undulations of Prairie solitudes, or listening to the awe-inspiring thunders of the mighty Niagara. Any general view in which the individual is absorbed and lost sight of is imperfect, for the man who is not of use to himself is but a lame help to others. The welfare which begins at home is paramount: thence, as from an abiding centre, happiness is diffusive—elsewhere it is but a flitting ‘will-o’-the-wisp.’ The vicissitudes which come to a man do not at all times leave him in health. There is often unfolded the disease of a vague, insatiable longing. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. To such an one emigration is most beneficial—it opens up new relations; by the variety of objects presented to observation, the mind is diverted from disquietude, the past fades as the receding shores. It is not merely a longing, for now he is in action, in a path to pursue it. His hopes may be delusive, but the experience gained in the pursuit is invaluable—as the rich gouty patient travelling from London to Edinburgh to see the only physician who could cure him, though deceived as to the existence of the personage, yet regained his health by reason of the exertions to which his eager hopes had prompted him.

There are many men dissatisfied through causes which here they cannot escape from, whose paths are clouded with an anxious despondency which the conditions around them are inadequate to dispel, and whose native temperaments o’ermaster all ordinary stimulus; let such take heart at the assurance of ‘the wise Goethe,’ who recorded, from long, full years of many-sided experience, the deep-thought motto ‘Doubt, of any sort, is only to be removed by Action,’ and repeated elsewhere his earnest teaching in a rhythmic chant—

‘Keep not standing fixed and rooted,  
Briskly venture, briskly roam!  
Head and hand, where’er thou foot it,  
And stout heart are still at home.  
In each land the sun does visit  
Seek thy peace whate’er betide;  
To give space for wand’ring is it  
That the world was made so wide.’

And a most varied range is presented for selection, concerning which there is information in abundance, comprising instructions for procedure, commercial statistics, and descriptive catalogues of climate and scenery—the latter often ‘à la Robins.’ In general terms it may be stated that the Southern colonies are on the whole best adapted to repay the attentions of patient, quiet industry, whilst America presents a suitable field for restless competition and sagacious



enterprise. The extraordinary ebbing away of our population to other shores, upwards of one million during the last five years, cannot take place without a strong reacting tide of favourable influences in years to come, and all the resources which may be disclosed of social and political capabilities, all the advantages gained in the bearing away of English thought to distant lands, will produce results, reciprocally beneficial, results the forecasts shadows whereof prognosticate even now to the heads of our legislature the ultimate independence or the federal union of the colonies. Thus emigration, far from being considered as the impoverishment of the mother land, presents claims to be recognised as the most certain guarantee of an extended action to aid and maintain progress in the future, to plant those seed-thoughts, swelling with aspirations after freedom, in far off climes, where they will germinate in genial influences, and, having attained the firm growth of a ripe maturity, be freighted back to roof with broader span our English Homes.

#### ART. III.—THE BLUE BOOK OF THE FACTORY QUESTION.

*Half-Yearly Reports of the Inspectors of Factories.* State Paper Office. 1850.

*A Blue Book*—patient reader, know you what this is? Has it been your fate to meet with a Blue Book, or, unenviable fortune, to read a Blue Book? Have you ever been chained down to a series of Evidences and Reports on the Irish Poor Law, one and two inches thick? or a convenient selection from the arcana of the Foreign Office, or a few miles of letter-press on the Game Laws, or Smithfield Market, or Bankruptcy Law, or the affairs of New Zealand or Canada? A Blue Book is generally a huge quarto, containing two or three or four hundred pages, published by the government for the edification of members of parliament. Blue Books are official; they contain information upon all manner of subjects. They consist of reams and reams of Evidence, taken before the Committees of both Houses, of Reports from Inspectors and Commissions, of selected correspondence, between the officials of the great public offices and our colonies, and foreign governments. Generally, they are huge, monstrous, chaotic. You have to scramble through them for your opinion. They levy an enormous tax on your judgment. You ought to be gifted with sagacity, educated in the art of weighing evidence and determining its value, before you can touch a Blue Book with safety. You should be acquainted with the characters of the parties whose dicta you are sometimes called upon to accept, the worth of whose opinion is a matter of great moment in its relation to the inference you draw. You should collate and compare the chief passages. You must be wary, watchful, diligent, or a Blue Book will be the ruin of your intellectual health. There is a magic about it—a certain spell upon the page. Sometimes it is vivid with what looks like the colouring of romance, and sometimes clear and cold with what sounds amazingly like reality. Then

the astounding quantity of contradictory opinion delivered by economic, commercial, political, and other doctors is such, that the generality of smooth-sailing, innocent, guileless readers can have no idea of it. Some Blue Books are little microcosms — they contain something of everything relating to the life of man. Yet, in spite of their uncomfortable size, and other and more important drawbacks, these Blue Books are eminently useful, nay, indispensable to our system. Publicity is not only the order, but the necessity of the day.

The small volume which we have before us of 'Reports of the Inspectors of Factories,' is, in many respects, an exception to the general character of these official publications. In the first place it possesses the remarkable quality of brevity, in the second it is printed in octavo, that much-questioned size, and thirdly it is to the point, interesting and very important.

From its pages we obtain the most satisfactory proofs, not only of the beneficial working of the Ten Hours' Act, but of the justice of those complaints, with which the factory districts of Lancashire have long resounded, of the evasion of the law practised by the mill-owners. And this is not all. The operatives have been defrauded of the hours which should have been saved from the working day by the relay and shift system, while the conscientious manufacturers themselves have been subjected to unfair competition by the law-breakers.

With respect to the working of the act, we have the most distinct statements from the inspectors. Men irritated by a sense of wrong, masters irritated by a sense of endangered interests, are not in a state to give evidence which alone shall determine the public judgment. Men, therefore, will turn gladly to statements likely to be more impartial, because uninterested. Of this description is the following evidence of Mr. (Inspector) Saunders, whose district stretches from London to Yorkshire. He writes :—

'I have received repeated assurances during my recent tour that the Ten Hours' Act, when carried out so as to enable all persons to leave the mill at or before 6 p.m., has given much satisfaction to a great and an increasing majority of the more orderly and better disposed, among those for whom it was passed; and, also, among those who are only incidentally affected by it. Women, and the elder girls who take any interest in domestic duties, almost invariably answer any questions made of them, with an assurance that they would regret returning to twelve hours' or even eleven hours' work, notwithstanding the increased wages they might receive; the number of mill-occupiers who are favourable to this system is also much increased.

'In illustration of many statements made to me, I would explain what occurred at two mills recently visited. One of the occupiers of a considerable worsted and Angola spinning factory, who had entertained much apprehension as to the effect of the Act of 1847, both on trade and the comforts of the workpeople, assured me he was content to continue the present restrictions, provided the law was equally enforced on all, though he would certainly prefer eleven hours' work, adding frankly that he had no doubt, if the wishes of persons employed could be fairly ascertained, it would be found that they would strongly object to resume any hours of work which would detain them in a mill after 6 p.m. The other occurrence relates to a silk mill, in which regular night-work was carried on before 1844. In that year the Act passed which prevents women being employed at night, and for the first time res-

tricted the age at which children were to be admitted in silk-mills. Distress and serious injury were anticipated at the result of that legislation. The occupiers of the mill in question appealed against the enforcement of the law, especially in respect to night-work, which they considered would seriously affect both employers and employed. The alterations in the law to which I have alluded, as well as the ten hours' restriction, have all been faithfully carried out by the occupiers. Night-work has been, in the mill to which I now allude, wholly abandoned; and I am gratified to find, by a recent conversation with the highly-intelligent manager, who has for years had charge of the factory, that he is well satisfied the workpeople have derived considerable advantages from the protection now afforded them, and would regret any extension of the hours of work. \* \* \* Among those who have carefully watched the operation of each successive restriction, the number, I am satisfied, is now large, who would declare themselves content to work only ten hours a day, with a limit of the working-day for women, young persons, and children till six o'clock in the evening; and this, I believe, to be especially the case among mill-occupiers and managers, who can, from their own experience, compare the state and condition of the operative class under the present factory system, with their state and condition under the hours of work during which they laboured twenty years ago. Among the working classes again, there are not wanting persons who desire to work themselves, their wives, and their children, longer than ten hours, or even for unrestricted periods; but a careful investigation satisfies me, that of these last, the great majority is composed of persons insensible to any advantage to be derived from an improvement in the physical, moral, and social condition of themselves, or the class to which they belong.

It would be impossible to trace, in the working of a system but recently brought into operation, any considerable improvement in a class of persons long habituated to such labour as to preclude them from devoting any time to other pursuits. I am, however, assured, that the attendance of young persons to night schools, and the demand for garden allotments, bear powerful testimony to the advantages of a reduction in the number of working hours, and to the readiness with which the best disposed are willing to make beneficial use of the additional hours the present restriction leaves them for recreation and improvement.'—Pages 40-41.

This is not only valuable evidence but valuable opinion, worth many interminable speeches and newspaper articles one is sometimes destined to peruse. The sagacity and justice of these concluding remarks are very honourable to the inspector, as they will no doubt prove instructive both to employers and employed.

Keighley has contributed much valuable information to Mr. Inspector Saunders upon the satisfactory working of the Act in its neighbourhood—especially in the demand for 'garden allotments,' a very interesting subject. And (pp. 44-45) he expresses the gratifying opinion, 'that the operatives are fully alive to the advantages in respect to instruction obtained by the Ten Hours' Act, and seem truly grateful for the provisions made for instructing their children.' Mr. Moore, of Keighley, in a letter to the Inspector, illustrates and confirms this opinion by the following facts:—

'Prior to the Ten Hours' Act coming into force, the Mechanics' Institute was composed of 200, now it numbers about 400 members; of these 48 are males in classes, learning reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and drawing; these are nearly all connected with the factories. There are also 118

females who learn reading, writing, arithmetic, and plain sewing two nights a-week, from seven to nine o'clock. These are nearly all power-loom weavers, at various neighbouring factories; the male and female classes together number 166, or nearly one-half of the total number of the members of the Institution. None out of either of these classes were members prior to the passing of the 'Ten Hours' Act, nor would they continue in the classes henceforth were the eleven hours' system to come into operation; indeed, they arose and were formed entirely in consequence of the relaxation of the hours of labour by the Ten Hours' Act.'

On the other hand, concerning the evils of the shift system, we have testimony of similar weight and directness from Mr. Horner, who has been long known by his admirable reports, and whose assertions respecting the intentions of the Act are of greater value, as he was one of those consulted by the framers of that measure. He writes:—

'Among the operatives a very large majority, and among those whose earnings have been most reduced by the restriction, appear to be in favour of the shortened hours of labour. That feeling has evidently increased with their extended experience of the effects of the Act; and in confirmation of this there is this very significant fact, that, so far as I have learned, there has been only one petition from the workpeople in any district complaining of the Act, and praying that their hours of work may be again extended; while, on the other hand, numerous meetings have been held in various parts of the kingdom, at which petitions have been agreed to praying that the existing Act may be more generally enforced according to what the petitioners believe to be its true intent, and that the evasions of it may be put down. The one petition above referred to is that presented last session to parliament by the operatives in the employment of Messrs. Jones, Brothers, of Bedford, in Lancashire. \* \* \* The evasions referred to in the petitions of the operatives, and which constitute the grievances they complain of, are to be found in those mills which are worked more than ten hours a day, by means of shifts of young persons and women, by which system, these persons, it is maintained, while *nominal*ly working only ten hours a day, are, in fact, cut off from the chief boon conferred by the Act, namely, that restriction by which they were to obtain time for their moral and social improvement, all means of which they were deprived of, from *thirteen years of age*, while they worked twelve hours a day.

'It is contended, on the one hand, that it was the intention of those who sought, and of the legislature which passed the Factory Act of 1847, that the *working day* of young persons and women should be shortened from twelve to ten hours, in the ordinary sense of the term; that is to say, they should cease to work at the expiration of ten hours (exclusive of the time allowed to them for their meals), from their first beginning to work at the usual time before breakfast; that it never was contemplated that the relief was to be given by not employing them before breakfast, or in the middle of the day, either two hours together, or at detached intervals, amounting in the aggregate to two hours, but that the *termination of their working day* should be two hours earlier; that, under the shift system, there are instances of young persons and women who, although they are not employed at the machines more than ten hours a day, begin work at half-past five in the morning, and do not end *their working day* before half-past eight in the evening, the ordinary meal-times of the factory being half an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner: that if the Act were obeyed in those factories according to the above interpretation of it, those persons would be set free at five o'clock in the afternoon; or, as is now the case in a large proportion of the factories,

they might begin at half-past six in the morning, and leave off at six in the evening.

‘On the other hand, the mill-owners who work by shifts claim the right to employ young persons and women, either collectively or separately, at any time of the day between half-past five in the morning and half-past eight in the evening, provided the aggregate time they are actually employed in the machinery, or in other work in the factory, does not exceed ten hours within the extreme limits of the factory day; and further, that as regards the individual young persons and women employed, the intervals when he or she is not so employed (besides the meal-times), may be of such time and of such amount, and may be changed from day to day in such manner as it may suit the convenience of the mill-owner to order.

‘It is stated in the preamble to the Act of 1833, that “it is necessary that the labour of children and young persons employed in mills and factories are regulated, inasmuch as there are great numbers of children and young persons now employed in mills and factories, and their hours of labour are longer than is desirable, *due regard being had to their health and means of education.*” If the claim to employ young persons and women by shifts, in the manner above described, be sustained, the restriction to ten hours, or even to twelve hours’ work, intended to remedy the evil so described by Parliament, becomes to a great extent nugatory and delusive.’—Pages 3-6.

Mr. Horner, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Saunders have done all that could be done to suppress this unmanly system. But the ‘higher’ powers have not well seconded their efforts, and the consequence is that there is one law in Lancashire and another law in Yorkshire. It is a matter of regret, though certainly not a new feature in the history of the country, that those to whom the execution of the law has been entrusted, have so unscrupulously broken its provisions and defeated its aim.

People say that manufacturers who adopt the shift system, and magistrates who refuse to convict them for so doing, are sincere in their conduct and opinion. Perhaps they are, but we quote, in conclusion, one fact from Mr. Howell’s report, (pp. 26-7), which at least suggests a doubt on that sincerity:—

‘The Factory Act (7 Vict., c. 16, s. 28) requires that notices of the times of beginning daily work, and of the times of the day and of the amount of time allowed for meals, shall be hung up in every factory, and “shall be in the forms and according to the directions given in the Schedule C.” Now those forms and these directions, being auxiliary to the enactments contained in sections 26, 36, and 52 (which are relied on as prohibiting the working by shifts), are incompatible with any mode of working by shifts of young persons and women; and consequently any gentleman who introduces the shift system is compelled to disregard the forms and directions which by section 28 and Schedule C he is directed to follow, and in lieu thereof he substitutes some new forms for which there is no warrant in the Act of Parliament, but which are so contrived as to accommodate themselves to such peculiar modification of the shift system as it may be thought expedient to introduce into his particular factory.’

For our parts, we must confess that this palpable evasion of the notices and forms, together with the extracts we have quoted from Mr. Horner’s admirable report, are quite sufficient to settle the question. And Sir George Grey

will be guilty of great neglect if he do not obtain from one of the superior courts an authoritative decision, or pass a declaratory statute.

Like the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the working of the Factory Act has disappointed the anticipations of its adversaries, and all their prophecies, except the reduction of wages, have not come to pass. Unquestionably, the Factory Act was passed to vex the free trade party, whose leaders were opposed to it. But the Factory Act was not demanded to spite any party. It was called for by the operatives as a protection, and by their friends out of respect for humanity. The theory which will lead men the length of asserting that working men shall have no legal protection against their employers on the plea that they *can* take care of themselves, that the contract for employment is fair on both sides, that master and man stand on *level* ground, when it is a notorious fact, patent to the world and peculiarly well known to employers, that working men are at their mercy—finds its proper development in the Slave Trade. ‘Supply and demand’ is a good and true doctrine, *other things being equal*; but this condition, though vehemently demanded, is far from being supplied. In the present arrangements of society, the weak are at the mercy of the strong; and what these latter would do were the protective laws withdrawn, let the combination laws and the evasion of this Ten Hours’ Act testify.

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ART. IV.—IMPORTANCE OF THE POLISH QUESTION IN THE POLITICS OF EUROPE.

*Rewolucja i Polska.* By the POLISH DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY (Martinet.) Paris: 1850.

‘*REWOLUCJA I POLSKA*,’ or Revolution and Poland, is a class pamphlet of very great ability, issued by the Polish Democratic Society of Paris, who continue to watch ably over the destinies of their Fatherland. For a long time this Society issued a weekly paper, entitled the *Polish Democrat*. But such a questionable species of freedom of the press exists at Paris, that if any agent of a foreign Court requests the suppression of a particular and (to it) obnoxious periodical, it is done. The Russian Ambassador sent in a requisition to the French government respecting the *Polish Democrat*, and it was suppressed accordingly. The Poles, therefore, lost their weekly organ, and they have since had recourse to the only mode of publication left them, that of the pamphlet, which form is not liable to be put down, as is the case with the periodical. They therefore limit themselves to the issuing of a pamphlet irregularly; confine it to one principal topic, and give to each pamphlet a new name. The first appeared under the title of *Prawo a Wiara*, ‘Right and Faith;’ the third bore the watchword *Prawda a Praca*, ‘With Truth and Labour.’ The second was ‘Revolution and Poland,’ the one placed at the head of this article. It is the production of one of their leading writers, the same who was the author of an able paper on the ‘Importance of the Polish Question,’ in No. 5 or 6 of Mazzini’s Review, the *Italia del Popolo*.

In accordance with our chosen mode of treatment, we shall proceed to give an impartial exposition of this work, that the English public may have an opportunity of knowing what the Polish Leaders have to say for themselves.

A Muscovite Tsar, in the sixteenth century, calling himself a descendant of the Roman emperor, Octavius Augustus, boasted his consequent superiority over all the other European monarchs.\* Three centuries have elapsed since that time, several dynasties passed by, one after the other, and yet the boast of the barbarian, of whom the world knew but little, has not disappeared with his race—has not died away with the Szuiskis in a Polish dungeon,† but survived all the dynastic poisons, all their axes and halberds, and the Russianised Holstein Gotorp still continues to be a Roman descendant, as was the Vareghian or Norman Ruryk. This apparently singular, obstinate consistency, is it derived from the personal views of the reigning Tsars, or from the depth of a political system? To this question we answer, *from neither*. Whosoever has occupied the Muscovite throne, whether man or woman, whether an Ivan or a Fiedor, whether the sanctimonious Elizabeth or the sanguinary and obscene Catherine, the impetuous Paul or the obsequious but perverse Alexander, each of them has pursued the same trodden path. The rationality of the Muscovite policy only began from Peter I.; still no change, either before or after him, can be perceived, either in the policy or in the rule. In vain do several centuries separate the *Opallies*‡ of Ivan from the regime of Nicholas—they are as twins, and history will proclaim them to be one and the same. It is, therefore, neither the consequence of personal disposition, nor the result of political calculation, but it is an animal instinct, thirsting to perpetrate cruelties at home, and greedy for conquest abroad: the aggressive idea of a Norman pirate, blended with the inclination of a rapacious Mongol: in a word it is *Muscovism*—it is as old as Muscovy herself. Peter I. did but found it in his Will—reduce it to system—infuse into it the invincible energy of discipline—and point to the end, while he provided the means.

If the Muscovite people would occupy that place among the European nations towards which their autocrats seem to aspire, they must first get rid of the rust which has corroded their Slavonic element; they must wash away the encrustation which has for centuries covered them, in the pure spring of brotherhood, and, as purified Slavonians, they must at the baptismal font of Freedom, for ever renounce the tempter Satan; until that shall be done, the instinct, the idea, which has, and still rules over it—the old Muscovism, will remain the truest definition of despotism, the antithesis

\* *Ivan II.*, called the *Cruel*, from 1463-1505.

† On the 28th of October, 1611, the Tsar *Szuiski*, with his two brothers, were brought to Warsaw as prisoners, taken in Moscow.

‡ *Ivan the Cruel*, Tsar of Muscovy, gave the name of *Opall* to each massacre which he himself ordered to be perpetrated, believing it to be necessary for the purification of the people. He regaled his nation with six such massacres.

of every individual, social, political, and religious liberty; hence the mortal enemy of civilisation and progress.

So great a terror has advancing democracy, the champion of enlightenment, struck into the souls of the absolutists, that they have gone over to the prince of darkness; they have donned the uniform of the Muscovite, taken their stand in his ranks, and they are now, without respect to time, place, and appearances, Muscovites body and soul. This act is their condemnation.

As in Poland the Targowica,\* of odious memory, betrayed itself and its country, so does this general Targowica belie *itself* and betray *Europe*. The abettors of the European Targowica, those passive tools of governments, victims of their own timidity and of the craft of their leaders, delude themselves with the hope that after having coerced democracy, they will enter into a compact with victorious absolutism, and be enabled to obtain something or other for the individual advantage of their nation. What madness and blindness! A runaway prisoner when re-taken is never placed in a less severe confinement than he was before his attempted escape. The old political and social order of things has everywhere shown itself powerless. The Tsar does not dream about the reinvigoration of the old system, but holds in readiness the organisation of a new order of things. The present oppression, that horrid military terrorism, and those courts-martial, the blood and tears daily shed, are but slight foretellings, small, scarcely perceivable indexes of a state not yet known nor defined, which Muscovism and the reaction are preparing for Europe.

And what can we expect but revolution? Monarchy, the ally, must share the fate of Muscovism. The individuality of governments is gone. They have become the Tsar's lieutenancies. Their apparent quarrels, cabinet dissensions, and mutual threatenings, are but the pretexts, the means of carrying out their common views. The Austrians will not come to blows with the Prussians on account of German supremacy, for he whom Muscovism shall appoint, will be the ruler of Germany. Diplomatic meetings and congresses are but councils of War in the Muscovite camp, and the elections and the verbosity of the monarchical parliaments, are but toys and playthings for demented grown-up children, tolerated as the mere employment of an hour of harmless opposition, until the schoolmaster shall, rod in hand, enter the school-room to give them a *real* lesson.

The question is, will the nations of Europe submit to the chastisement prepared for them?—a chastisement involving the overthrow of democratic institutions, even of the weakest kind—a chastisement whose aim is the destruction, not only of the principles of liberty and progress, but of their

\* *Targowica* (Targovitsa) was called a confederation, and was formed on the 24th of May, 1792, in a town of that name, in opposition to the national party; but as this confederation was not strong enough for the task, they called for Muscovite assistance, which Catherine II. willingly granted, just as Nicholas did last year in favour of Austria against Hungary. The King of Poland, Stanislaus Augustus, himself adhered to this confederation.



advocates? It is not altogether Quixotism which leads Mr. Urquhart, the gentlemen who, as a witty journalist said, was elected to 'speak at Lord Palmerston's head,' to attack the power and aims of Russia. There is a reality at the bottom of his inveterate antagonism. Muscovism is to the nineteenth what Mahommedanism was to the seventeenth century. Its aim is Europe. We may, we must hurl it back, or revolutionise its elements. There is no fear for the result; but the danger, in the interim, is still as dark, lowering, and portentous. When the tempest bursts upon us, it will none the less direct its energies to overthrow the whole edifice of Western civilisation. And yet it is with this threatening foe that the monarchs of the continent and their tools make common cause! They do not, or will not, see that their own existence, independence, and integrity are at stake, as well as ours.

There is no other option: either the democratic or the absolutist co-equestration. The first implies a fraternal distribution of social and national rights—the other a general confiscation in behalf of the present rulers. Should the reactionary abettors succeed in preventing the first, they would themselves very soon feel upon their necks all the weight of the second; and in due time receiving the usual reward of traitors, they would be obliged, by the stick and the knout, to heap upon the common grave of the Peoples an enormous sepulchral mound, on which the flag of Muscovism could be hoisted, so that it might be seen in every corner of Europe, as a warning and menace.

Yet, before that takes place, Europe is threatened with a universal cataclysm, a cataclysm destined either to swallow up civilisation or absolutism. The Tsar knows it; all the other crowned bailiffs know it too: they are all cognisant of the unavoidable, fatal necessity, namely, that one of those two elements must be the destructive agent of the other—a necessity which the democratic party neither felt nor conceived. The watchword of order, and the pre-preservation of the peace of Europe is, by the madness of the conservative and reactionary party, become most dangerous to the peace of Europe. Egotists, adventurers, men of no political opinion, the timid and time-serving, have fled for shelter from imagined evils, beneath the shield of force. They wish to avoid war, and to procure their wish they band with the principle of war itself—the Muscovite; they wish to avoid conflict, and they unite with the only power to whom peace is certain death—Russia. And what does absolutism care for the vast majority of the reactionary party? nothing. All it wants is to crush democracy, no matter by what means; yet while collecting its forces for an open struggle, it would much prefer, Jesuit-like, stabbing it in the dark.

As there are now in Europe two elements only, Democracy and Muscovism, as all which apparently separated and still separates them, must be absorbed by the one or the other; there is, therefore, no other alternative for the nations but either to prepare for a united, open, decisive and definite struggle, with the full hope, nay, with the certainty of triumph—or separately, as heretofore, to expose themselves to insidious attacks, which are the assassinations of states and Peoples.

The moral and physical world has special medicines for each malady, for each evil; the great thing is to detect and apply the proper remedy: and Muscovism, being identical with reaction, has done a negative service to democracy, by making it evident that the remedy against associated absolutism, is the reciprocal liability, the holy alliance of nations.

Now, Muscovism having attracted, absorbed, and substantiated in itself all the absolutist elements of Europe—all that is progressive, all who claim social rights, who breathe the sentiment of human dignity, who aspire for nationality, who long for a real, lasting order and peace, all who have understood the point of the question, must, by the mere effect of its weight, act reversely, and for that purpose group around the standard of democracy, which in its faith and from its principles neither *desires* nor *can* become Muscovism.

The ideal of *reciprocal liability* among the nations (*solidarité des peuples*), strikes deeper and deeper root every day into the public conscience; and the reciprocal liability of nations means war against Muscovism. Now if this war is to be triumphant, and the fruits of the triumph to be rendered durable and advantageous, it cannot be otherwise obtained but by—*Poland's independence*.

For what is the object of the democratic and progressive party? It is the political and social emancipation of every people. And what are the obstacles that each nation has to overcome? They are the dead weight of its own government leagued against democratic development, with governments and reactions of other countries, and behind them *Muscovy arranged as their reserve*, forming their basis of action, and the main force ready to give the final blow to the political emancipation of Europe. Hence opposition to Muscovism, at home and abroad, becomes the common policy in self-defence for European democracy.

But Muscovism, settled as it is in Poland, has an open field for its sallies. To the right or to the left, towards the east or to the west, everywhere it will be in time to uphold all tyranny, and to extinguish every spark of freedom. The European governments are but its advanced posts—the reactionary parties in the different cabinets and parliaments, but its patrols and sentinels; they are the spies of its camp sent out for information. On whatever spot it may be defeated or victorious, it will always return to Poland—like a garrison to a fortress, like a beast of prey to his den—either to recruit an exhausted army, or revel in the spoils it has captured.

But this impending danger is not all. Muscovism being, through the medium of Poland, in direct contact with Europe, winds up and directs all the wheels and springs of the reactionary engine. Strongly established on the Polish territory, it circumscribes all the nations with an odious and formidable, though invisible tissue of intrigues, of discords, of faction and anarchy. In the present political condition of Europe, as long as the Muscovite remains in Poland, not only will the definite triumph of progress with order be impossible—not only will all the movements, all the reforms and ameliorations, hypocritically conceded, be indeed but as dreams and delu-

sions, a Penelope's web, woven by day and unwoven by night; but none of the continental nations, great or small, powerful or weak, will be able to arrive at a settled organisation, or come to a normal recognition of its consciousness and will, for the Muscovite nightmare oppresses and strangles them all, either directly or indirectly, openly or covertly; and as long as Muscovy occupies Poland, there will never be a normal organisation, no durable reform or amelioration, no fundamental liberty, no political or individual security, in continental Europe, and, what is perhaps the most important to aristocracies like ours, no possibility of that peace for which our financial reformers are striving.

As marshes cannot be dried up without cutting the afflux of the waters, neither can Europe emancipate or secure herself but through the *independence of Poland*. The Polish question is the heel of Achilles, both to Muscovism and to the reaction; and the political practicability of democratic progress depends, in a great degree, upon the conception and application of this truth.

In moments decisive to mankind, it sometimes happens that a certain instinct of salvation, a certain *clairvoyance*, so to speak, suddenly enlightens the masses, or individuals, more than the most cunning calculations of daily precaution. In the first case, namely, the enlightenment of the masses, history denominates this clairvoyance *an heroic epoch of nations*; in the other, *the genius of a great man*. And there was more logic in that outcry for 'war against Russia and independence for Poland!' which arose in France and elsewhere immediately after the revolution of February, than statesmen or politicians seem inclined to admit.

But Poland must not depend on foreign aid. As she lost her independence by the faults of her own nobles, so she must regain it by the heroism of her own people. For, political truth, actual practice, and historical examples, prove that no subjugated nation ever relieved itself from its thralldom without an initiation of its own, without its own efforts and labours. No external influence can ever revive a soulless mass, it will but make use of it in some way or other, or annihilate it. When you purpose to assist somebody, you presuppose in him some vitality, for a lifeless thing needs not your assistance—you can only dispose of it. The beginning or resuscitation of the moral organisation of nations, is never the fruit of an extraneous power; it must independently germinate from the soil on which it is destined to live and to act, or it will not germinate at all.

If Poland were to remain passive, and reaction arrest progress, that would not only be the wasting of a proper time, which never can be recovered, but it would likewise be the repudiation of a national past, consecrated by so many sacrifices and sufferings—a disregard for the memorable watchword, '*Poland is not yet lost*;' but it would also be a sacrilegious profanation of the memory of their ancestors, suicidal to themselves and future generations.

And should European progress triumph without the Poles, without them also would their fate be decided, as of a people offering no guarantee of the competency of fulfilling their national mission. And such being the case

they would, as heretofore, become a prey, sacrificed for material remuneration, and a dominion to satiate that appetite for rule, from which nations as well as governments are not free.

Finally, in the third and last supposition, namely, if both parties, either from extenuation or from any other cause, should abandon the question without resolving it—if France should remain a republic, Tsarism what it now is, and other governments continue to be what they at present are, namely, a most extraordinarily piebald mixture—if democratic progress should vanish amidst unaccomplishable concessions and transactions, the fate of the Poles then would not be the less horrible. Poland, quartered as she now is, and continuing under the yoke of the same foes, would be plundered in emulation and envy, a hundred times more cruelly and violently than ever, of all that yet remains of her; they would phlebotomise her every vein, and infuse foreign blood. Germanism and Muscovism are never satisfied with the mere possession of slaves, they want them to be Germans and Muscovites as well. Whichever hypothesis, the inertness and passivity of the Poles would be high treason committed against their fatherland, and of the utmost moral and material danger. The cause of progress requires the arm of Poland—but of Poland, independently risen, or none at all. Only on a Polish battle-field, in a Polish war, can Muscovism fall—only in consequence of such a war can the reaction breathe its last; and in this Polish war, the Poles must form its kernel and its main army. Napoleon, when master of continental Europe, buried in the Muscovite snows half a million of soldiers. And the Polish insurrection of 1830, an insurrection of the so-called kingdom only, therefore only of a fraction of the country, in despite of so many military and administrative blunders, despite of incapacity and treason on the part of the chiefs, nearly swallowed up the whole power of the Tsarat. What was the reason of such a striking difference in the result of these two events, bearing in mind the amount of genius, and of the enormous disproportion of forces and of means, as well as the prestige of a glory acquired for nearly twenty years of continual victories, in the first? The reason was this:—Napoleon's expedition being pushed beyond the frontiers of ancient Poland into the interior of Russia, transformed the war into a national Muscovite struggle, and the French were to the Muscovites what the Muscovites and Germans are now to the Poles: it was nothing but a French war, in which the Frenchmen did not support the Poles, but the Poles the Frenchmen; there was a complete want of that moral enthusiasm which frequently accomplishes wonders, destroys the nicest calculations, and vanquishes obstacles too powerful for ordinary means.

Poland should be the frontier of continental civilisation: in the hands of Russia it is the fortress of continental barbarism. Poland should be the garrison of European liberty: in the hands of Russia it is the camp of European slavery. From the plains of Poland marched those enormous armies which crushed Hungarian liberty. On the frontiers of Poland hover those disciplined hordes who threaten German unity. These are considerations which should breed wholesome reflections in the minds of every English-

man. We have only sympathised with Poland; our aristocracy, let them say what they may, suffered her to be divided among the crowned spoliators of Northern Europe. The day may come when England in her need may curse that destiny which made her the passive accomplice in the suppression of a great, a brave, a generous nation. But while we have an irresponsible and hereditary aristocracy, so long will our foreign policy consist of secret and obsequious assistance to the orgies of absolutism; so long will a war for national independence, like that of Hungary, be called in the Queen's Speech a '*civil war*;' and in the diplomatic note a '*rebellion*;' so long shall we, a reputedly free people, be made to aid and assist the enslavers of men.

In treating of this Polish cause we have endeavoured to treat it as it should be treated, that is, present it from a Polish point of view. The Polish writers identify the politics of all the continental governments with the hateful policy of Russia, and show that, between that policy and the principles of democracy there can be no permanent peace: they point out the means of overthrowing that policy and ensuring that peace in the federation of nations for civil and commercial purposes and individual growth; they distinctly mark out the importance of Poland, both to absolutism and freedom, to the former as a vast station for a predatory garrison, which threatens western civilisation; to the latter as a curb to the influx of barbarism; and they give as their opinion that to be effectual, Poland must win her independence by her own energy, and the protection of those nations who are free. Sooner or later a struggle must arise between Europe and Russia, or rather democracy and Muscovism, and we ask our countrymen to reflect on the views we have expounded, so that they may not be unprepared to decide whether or no they will acknowledge the knout, the bayonet, and the halter, as the best means of government—a military despotism as the end of civilisation, and the spoliators of Poland as the incarnations of Wisdom, Goodness, and Justice.

## ART. V.—LITERATURE OF AMERICAN INDIVIDUALITY.

1. *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.* By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Munroe. London: Chapman. 1849.
2. *Æsthetic Papers.* Edited by ELIZABETH PEABODY. Art. X. Resistance to Civil Government: a Lecture, delivered in 1847, by H. D. Thoreau. Boston. (Sold by Chapman.) 1849.

SINCERE autobiographies are always interesting, especially when they are rich in experiences that are important to many. But there is a species of literature which may be regarded as the flower of autobiography, in which the author takes some passage of his life or studies as a text, and illustrates it with all the varied life-lore that is suggested by the incidents; breathing to the ear of his fellows, not a circumstantial narrative of his every deed, but the essence of wisdom which they bequeathed in departing. While maintaining a quiet reserve upon his own inward conflicts, the author may here give free utterance to all the deep spiritual beauty which these have developed in him, and thereby communicate to those of kindred experience, all the chiefest realities of his life, without the aid of a picture alphabet.

Of this Literature of Individuality, New England has recently produced several remarkable specimens. Besides the writings of Emerson, so widely known as the very Prophet of Individuality, there are the musical and literary criticisms of John S. Dwight, which appeared in the *Dial*, the *Harbinger*, &c., but whose unusual merit ought to procure, for the chief of them, a separate re-publication; the 'Letters from New York' of Mrs. Child, the Poems and the 'Conversations on the Old Poets' of J. R. Lowell, and the 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' and 'Summer on the Lakes,' of Margaret Fuller. These writers belong to the Literature of Individuality in a double sense. Not only do they reveal to us some of the highest secrets of individual being, but they vindicate the rights of individual being; they elevate the idea of Individuality from the rank of a sentiment or a whim to the dignity of a principle. Perhaps it is incumbent on us to explain *what* principle: the definition may be thus attempted. All human problems can only be tried by human consciousness and human experience; and the heights or depths to which these may extend, can only be known to each human being through his own individual capabilities of entering into them. He need not necessarily deny the truth of others' beliefs because they are not also his; but he considers that from his own beliefs alone is he bound to act. He brings to the light of an intelligent conscience and a conscientious intelligence, all the problems of life, Infallible Authority among the rest, and while he thankfully accepts the testimonies of others' minds and distant ages as invaluable aids, he does not allow any of them to usurp the sovereignty of his own spirit. That, he regards as a trust too sacred to be parted with to any one, even the most revered, living or dead.

We do not, of course, mean to assert that any one fulfils this ideal unfliningly. Any attempt at fulfilling it at all could only be made by men and women of unusual moral vigour. It will, therefore, not appear surprising that several

short-comings are noticeable in our above-named authors. Mr. Dwight, for instance, occasionally bends too low in his admiration of Fourier, in whom he tolerates defects which his otherwise pure moral taste would probably lead him to censure if he found them elsewhere. But his contributions to the Literature of Individuality are very valuable, especially his unfoldings of the grand ethical and social truths which speak to the inmost heart of the reformer in the sounds of true Music, particularly in that of Beethoven. Mrs. Child bears witness to spiritual and moral beauty, both in nature's free grandeur and amid humanity's downtrodden frailties, in a spirit of elastic hopefulness which will take no refusal from fate, when the demand is just. J. R. Lowell's Poems and 'Conversations' contain inspired glances into the Eleusinia of Art, and exquisite revealings of spiritual beauty, combined with a good, healthy, earnest interest in the politics of the day as *our* portion of the lessons of the ages. Miss Fuller has written much, but perhaps her best work is her 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' which is one of the most valuable revelations ever made of the Individuality of Woman. She takes the highest ground at once, and thus avoids much unnecessary trouble. She considers the *rights* of woman as simply co-ordinate with the *mights* of woman, and wishes these might be tested by experience. Her book lacks systematic order, and is, therefore, less useful as a manual of reference than it might have been; but it is invaluable as one of the most remarkable 'among the throng of symptoms which denote the present tendency to a crisis in the life of woman, which resembles the change from girlhood, with its beautiful instincts but unharmonised thoughts, its blind pupillage and restless seeking, to self-possession, wise, and graceful womanhood.' It may be added that all these writers belong to different schools of thought and action; but they are all similar in one respect—that while they discard, more or less, the usual formulas of belief and society, they do not revere the less, but rather the more, all that is worthy of reverence. Their estimation of the revelations of the past is a grateful one; but their faith in the revelations of the present is no less earnest. And this strong, vital faith in the Present, united with unusual power of thought and integrity of character, gives their writings a deep charm for all those who would study the problems of to-day in their deepest significance and freest aspect.

Among this class of individuals (if the paradox may be employed), a high rank is due to the author of the works placed at the head of this article. Readers of Emerson's quondam Quarterly, the *Dial*, will recognise in Mr. Thoreau the H. D. T. who contributed so many valuable articles to that periodical, and who is introduced by Emerson (in No. 9) as 'a near neighbour and friend of ours, dear also to the Muses—a native and an inhabitant of the town of Concord.' The 'Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,' is the record of an excursion made by Mr. Thoreau and his brother in 1839. The writer describes the scenery of his voyage with the vividness of a painter, and the scrutiny of a naturalist. He seems quite at home among birds, beasts, fishes, and plants, whose forms and movements he follows with the eye of a friend; and he possesses the art of conveying the peculiar spirit of a landscape, which he frequently does, with much grace and

power—an art which a mere observer of details often lacks. But Mr. Thoreau has a gift beyond this. Every object seen is, with him, an element in a higher vision. The infinity of meaning that dwells in everything existent, is visible to him. In the forest he beholds 'the uprightness of the pines and maples asserting the ancient rectitude and vigour of nature' (p. 177). The clear morning atmosphere, beautifying the landscape, suggests to him the inquiry, 'Why should not our whole life and its scenery be thus fair and distinct?' (p. 50.) And these thoughts fall from him not as moral lessons, tacked on, fringe-like, but as the natural hints which ever arise in those souls to whom nothing is profane, but to whom the whole universe perpetually chants sublime utterances of the divinest ethics. To such souls, Life and Thought continually inter-act. Their thoughts are ever giving birth to free deeds, and their deeds are ever receiving impulse and sustenance from matured thought. To them, joy and sorrow, life and death, are equally welcome and sacred: they are, in truth, our 'representative men,' the elect of human-kind.

An additional element of interest, in this work, is afforded by the occasional digressions, which are, in fact, essays, not unworthy to stand beside those of Emerson himself. Those on Eastern Literature, on Christianity, on Poetry, and especially the exquisite Essay on Friendship, would of themselves make the book valuable. Among these essays, and also among the poems scattered profusely through the volume, will be found some reprints from Mr. Thoreau's writings in the *Dial*.

It should be mentioned that our author's ideas on theology are ultra-heretical. The essay on Christianity is an expression of the freest Pantheism. It is very original, sarcastic, pathetic, and reverential. If any one marvel how these qualities may be combined, let him read the essay. Mr. Thoreau's language on this and other topics is sometimes rather random, a defect unworthy of one who usually displays such keen justness of thought. This random manner is especially visible in some expressions which show our author to be tinged with that contempt of politics which Emerson describes, in his Lectures on the Times, as characterising the Transcendentalists. These persons forget that if honest men will persist in abandoning political action to knaves and fools, they may not be held wholly guiltless of the knavery and folly perpetrated in consequence. Philosophers and artists, *may*, doubtless, be worthily occupied to a degree which precludes them from political action; but it is not therefore necessary that they should despise such action. Indifference to that which so largely influences the fates of so many of our fellow-beings, always bears a tinge of selfishness. We are, therefore, especially pleased to see Mr. Thoreau's Lecture on 'Resistance to Civil Government,' delivered in 1847, and published in Miss Peabody's interesting volume of 'Æsthetic Papers.' The manly tone of this lecture rings on the ear. As it is not likely to be much known in England, we give the following extracts, premising that it ought to be read as a whole to be thoroughly appreciated.

'How does it become a man to behave toward this American government to-day? I answer that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it.



I cannot for an instant recognise that political organisation as my government which is the *slave's* government also. . . . All machines have their friction; but when the friction comes to have its machine, and oppression and robbery are organised, I say, let us not have such a machine any longer. In other words, when a sixth of the population of a nation which has undertaken to be the refuge of liberty are slaves, and a whole country is unjustly overrun and conquered by a foreign army, and subjected to military law, I think that it is not too soon for honest men to rebel and revolutionise. What makes this duty the more urgent is the fact, that the country so overrun is not our own, but ours is the invading army.'

'It is not a man's duty, as a matter of course, to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous wrong; he may still properly have other concerns to engage him; but it is his duty, at least, to wash his hands of it, and if he gives it no thought longer, not to give it practically his support. If I devote myself to other pursuits and contemplations, I must first see, at least, that I do not pursue them sitting upon another man's shoulders. I must get off him first, that he may pursue his contemplations too.'—'I meet this American government, or its representative the State government, directly, and face to face, once a year, no more, in the person of its tax-gatherer: this is the only mode in which a man situated as I am necessarily meets it; and it then says distinctly, Recognise me; and the simplest, the most effectual, and, in the present posture of affairs, the indispensable mode of treating with it on this head, of expressing your little satisfaction with and love for it, is to deny it then. . . . I know this well, that if 1000, if 100, if ten men whom I could name—if ten *honest* men only—aye, if one HONEST man, in this State of Massachusetts, *ceasing to hold slaves*, were actually to withdraw from this copartnership [that of tax-gatherers with the Government], and be locked up in the county gaol therefor, it would be the abolition of slavery in America.'—'Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison. The proper place to-day, the only place which Massachusetts has provided for her freer and less desponding spirits, is in her prisons, to be put out and locked out of the State by her own act, as they have already put themselves out by their principles. It is there that the fugitive slave, and the Mexican prisoner on parole, and the Indian come to plead the wrongs of his race, should find them; on that separate, but more free and honourable ground, where the State places those who are not *with* her but *against* her—the only house in a slave-state in which a free man can abide with honour. Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence. A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its whole weight. If the alternative is to keep all just men in prison, or give up war and slavery, the State will not hesitate which to choose. If one thousand men were not to pay their tax bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood. This is, in fact, the definition of a peaceable revolution, if any such is possible. If the tax-gatherer, or any other public officer, asks me, as one has done, "But what shall I do?" my answer is, "If you really wish to do anything, resign your office." When the subject has refused allegiance and the officer has resigned his office, the revolution is accomplished. But even suppose blood should flow. Is there not a sort of blood shed when the conscience is wounded? Through this wound a man's real manhood and immortality flow out, and he bleeds to an everlasting death. I see this blood flowing now.'—*Æsthetic Papers*, pp. 192-200.

It should be added that Mr. Thoreau carries out his own principle in action. He says he 'has paid no poll-tax for six years;' and he gives a

graceful and genial account (appended to the lecture) of the imprisonment which once followed his non-payment.

Now let us follow our hero to his home, and dismiss him in the calm light of a Concord sunset.

'As it grew later in the afternoon, and we rowed leisurely up the gentle stream, shut in between fragrant and blooming banks, where we had first pitched our tent, and drew nearer to the fields where our lives had passed, we seemed to detect the hues of our native sky in the south-west horizon. The sun was just setting behind the edge of a wooded hill, so rich a sunset as would never have ended but for some reason unknown to men, and to be marked with richer colours than ordinary in the scroll of time. Though the shadows of the hills were beginning to steal over the stream, the whole river valley undulated with mild light, purer and more memorable than the noon. For so day bids farewell even to solitary vales uninhabited by man. Two blue-herons, *ardea herodias*, with their long and slender limbs relieved against the sky, were seen travelling high over our heads—their lofty and silent flight, as they were wending their way at evening, surely not to alight in any marsh on the earth's surface, but, perchance, on the other side of our atmosphere, a symbol for the ages to study, whether impressed upon the sky, or sculptured amid the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Bound to some northern meadow, they held on their stately, stationary flight, like the storks in the picture, and disappeared at length behind the clouds. Dense flocks of blackbirds were winging their way along the river's course, as if on a short evening pilgrimage to some shrine of theirs, or to celebrate so fair a sunset. The sun-setting presumed all men at leisure, and in a contemplative mood, but the farmer's boy only whistled the more thoughtfully as he drove his cows home from pasture, and the teamster refrained from cracking his whip, and guided his team with a subdued voice. The last vestiges of daylight at length disappeared, and as we rowed silently along with our backs toward home through the darkness, only a few stars being visible, we had little to say, but sat absorbed in thought, or in silence listened to the monotonous sounds of our oars, a sort of rudimental music, suitable for the ear of Night and the acoustics of her dimly-lighted halls;

*Pulsæ referunt ad sidera valles,*

and the valleys echoed the sound to the stars.'

## ART. VI.—ANCIENT AND MODERN NOTIONS OF DEMOCRACY.

1. *De L'Esprit des Loix.* Par MONTESQUIEU. Paris. 1849.

2. *M. Guizot on Democracy, Oligarchy, and Monarchy.* By C. LÆLIUS. C. FOX. 1849.

It is now above one hundred years since Montesquieu published his admirable book on the 'Spirit of Laws.' What was then written by one of the greatest philosophers of history, we may safely assume, fairly represented the public opinions of the age. Cool, enlightened, penetrating, a man of great modesty, of profound scholarship, deep thought, and no little daring, Montesquieu, after a life of study, gave his famous book to the world. We may, then, take it as an authority, and cite it as evidence. It marks a resting-place in the march of opinion, it registers a status in the ideas of men; it formulates the conclusions which an age, renowned for criticism, drew from history, and it lays down those conclusions, in the form of principles, with the confidence of that school who believe that the experience of the past is the storehouse of wisdom, and Antiquity the Recording Angel of human possibility. Far be it from us to despise the past. We say, with Chateaubriand, 'let us respect the majesty of time' and the ages, gone for ever, in which our ancestors lived and acted. Montesquieu had a perfect right to take the past for his guide, and woe unto us if we neglect its voice of warning. But to accept the warning and despise the encouragements of the past, to revere it, and to copy it, are very different things. This age cannot safely neglect the former, and it would be useless to attempt the latter. That there is nothing new under the sun, is a proposition which we readily admit—but we must say in what sense. There are no new elements, but there are new combinations. The great musicians of the world have discovered no new notes; the great painters of the world have discovered no new colours; but the products of each are new. The truths of mathematical science are but developments of first principles, which principles can be applied in a myriad different ways. A musician, writing the history of the laws of music, would be held insane who should contend that there can be no new air, no new operas, no new oratorios, composed. Painting is not defunct; mathematics are not exhausted. And if these sciences, the discoveries of man, are far from bounded, how much less so are those sciences which pertain to man himself, to the development of his faculties, to his possible elevation, and the harmonious blending of the many various races into one family? Yet the deductions of Montesquieu from the histories of antiquity, respecting democracy, are obviously made upon the principle that political experiment in that direction reached its limit in the so-called republics of Greece and Rome, and that, from the histories of those two nations, the character of democracy can be accurately drawn. The extent to which the conception of democracy as a form of government had gone in the eighteenth century, is thus made manifest. Democracy, in an age pre-eminently monarchical, was naturally held to be a

failure, even by that philosopher who has so impartially criticised the political conditions and operations of the great states of antiquity. But were these states democratically constituted—were they not democratic aristocracies, supported on the most criminal basis, the basis of slavery? Are not the Southern States of the American federation the nearest approach in form and principle to the best of the Grecian governments—*minus* their genius, their aspirations, and their glory? And what man, having a regard for truth, will say that these Southern States are essentially democratic? The best we can say of them is, that they are democratic aristocracies.

New, the theory of democracy which Montesquieu develops, consists of deductions from the practice of antiquity; and what we have to inquire is, whether the modern theory, as theory simply, is any advance upon that of Montesquieu.

According to him, a democracy is that form of government under which the sovereign power resides in the people, who nominate their own ministers. So far so good. But he also asserts that election *by lot* is natural to democracy; that its duration depends upon the manner in which it is divided into *classes*, and upon whom the suffrage is conferred; that public voting ought to be regarded as a fundamental law in a democratic state, also that the people alone should make the laws—the meaning of this being that they should make them, not as we understand the term by representation, but by direct voting in a constituent assembly of the whole people. Quoting Aristotle, he decides that it was only when the state *became* corrupt that the artisans acquired the right of citizenship, from which, in a true republic, they would be carefully excluded. What we understand in these days by the working classes were in those days public slaves. Add to this, sumptuary laws, a small territory (without which condition 'it is impossible that a republic can subsist') and you have the idea which Montesquieu formed of the democratic republic in his day. It may be resumed thus:—Liberty for all, except the slaves; suffrage for all, except the slaves; the chance for some kind of magistrature for all, except the slaves. Take away the exception, and even then the description, in most essential particulars, is still too narrow for the modern idea. Too narrow! We unhesitatingly say that the oligarchical rule under which we have the honour of living here in England is—in spite of all their glory, their patriotism, their sages, their soldiers, their poets, and their philosophers—a nobler, more democratic and progressive government than those grand aristocracies of ancient times. We have, at least, got rid of one kind of slavery, and, in theory, every man is free.

But the doctrines of modern democracy resemble the historical conclusions of Montesquieu only in two points: the great axiom from which all else follows, the sovereignty of the people; and the nomination of certain ministers. A mighty change has come over Europe since he died—a change of which he never dreamed. The people have put in their claim to govern themselves. In the face of obstinate monarchs and corrupted aristocracies, to the surprise of the one and the horror of the other, democracy has placed its daring hand on power. The clash of ideas, the conflict of opinions, the

spread of literature, the advent of journalism—each and all have contributed towards the immense movement which has proceeded so far only in a century. On all sides it is democracy, claiming by virtue of the divine rights of humanity, which is aggressive, indefatigable, earnest, and hopeful. With aims for the human race, wide as the world, lofty as the heavens, it marches on to power. In the select aristocracies of antiquity, the penetrating genius of Montesquieu could discover nothing like unto it.

Demanding education for every citizen, that is liberty of development for each according to his faculties; teaching the equality of all in rights—but inequality in duties, that is declaring that the best and wisest should govern, as a duty, not as a right, making government general, local, and individual, a duty, not a property; instilling the maxim of brotherhood that the aim of aspiration may be the service, not the servitude, of mankind; such, in a few words, is the theory of modern democracy—a theory as different from that proclaimed by the authority of Montesquieu as the science of Newton is from the system of Ptolemy.

But while Montesquieu was composing lucid and sagacious criticisms upon the political institutions of the ancients by the light of the student's lamp—while he was, from actual observation and authentic record, subjecting monarchy and despotism to a severe anatomy, there was arising in the heart of France, but especially in the American colonies of Great Britain, a new theory of democracy, a new idea of government, essentially of European growth and the product of these conflicts, spread over hundreds of years, which took place between the church and state, the barons and the burghers, and the peasant against each and all, through the medium of each and all. The three principles formulated by the men of the French revolution of '89 trace their paternity to those conflicts. There is nothing modern in them except that which is essential to them as the exponent of modern democracy—their unity.

And M. Guizot has made the great mistake of not perceiving this. In an admirable resumé\* of the principles developed in his *Lectures on Civilisation* he tracks the republican device, not to the republican innovators, but to the elements of European civilisation. The feudal aristocracy, he maintains, kept up the protest in favour of the 'maxims of liberty,' the kings fostered the 'progress of equality,' and the church, by gathering together rich and poor, weak and strong, great and mean, into its fold, nurtured the idea of fraternity. But it is curious to remark that M. Guizot, whilst stating the first and second in so many words, disguises the third in a generality; yet that Pierre Leroux has lately assigned to M. Guizot and the Duchess de Broglie the honour of having, during the Restoration, kept alive this identical principle of the triple device of the republicans of '92. The assertion we have above made that the unity of the three terms constitutes the novelty of democratic theory, is that which the historian overlooked. He confesses that one or the other of these principles had appeared before under the patronage sometimes of an aristocracy, at other times of a king,

\* See Preface to *History of the English Revolution*.

and often of the church—and he tells us that that was a merit in them. Yet he does not, or will not, see that though these may have ‘by turns’ adopted one or the other of the democratic principles, the European world, for the first time in its history, saw the dogmas of progress united on the banners of the French revolution.

But democracy, it appears, is something fatal, something poisonous, something pernicious, something which excites, foment, and perpetuates social war amongst us, something which must be extirpated. Democracy is said to be intruding its cloven hoof everywhere. We are told that this Caliban is rising up to destroy the kind Prospero, at whose hands he acquired the gift of speech! All imaginary demons of the ancient world and the beasts of the field are called up to furnish similes for the use of the cultivated classes. Mr. Carlyle (of whom we shall have an opportunity of speaking in a future number) revels in his choicest epithets, and they are neither mild nor weak, when announcing the advent or foretelling the impossibility of democracy. Bulwer tells us that it is a ‘strange motley chaos,’ an ‘uncouth livid giant, at which Frankenstein may well tremble—not because it is a giant, but because it is a giant half-completed.’ Here the astute reader will perceive that democracy the doctrine, is mixed up with democracy the people, who are supposed to be democrats; even as Mr. Carlyle has carelessly, and without any appearance of art, blended together Chartistism and Felony; and as M. Guizot has wilfully regarded democracy as synonymous with revolution!

The same rhetoric distinguished the opponents of reform in England two hundred years ago. The opponents of emasculated democracy, or constitutionalism, necessitated an appeal to arms, necessitated the most distinct and unequivocal acknowledgment, that the House of Stuart did not hold the nation of England in fee—and then, and before the consummation of that glorious event, they characterised the popular party as demagogues and anarchists by nature, plunderers, spoliators, and scoundrels. Few men in England, at this date, are there who do not recognise the necessity of 1649 as a consequence of the iniquities and pretensions of the preceding twenty years. Mr. Carlyle is the resurrectionist of this period—the vindicator of its chief man. It is fashionable *now* to belaud Cromwell and his wonderful army which was never defeated. Do not let us forget that Cromwell and that army cut off King Charles Stuart’s head. But we need not go so far as this—for the length which the Philosopher of Chelsea would go in revolution, which is the most astounding length in these days,\* would not suit, either us or our readers. The men revered by Russell and Macaulay shall satisfy us for the present. We will cite only that which applies to their heroes—whom all men regard as mainly unexceptionable. They were greater radicals, the men we speak of, greater destructives of then constituted authority, greater enemies of then existing society, than are our extremest democrats. And in the eyes of the Stationary men, expediency men, courtiers, and absolutists, they occupied the same position, as in the eyes of Broughams, Russells, Guizots, Carlyles, Peels, and Stanleys, do the strug-

\* See Latter-Day Pamphlets, *passim*.

gling democratic party of to-day. We are anxious to draw this parallel, because there is a disposition to be afraid of hard names, a tendency to suppose that what unsuccessful statesmen like Brougham and Guizot and Metternich qualify as anarchy is anarchy, instead of being simply a term to their misgovernment, and that this age is hastening to chaos because certain politicians are urging the development of those principles which, as we have shown, according to M. Guizot himself, spring naturally from the elements of European civilisation. Do not let us be deluded and scared by hard names. Our century is not the first to be distinguished, or the worst to be disgraced by them. For what could M. Guizot say more severe of the democratic party in Europe, than what Strafford said of John Hampden when he wrote from Dublin, that 'he was a great Brother,' meaning a Puritan, and that 'the genius of that nation of people led them always to oppose, as well civilly as ecclesiastically, all that ever authority ordains to set over them.\*' The same cry is raised by the Stationaries of all times. The men of established facts, especially of the literary genus, who come after all the hard work is done, can never comprehend anything farther than the latest incontrovertible fact.

Again, Strafford thus complains of what he calls the great evil of his time—*disobedience*, in language which it must do Mr. Carlyle's heart good to read. 'I fear,' writes Strafford, 'that this evil [disobedience] hath not its root in me; I would to God it lay no deeper, did not draw its sap from a more malignantly fruitful soil, than any it should find with me. I doubt much rather, it grows from an universal distemper of this age, where the Subjection nestles itself too near the Sovereignty, where we are more apt wantonly to dispute the Powers which are over us than in former times.†

In his eyes Mr. Prynne's case is not the first wherein he has noted the 'humour of the time' to 'cry up and magnify' such as the 'king and state have marked out and adjudged mutinous to the government, and offensive to that belief and reverence the people ought to have in the wisdom and integrity of the magistrate.' How the heart of Charles Stuart, if he had one, must have swelled when he read the following words, contained in a despatch to him, written by Wentworth in 1638: 'We see the monstrous Birth the late contempt of Inferiors, the Negligence and remissness of some others to preserve magistracy, hath brought forth among us; and sure how could other fruit be with right reason expected? For that once trod down, it cannot choose but the next step will be upon monarchy itself.'‡

There is a sentence which is exceedingly like many we read now-a-days, by those who, to preserve power, make democracy a bugbear. 'Challinor was well taken, extremely ill let go [by Mr. Secretary Cooke, who entrusted him to a messenger.—Vol. II., p. 99.]; for, if I be not mistaken (which I may, not knowing him so much as by face), his hanging might have been a Paracelsian cure for that Liberty of Speech men take to themselves now-a-days.§

\* Strafford Papers, Vol. II., p. 138.

† *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 283.

‡ *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 161.

§ *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 119.

Compare the following sentences—the first from the famed pamphlet on ‘Democracy,’ and the second from one of Wentworth’s striking letters to Laud—and take comfort, for perdition is not so near as some men profess to believe. M. Guizot tells us that the only endeavour of republicans ‘is to destroy all the influences and break all the ties, material or moral, which bind the part of the population living by the labour of its hands to the class occupied by the business of the state—to divide that part of the population from the landowner, the capitalist, the clergy, and all the other established authorities—and, finally, to work upon it through its miseries and rule by its appetites. One name denotes them all—all are members of one great anarchical party,’ to whom all government is declared to be ‘odious.’

Now, bearing in mind the quotations made above about the evil of disobedience to lawful authority, consider the following: ‘It is strange indeed to see the frenzy which possesseth the Vulgar now-a-days;’ it is ‘a grievous and over-spreading Leprosy,’ to be cured by ‘one Esculapius alone,’ and that rather by ‘*Corrosives than Linitives*;’ less than *Thorow* will not overcome it, there is a cancerous malignity in it which must be cut forth.\*

Thus, nothing else will serve these men—they have no other means of ruling mankind in any age than by ‘corrosives,’ ‘gibbets,’ extirpatory processes, the ‘benificent lash,’ the pillory, and Norfolk Islands. Whenever men become wearied with the rule of that species of imbecility which only knows how to use the lash, and guide the fingers of the taxman to the pocket of the labourer, then they are sure to be called ‘mutinous,’ ‘discontented,’ sons of Stupidity, anarchists, and soldiers of the Devil. So far as we have read the signs of the times and looked into the hearts of the people, we have discerned none of these things. On the contrary we have seen, and we know that the people are too prone to obedience, too easily contented, much wiser than many who presume upon their celestial messages, sons of order, and very ready to be soldiers of God. The instincts of democracy have kept the British people from that baseness which has fallen upon some other nations. Faults they have, many, but they have always been, and are still, quite as good as their ‘betters.’

But while we present a few words in vindication of those who are familiarly termed ‘the people,’ we are by no means inclined to give them more than their due. Their political virtues are mostly of the negative kind. It is not what they are, but what they are not, which deserves the greatest share of approbation. But they are not alone. Their political sins are shared in by all the politicians of the community. The reason Trevanion, in the ‘Caxtons,’ gives for his non-success in politics is the reason why all the race of politicians in the land, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, have not succeeded—why every ministry is a failure. Trevanion said, emphatically, ‘*I want conviction!*’ In the House of Commons, there are not ten men who do not want conviction. Not only the House, but the country—in the church and the state—and not only this country, but all countries want conviction. Conviction is *the* want. We have no democratic party, because the leaders

\* *Strafford Papers*, Vol. II., p. 136.



have destroyed the very basis upon which, or not at all, such a party must be formed. And what is it which they have destroyed? What is this powerful element of political strife and political victory which has been, as it were, uprooted from the minds of men? What is this element of coherence, this binding power which has been dethroned, and, apart from whose vivifying influence, the chosen few, the gifted and the talented, as well as the multitude, have been politically educated? It may be named in one word—in a word to which many have been accustomed to attach an odious signification—a word which others (owing to its perversions) have endeavoured to erase from the English language—a word which has been cursed, as expressive of a thing accursed, but a word which yet remains in the language as expressive (at least in a secular sense) of a thing which we must, if we would be victorious, restore to its rightful position. And that word is Faith. Modern exponents of democracy in politics, in theology, in morals, in social science, have mostly struck out faith from their schemes. And having rooted up the basis, not only for a party, but for healthy moral life, what could become of the democracy or democratic doctrine? The democracy, as a party, must remain dislocated, aimless, silently wrathful; and democratic doctrine get propagated as a profit and loss system, and demanded, in a confused riotous manner, not because it is right, but because it is expedient. Hence it was no wonder that one self-constituted democratic leader should parody Marat, and another caricature the language of Napoleon; that it should be deemed *un-democratic* by certain men *not* to wear fustian, to use soap, to adopt those expressions which are set apart as symbols of civility and manly politeness, to practice while you preach fraternity, and *not* to designate the deed which contained the declaration of principles and practice a ‘*quadruped*!’ Even the writer of the work which suggested this article (C. Lælius) lays it down as a principle that government, which does not exist for the good of the universal people, whatever its form or nature, is a usurpation. And yet the author believes, doubtless, in the democratic principle. Certainly so long as democratic government is demanded for the sake of the good it may produce, and not for the sake of its rightfulness as a foundation for government, so long will democracy be a delusion and a snare—difficult of attainment, and when attained, as fruitless as any other form of government. It is to this teaching that we owe that inequality of action—that impetuosity of moments and apathy of years, which have beset the democratic movement in England, and which earnest faith only can effectually regulate, by calming and tempering those passions which waste the energies of the people in the streets, in riots, in vain processions—and stirring up that slumbering apathy which frustrates the efforts, mars the enterprises, and drives the iron of despair into the souls of the leaders of the people.

We have spoken freely, because we feel strongly, earnestly, the necessity that these things should be said. We are much less anxious to vindicate democracy from the attacks daily made upon that which passes current for it, than we are that the people should be animated with a faith in principles which would make politics a secular religion, citizenship a sacred duty, and infuse into the commonest relations of life a new interest, a natural dignity. We are suf-

fering, individually and nationally, less for want of government than for want of faith in principles—faith in the possibility of doing justice, and the power of speaking the true and acting the right. No amount of rule and command, from heroes or others, can supply this want. If your hero wishes to be the captain of his age, really and rightfully, let him appeal to its manhood, serve it and not enslave it, elevate it and not degrade it, labour rather to minister to its welfare than to make it minister to his glory.

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1. *Socialisme Dévoilé.* Par C. GOURARD. Slater.

2. *Tracts on Christian Socialism.* Bell.

Gourard's lecture, *Socialism Unmasked*, of which a translation is published by Slater, is a work, judging by the 'Tracts' above, in which the writer unmasks himself. From the vulgarity of his style, we take him to be another socialistic Chenu. The tracts on Christian Socialism are understood to proceed from the pen of a London professor, and are likely to increase the public knowledge upon this newspaper libelled subject. Reverting to Gourard's 'Lecture,' it seems worth while pointing out a curious fact in the metaphysics of public credulity. Gourard represents the usual heroes of the *Times*, and is a great gun among the party of Fear in France. In the reckless mendacity of the *Times*, we see what their estimate is of public intelligence. They calculate that prevarication will succeed. They believe there is a demand for it among the upper classes, and they supply it. Their success is no doubt very annoying to those traduced, but we think it ought to be borne with patience. In war wounds are looked upon as a matter of course, and in civil conflicts lies seem to be the weapons used by an unscrupulous enemy, and are to be expected accordingly, and borne with equanimity. A lie has been well defined as the murder of intelligence, and such an issue must be looked for and braved, like death on the battle-field, as the casuality of conflict.

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*The Democratic Review* of British and Foreign Politics, History, and Literature. Edited by G. JULIAN HARNEY. Watson.

Intellect, like industry, delights in a division of labour; and class literature, if not carried out into an exclusiveness which recognises no other department of exertion, is always instructive. Therefore, though not coinciding on some important points with the *Democratic Review*, as is obvious from the tone of our articles, we hesitate not to accord its usefulness. Representing the Fraternal and other Democrats of England, it is the exponent of O'Connor Chartism under independent manifestation: it bears the character of a key-book—a portable *Northern Star*. Further, it is out-spoken and earnest—qualities not so common among us as not to be set down as merits.

*Twenty-six Cuts at the Times.* Furnished by BOB THIN, forming an Illustrated Alphabet for all those Little Politicians who have not yet learned their Letters, with a Preface, but no Wrapper.

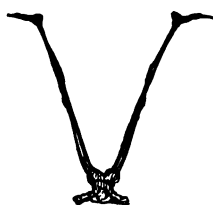
## [THIRD NOTICE.]

Our wiry friend, B. T., is by this time sufficiently familiar to our readers to need no further introduction at our hands, and sufficiently capable of illustrating his own story without elucidatory helps.



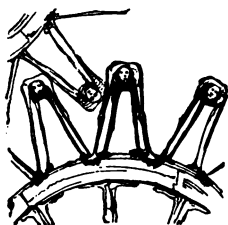
S is a Saint, who loathes himself and hates all other sinners ;  
Who don't demean to publicans except at saintly dinners ;  
Who quotes his text, as others do, to make ill deeds look decener :  
The portrait's one of an old old sort,—but they're none the better recenter.

T's a close-fisted Trader,—now, its not at all impossible  
That when his pockets overflow his heart will be accessible ;  
For he does'nt care for dirty gold, he does'nt hate the Labourer :  
But ' Every one, Sir! for himself, and the poor must not be neighbourer.'



U's Utilitarian Science, or Political Economy,  
Which means the Art of grinding a poor man's physiognomy:  
Of turning men to corporate, but not to national uses,  
In private mills or poorhouses, whichever the master chooses.

V's not Victoria, who, I think, was never seen in such an attitude ;  
But it may serve as specimen of Royalty's beautitude :  
A Victory over common sense that's not at all equivocal ;  
A topsy-turvy pyramid in situation critical.



W's what follows War when Nation strives with Nation,  
To work some Metternich state-sum or Napoleon calculation :  
The Wheel whose cogs the People are, O when shall it be rolling  
Over those cogging knaves of Power so long the world controlling ?

X is the Cross, where, as of old, the Poor Man ever perishes,  
Between those two thieves—Fraud and Force,—a fate the Briton relishes :  
Judging from this—he sits content with his legs cross'd serenely,  
While Whig and Tory cross his hopes, or savagely or meanly.



Y's You, Yourself! who look in vain for an angel to assist you,  
In the troubled waters : O, be drown'd! the devil has not miss'd you.  
'There's but one way,' said Hercules, — 'to put your own tough shoulder  
To the common wheel: it's easy work if you're a little bolder.'

Z is the zealous, pious man who prays for Britain's welfare ;  
But, if you work for it, O hell! he'll send you all to dwell there :  
And Z's the Zany who sits still for Time to bring his freedom.  
Let knave and fool go hang together! let *us* work and never heed 'em!

# CONCLUSION.



o the Time-servers everywhere we venture not advice  
to give ;  
We leave them to their own delight, if they choose  
like frightened mice to live :  
But to those who are not serfs in soul, who hope a  
better Time to get,  
We say,—The first thing you must do is, to learn  
well your Alphabet.

**The Correspondent.**

The *Estampado* is a strange fury which seizes the herds of animals on the prairie—a sort of panic which, attacking one body, drives them across the plain, carrying along, in their headlong career, every living creature in their way, till their numbers swell to many thousands; all obstacles are overborne, and they rush madly into ravines and rivers. The weaker animals, of course, fall down by the way, and are trampled down by those behind. The dead and dying mark their course for miles, the ground shakes with their tread, and the noise of trampling is heard to an immense distance. The frenzy ceases as unaccountably as it began. For a spirited account of an *Estampado*, see Captain Marryatt's 'Monsieur Violet.' Thus much we quote from the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly*, which employs the word to signify the panic which has seized all doctrines, opinions, and theories, sending them rushing and bellowing in mad confusion throughout Europe (yet not, like the *Estampado*, without cause). The use of the word will no doubt become frequent, and form an addition to our language.

The recurring expression, in many quarters, of a desire to see a union in the metropolis of all technically known as the 'friends of the people' is founded on a mistaken notion of what is possible. Many are working for common objects though not together. We have been parties to some overtures of united action, to which res-

ponse seemed impossible. Such a system of agreement implied a communism of relations existing in a system of competition, which is only possible among men who are dispassionate, continuously obedient to reason, who can hold in abeyance a portion of their convictions while they realise as many as are common to their compeers. Men of this stamp are still very scarce. The power to act thus, more general than it has ever been in England, is yet very far from being prevalent.

The practice of attaching the name of the writer to each article, common in France, is becoming more so here; but the inevitable consequence is to make some men desperate in antagonisms, and others false to their convictions. A man, if any such exist, with art enough to tell the world its faults without inciting the world to devour him, may adopt the practice without mental or other harm; or he may do it if he is personally indifferent to the natural consequences of conscientious criticism. But if a man has not the courage to brave these results, he will be sure to pass by many errors of friends, upon which he would otherwise instructively speak. We think that by far the healthiest state of public opinion in which men can keep faith with their consciences and write their names under their words: it is as well, however, to see that there are two sides to the question.

**BOOKS RECEIVED.**

- National Evils and Model Towns. By J. S. Buckingham. (Jackson.)  
 Socialism Unmasked. From the French of Charles Gourard. (Slater.)  
 M. Guizot on Democracy, Oligarchy, and Monarchy. By C. Lælius. (Fox.)  
 Narrative of Events in Vienna. By Berthold Auerbach. (Bogue.)  
 Hints on House Property. By Francis Cross. (Nelson.)  
 Garcia, or the Noble Error: a Tragedy. By F. G. Tomlins. (Mitchell.)  
 The Noble Heart: a Tragedy. By G. H. Lewes. (Chapman and Hall.)  
 Thoughts from the Inner Circle. (Simpkin and Marshall.)  
 Life and Death in Ireland. By Spencer T. Hall. (Simpkin and Marshall.)  
 Colonisation of British America. By W. Bridges. (Baillière.)  
 Landed Property in Connaught. By John Trever Barkley. (Saunders.)  
 Reorganisation of Ireland. By W. Bridges. (Baillière.)  
 Freehold Assurance. By W. Bridges. (Saunders.)









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